

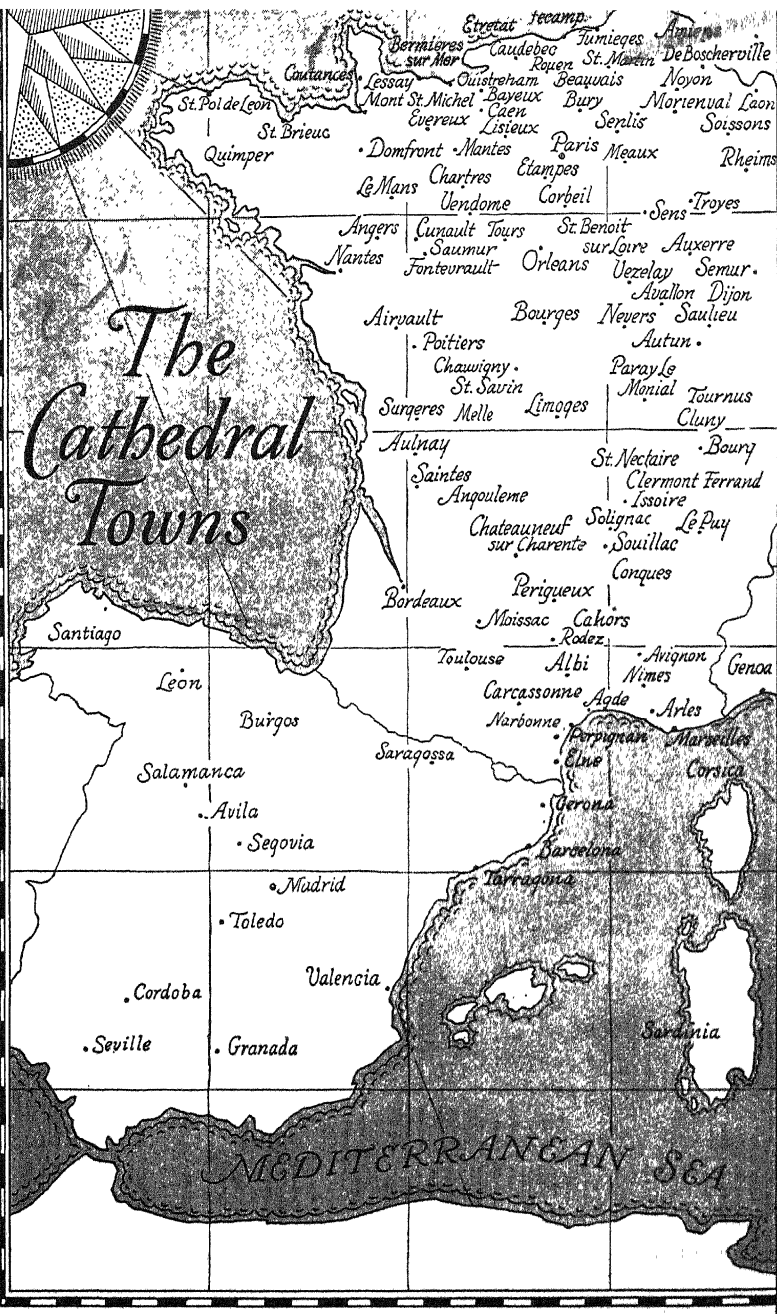
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The Cathedral Towns





HELEN HUSS PARKHURST

CATHEDRAL

A Gothic Pilgrimage

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · BOSTON

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1936

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PREFACE

BY ITS title this book may seem to hold promise of being a book on architecture, and the earlier chapters will confirm the suggestion. I have had much to say about towers and spires, naves and portals, apses and roses, and singled out many churches and cathedrals to dwell upon their visible loveliness.

It is not, however, in the narrower sense an architectural study that I offer. The cathedral of the Middle Ages is indeed my theme, but the cathedral viewed in the larger context of poetry, music, legend, ritual, and symbolism. It has been my aim to portray the cathedral not only as the focus of mediaeval life, but as the mirror of that life, reflecting with amazing completeness the beliefs, hopes, fears, dreams, and mystical imaginings of mediaeval man.

By deliberate choice I have narrowed my subject to the cathedral of France. Recognizing the greatness of numerous churches of England, Spain, Italy, and Germany, I nevertheless feel that French Romanesque and Gothic represent the supreme architectural expression of the Middle Ages. I feel, too, that it was in France that mediaeval culture attained its fullest, most splendid flowering. And this conviction would have offered sufficient motive for dwelling upon the French cathedral rather than upon that of any other land.

One further deliberate limitation of my field I should mention. I wished to base my discussions entirely on works of architecture with which I was personally acquainted, and so I have referred throughout only to examples selected from among those mediaeval churches and ancient temples of which I possessed first-hand knowledge.

To those who are more interested in the literary and other expressions of mediaeval culture than in its architecture, I would suggest that they may prefer to postpone the reading of Part I (*The Visible*) and open to Part II (*The Invisible*). The order I have followed is, however, the preferable order: first a viewing of the magnificent creation of rock and glass, and later a search for its deeper meanings. These involve all the more serious concerns of the people of the Middle Ages and I have dealt with them at some length—Hell, Purgatory, Limbo, Paradise, and the Last Judgment, Eve and Mary, saints, devils, sinners, and angels. But the cathedral was not only a triumph of plastic art and a graphic representation of the natural and supernatural worlds. It was a sacred theatre for the celebration of mystic rites, and these too I have dwelt upon—ceremonial of fire and water, the Mystery of the Mass, rites of dedication, songs and processions and the great music of the Gregorian chant.

It was M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, who suggested to me the idea of undertaking the researches of which this book is the result, and I wish to pay in this place grateful tribute to her memory.

To the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation I owe a debt of gratitude for making possible the carrying out of my project. By its generous grant and the equally generous policy of Henry Allen Moe, secretary of the foundation, who allowed me unrestricted liberty in the use of that grant, I was able to travel extensively not only in France but in various other countries rich in architecture.

To many friends and colleagues I am deeply grateful for criticisms, suggestions, and valuable help, and I wish I could adequately express my appreciation of all that they have contributed. Very specially I wish to thank three architectural experts, F. H. Bosworth, Professor of Architecture at Cornell, Joseph Hudnut, Dean of the School of Architecture at Harvard, and Heathcote Woolsey. Also very

specially, Harry Lorin Binsse, Irma Brandeis, Irwin Edman, G. G. King, Isabel Leavenworth, William Pepperell Montague, Barbara Spofford Morgan, Geoffrey Parsons, Margaret Chase Runyon, and Dorothy Woolsey.

The works consulted are too numerous to list, but I must mention my peculiar obligation to the writings of Émile Mâle, R. de Lasteyrie, W. R. Lethaby, Henry Osborn Taylor, and Viollet-le-Duc. I must also acknowledge the kindness of a number of firms in permitting me to quote from books published by them: the Clarendon Press for passages from *The Apocryphal New Testament*, translated by M. R. James; Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner, and E. P. Dutton and Company for quotations from *The Book of the Dead*, translated by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge; Charles Scribner's Sons for passages from *Selections from Mediaeval Philosophy*, translated by Richard McKeon; J. M. Dent and Sons for extracts from *The Consolations of Philosophy* of Boethius, translated by W. V. Cooper; and the same firm and E. P. Dutton and Co. for citations from the Everyman edition of certain mediaeval romances. I am also indebted to Chatto and Windus for an extract from *Wine, Women and Song* by J. A. Symonds; and to Constable and Company and Henry Holt and Company for permission to include two mediaeval drinking songs and an early love song as translated by Helen Waddell in her *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics*. With the exception of these borrowings and of those passages from the *Divine Comedy* in which I have adhered to the rendering given in the Temple Classics edition published by J. M. Dent, I have used my own unmetrical translations of mediaeval poetry.

H. H. P.

BARNARD COLLEGE
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Part I

THE VISIBLE

I. IN THE BEGINNING

IMMEASURABLY old is the globe we inhabit; and like faces of men and women, its face, as it ages, alters. By slow-grinding action of the elements, by vast upheavals and convulsions, its features are remoulded. Islands vanish into the sea, continents are joined and parted, valleys submerged and mountains broken open. And so new landscapes are formed, new, untried configurations of land and water.

Supplementing this unconscious building and unbuilding by the forces of nature there is the labour of men. By brute strength of muscle and ingenious employment of tools of their own contriving, they, too, excavate the mountains and elevate the plains, changing the contour of sea and shore. They span wide rivers, dig moats, lay roads through trackless forests, create islands, divert the course of streams. Setting stone on stone, brick on brick, steel on steel, they construct as might a race of the stature and power of Titans. They fortify harbours, erect palaces, lighthouses, prisons, and places of asylum. In the circle of encompassing cliffs they shape theatres open to the sky. Under the goad of brutal masters or driven by their own insistent devotion, ambition, arrogance, or fear, they hollow the earth in emulation of the caves that sheltered their ancestors and establish masses of masonry that emulate the hills.

By natural processes of disintegration and human violence much of this creation of past civilizations has been spoiled or

utterly destroyed. Ancient cities, entire kingdoms, are buried or reduced to dust and ashes and their very sites forgotten. But much also remains. And of all that has survived the process of decay, no other works of men are so significant as the sanctuaries dedicated to their gods. These bear eloquent witness to the beliefs and imaginings of a departed generation, and to the human hopes and fears and joys and sorrows which are the perennial provocation to religion.

But it is not an understanding of faiths and rituals only that their study yields. Temples and mosques, basilicas, abbeys, little churches, and cathedrals are graphic records of all the ways of thinking and feeling that were those of our ancestors. Where could one uncover so clear a proof of the pride and power of ancient kings as is given by the self-glorifications of the great Rameses — at the temple of Luxor, at the Ramesseum, at Abu Simbel with its gigantic simulacra of that mighty builder? And if we compare Greek temples with those of Egypt, we find convincing proof of the contrasted racial disposition and quality of genius of the two peoples, the one expressive of clarity, order, coherence, restraint, the other grandiose, sinister, murky, stupendous — passion for perfection set over against hunger for the sublime.

A record of religious beliefs, a revelation of the spirit of nations and cultures, works of architecture are also expressive of yet other values. From all other forms of art they are set apart as rooted in practical needs, so that at their greatest they satisfy at once the demands of beauty and of use. They have therefore much to tell of the everyday life of their builders, their standards of luxury, their technical skill and mastery of environment.

Only natural, then, that those who would reconstruct the earlier chapters of human history should journey over the earth in search of ancient shrines. They are by no means alone, however, upon that line of march. The route that leads from sanctuary to sanctuary is crowded with a variety of seekers, each one intent upon the accomplishing of his own

particular vow. Some make the journey devotionally, some for the sake of persons and happenings associated with the monuments that mark the way. Others are concerned with scholarly projects — a tracing of the genealogy of some structural detail, the arch or the dome or the vault or the column, or a reconstructing of the devious evolution of artistic traditions.

Many of these interests of our fellow travellers will surely be ours, too, in the end. At the outset it is another sort of pilgrimage upon which we shall engage, having as its immediate concern the visible, tangible presence by which we are confronted.

This reality is substantial, dense, and weighty, rooted in the earth upon which it presses and from which it has derived its material existence. However unfleshly the spirit which informs it, its corporeal essence is of the stuff of the earth's own cliffs and hills and caverns. So if we would realize its bodily meaning we must first love rock, the hardness and rigidity of it, its strength and heaviness, its defiant resistance to the impact of hammer and chisel, its faithful retention of their successful imprint. We must know its chill in shadow, its living warmth in sunshine, and its textures — of surfaces smooth as glass and burnished metal, or deeply grained and corrugated; surfaces pitted, blistered, split by wind, rain, frost, and torrid heat, by hailstones, sandstorms, and chemical corrosion.

We must love rock, not merely in its compact state as it is hewn by the builder, but pulverized, ground down by tide and storm and vast collisions, reduced to ultimate dust. For it is in the last analysis the qualities of the soil itself, of fertile loams, of clay, of silt, of sands of the sea and of the desert, that enter into the surface effects of walls and vaults and portals. To most of us, more intimately known than the rocks are all these shallow shifting deposits of the earth's crust, revealed in subdued tones of fawn, slate, dun, and russet, in rusty, steely, tints, and the sombre hues of iron and bronze.

These are the colours of vineyard, wilderness, and marshland, of the shining coils of wet mud-banks, the dark mould of forest pathways, the frozen clay of a winter hillside. Among such commoner appearances are also others, known perhaps but once in a lifetime but forever memorable — of sands, shimmering and opalescent, left bare by the tide as it drains away from the cliffs of Mont St Michel; of the tawny sands of the upper Nile on the green rim of the desert; and those sinister sands, heaped like dead ashes about the base of the Pyramids, into whose composition has entered the dust of ages and a myriad of bleached and powdered bones.

Tactile qualities, tones, tints, dusky and lucent effects belonging to such as these are wrought into the texture of every ancient temple and mediaeval church. The harsh surface of crumbling pillars, the dripping arches of a rainswept porch, the brightness of spires and towers at noonday, the shadowiness of chapels at early evening — these things gain added meaning because earth too is harsh, grows black in storm, glitters under the sun, and is covered at nightfall by deepening shadows.

A great deal else in the way of rich associations we shall need to bring with us, since much depends on the completeness of our preparation. Appreciation, like its objects, requires time for its making. It is no sudden gift from Heaven, but is like a slowly mellowing fruit brought finally to ripeness. If the present adventure be our first, the encounters in store for us, unstaled by custom, will possess without doubt a peculiar and entrancing freshness. Yet how much must they lack of those overtones and echoes which a multitude of memories furnish! This is not to say that a lovely spire, a soaring dome, a miracle of translucent glass or sculptured arches need evoke explicit recollections of absent spires or domes or painted windows or arched vistas. And still they may do just this. It is certain in any case that perception of these things, like comprehension of a symbol, is a funded experience, incorporating a wealth of values derived from many antecedent encounters.

Certainly every Gothic column owes part of its meaning to the shadowy background of the countless other columns which were its ancestors. And well for us if we have already known them — gigantic shafts towering in the darkness, graven with monstrous blended forms of brute and man and surmounted by the huge petrified flower of the lotus; dazzling columns projected against a cloudless sky, their mellow brightness channelled with vertical lines of shadow, their divinely simple Doric capitals unadorned; sumptuous columns of porphyry, onyx, alabaster, of marvellously elaborate Byzantine design. And all the astonishing products of the Romanesque imagination, thick shafts supporting crowded scenes or symbolic beasts and birds, naïve, fantastic, magnificently legendary. The most fleeting oblique awareness of all these is sufficient to invest the columns of any little Gothic church or great cathedral with incalculably richer meaning.

And so with every other traditional part involved in its construction. Each arch with its individual shape and proportions is eloquent of other arches, wide and low, narrow and steep, round or sharply pitched. Each vault carries reminders of the host of its antecedents, to the vast enhancement of its own particular virtues. And the spire, least of all in need of borrowed glory, how much every instance of it gains from all others of its incomparable fellowship: from gay spires, crocketed, pinnacled, from spires simple, serene, and grave, spires like attenuated pyramids or inverted chalices, like pointed tapers or polished spears. Obelisks reared among ancient ruins have a part in its meaning, and white slender minarets that rise above the sands of the desert and beside the Golden Horn. If from the primordial past it inherits associations with phallic symbols of procreation cults, it is saturated with the mystic meaning of every later version of a form which is of the essence of a prayer, flamelike and vanishing into the clouds. As for the dome, that miraculous suspended bowl first conceived by Oriental imagination, no example of it met with in the West but sets in motion a train

of memories. Its sober French versions come trailing clouds of glory from Santa Sophia and all the mosques of Moslem lands.

The goal of our pilgrimage is the cathedral of the Middle Ages, but many a milestone must be passed before that goal is reached. The Gothic drama that unfolded upon the mediæval scene was the culminating act of a drama of ampler proportions. Before the Gothic came the Romanesque, and before this, in France, the Carolingian and Merovingian. Back of the culture of the Middle Ages lay that of Rome, Greece, Egypt, and the kingdoms of the East. To appreciate all the implications of the later phases of the great story, we should know its beginnings and follow step by step the complex weaving of its plot.

No such comprehensive survey of the earlier architectural styles can here be attempted. All we shall venture is a brief review of certain crucial facts regarding the art of building and the conditions under which it gradually evolved.

That its history is the tale of a genuine evolutionary development needs no proving. Like the advance from unicellular organisms to man, the advance from primitive architectural forms to the complex structures of later ages involved beyond question a process of natural change and growth. This evolution, like that of living creatures, was moreover complicated, now accelerated, now retarded, by crossings of alien strains. Particularly is this true of its later phases. By many a path of diffusion artistic influences were carried — trade routes, pilgrimage ways, wanderings of adventurers, gifts from the Orient to Occidental potentates, and foreign conquest with its by-product of stolen booty. The Normans invaded Sicily and England; the Saracens, Sicily and Spain; the Crusades opened up the East; and travelling papal emissaries and Benedictine monks brought constant intercourse between Rome and distant provinces. Even persecution played its part, as in the case of Spain, where refugees from the Moslem rule fled to the north, thereby making their knowledge more

accessible to other nations. Finally, and not least important, master-builders and groups of artisans of the various crafts were borrowed from country to country, taking with them the secrets of their technique. From these various causes it came about that the heraldic art of Chaldaea and themes Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, Byzantine, found their way into Western lands; that ivories, textiles, enamels, goldsmith's work, and miniatures were transferred from place to place, furnishing designs to be reproduced in painted glass, sculptured capitals, and monumental reliefs; that Norman art flourished in England as well as in France, and in strange and beautiful fusion Sicily was not only Greek but Byzantine, Norman, and Saracenic. As for France, its art like its people was a blend of manifold strains, incorporating structural features and decorative motifs Oriental and classic, Byzantine, Spanish, Roman, and Lombard.

In the working-out of the successive styles, important turning-points came as the result of such events as the iconoclastic controversy. This, combined with the Moslem taboo upon representing human forms, had its reverberations even so far as southern France, where architectural decoration in the Merovingian period betrayed those distant influences. The split in the Church and in the Empire, the removal of the capital from Rome to Ravenna, indeed perhaps all notable happenings, political, ecclesiastical, intellectual, literary, left their imprint upon the continually evolving art.

The vicissitudes of Christian architecture may be likened to those of the religion which it served. We may no more confidently declare the precise derivation of the multitude of features belonging to any given church than we may distinguish in the body of accepted doctrine and liturgy all the remote sources upon which it drew. The new religion rifled paganism alike of its sanctuaries and of its ritual. It quarried precious marbles and precious symbols from the temples and faiths of the ancient world. But in both cases what it seized upon, it modified, adapting it to its own uses.

An informing example of this adaptation of the old to the new occurred at Byzantium. When, instead of dedicating to their own God an entire pagan temple, builders appropriated merely its columns, these could not serve, unmodified, as supports for arches cut in a wall considerably thicker than the diameter of the sculptured stone, the abacus, surmounting the original capital. But in place of the abacus could be substituted a block shaped as an inverted truncated pyramid no larger at the bottom than the capital but with an upper surface of any desired dimension. This ingenious device of an impost capital, making possible the use of relatively slender shafts, proved so successful that it was employed even in the making of new columns, becoming indeed a characteristic Byzantine feature.

But here as everywhere even columns newly fashioned were after all merely fresh renderings of something already very ancient. And so with the other constituent elements of later structures, nearly all of which had been at some time anticipated. Egyptian temples, and Greek, exemplify an elementary clerestory. The triforium gallery was represented in Byzantine and early Roman churches by deep tribunes and in Mohammedan mosques by the galleries reserved for women. In Egypt, three thousand years before Christ, vaulting had been employed. A kind of domed structure, though technically not truly such, was the Treasury of Atreus of Mycenae. Roman builders achieved the dome and employed pilaster strips for buttressing. But long before their time Persia knew both vaults and domes, and it was again in Persia that the pointed arch had its precocious beginnings. Even the characteristic cruciform plan of mediaeval churches was in a sense a recapitulation of an ancient scheme. Its primitive prototype occurred in Egyptian tombs and temples: cross-arms projecting to right and left from a narrow lengthened corridor. For the fully developed design — transepts and an aisled nave terminating in a round or polygonal apse — there was a nearer origin, the crossing of two alien strains, the offspring of which

combined the traits of its sacred and profane ancestry. From the basilican courthouse of Rome and the Byzantine church shaped as a Greek cross sprang the Western hybrid, retaining the pillared nave of the one, and of the other the conformation of its entire eastern portion.

If we are inclined to regard an architectural masterpiece as the free expression of individual genius, we need to be reminded that later forms were the product of a long past and many influences. In all domains of creation the imaginings of the artist are to some degree conditioned by the limitations of his material and by inherited tradition. Whatever his chosen medium, his work has a history longer and more complex than his own life history. Its meaning outruns the limits of his private experience, drawing upon the funded experience of the race. But in more than common measure this is the case with the builder. In the last analysis, what he fashions is less his own invention than a legacy from the past modified by a later culture.

His work is modified by other conditions not of his making, though sometimes of his choosing — conditions which cause a work of architecture to appear as unique among human inventions. It is necessarily fixed in a permanent physical setting, making a frame which adds importantly to its effect.

In certain cases the peculiarities of this setting constitute something of a limitation upon the free agency of the artist. To build against the slope of a steep hillside or upon its narrow summit may, as we know from Le Puy and Monreale and the churches of Mistra, necessitate an adaptation of the design to the given conditions. Yet in these cases, as we also know, the challenge to the builder's ingenuity enabled him to achieve a triumph that might not otherwise have been forthcoming. Similarly when the space at his disposal was limited; then, not his will but practical necessity might determine the ground plan of even a great cathedral. And assuredly it was the diminutive proportions of an island off the coast of Normandy that conditioned its transformation

into the miracle that is Mont St. Michel, an amazing man-made pinnacle rising out of the sea.

In the case of ancient Greece, who can say to what extent it was the temper of the landscape, with its austere, vividly defined mountainous silhouettes, that determined the character of the art which thrived there? A people used to perceiving sharply the shapes of things both near and far by reason of the crystalline quality of the atmosphere, and used, too, to the peculiar starkness of that rocky, hilly land, could perhaps scarcely have devised anything other than the clear, logical, superbly simple form which is that of the Doric temple. In any event the jewel and its setting are here so miraculously matched as to suggest a pre-established harmony between them. Each supplements and completes the other, yielding the effect of a single whole. On the plains of southern Italy, at Paestum, the Doric structure appears as if transplanted, so unrelated is it to that alien environment. In Greece itself, and in Sicily, whose landscape is no less Greek than its art, that same structure is right, inspired, inevitable. The sites of Corinth, Delphi, Athens and Bassae, of Eleusis, Aegina, Segesta, Girgenti and Sunium would seem fore-ordained from the foundations of the world to harbour precisely those creations of which we cherish the tragically vanishing remains.

It is not Greek temples only that are thus glorified by their surroundings. Of every land and age are the churches made more wonderful by the landscape in which they are set. Of such are those of Ravenna with their bell towers like sombre lighthouses amid the marshes; of such are those of the little hill-towns of Umbria, of Castile, of central and southern France — Perugia and Assisi, Toledo and Segovia, Vézelay, Le Puy, and St. Nectaire. Perhaps most felicitously situated of all is a temple or church built close to a river or within view of a greater body of water. For then the reflected image of dawn and sunset makes an impalpable bridge of brightness above which looms the architectural mass, and real bridges

and ships at anchor create its perfect frame. It is to the fact that Zaragoza, Pisa, Durham are river cities that certain special effects of their churches are due. In France, that land of enchanting rivers, the charm of the Yonne, Charente, and Marne, of the Rhone and Eure and Loire adds one cannot say how greatly to the cathedral cities and towns of little churches which occupy their banks. Nor can one forecast what Rouen would be, or Caudebec, or Paris without the Seine.

Of all Egyptian temples it is Kom Ombo which owes most to its location — one of superlative grandeur, with the Nile curving away in a tremendous half-circle immediately beneath the bluff on which the temple stands. Of Syracuse, of Saloniki, of Cefalu, it is the magnificent harbours and far stretch of shore line that convert their steeply built slopes into such spectacular sites for their great monuments. As for Istanbul, how much of its splendour would be wanting if, flushing coral and rose-gold at the rising of the sun, walls, minarets, and domes did not face Asia and all the East across the Sea of Marmora? Or if, again, by night there were no dark waters to reflect the myriad of lights producing the semblance of a dream city suspended between two midnight skies filled with stars? Santa Sophia, the huge mosques, the multitude of little Byzantine churches, when examined one by one and close at hand, are no longer perceptibly part of that incredible visionary landscape. But there adheres to them, never to fade, some of the glory of that adventure-laden waterway, of which the city itself is the supreme ornament, and which leads out of the Black Sea through the Bosphorus to the new lands of the West.

The people for whose use temples and churches were originally designed viewed them as do we in the context of their setting, as we know from the tradition of dedicating those erected upon hilltops to gods or saints associated with high places. In the East it was to Mercury and to St. Elias of Mount Carmel, and in the West to St. Michael, that sanctuaries thus lifted aloft were regarded as most appropriately

into the miracle that is Mont St. Michel, an amazing man-made pinnacle rising out of the sea.

In the case of ancient Greece, who can say to what extent it was the temper of the landscape, with its austere, vividly defined mountainous silhouettes, that determined the character of the art which thrived there? A people used to perceiving sharply the shapes of things both near and far by reason of the crystalline quality of the atmosphere, and used, too, to the peculiar starkness of that rocky, hilly land, could perhaps scarcely have devised anything other than the clear, logical, superbly simple form which is that of the Doric temple. In any event the jewel and its setting are here so miraculously matched as to suggest a pre-established harmony between them. Each supplements and completes the other, yielding the effect of a single whole. On the plains of southern Italy, at Paestum, the Doric structure appears as if transplanted, so unrelated is it to that alien environment. In Greece itself, and in Sicily, whose landscape is no less Greek than its art, that same structure is right, inspired, inevitable. The sites of Corinth, Delphi, Athens and Bassae, of Eleusis, Aegina, Segesta, Girgenti and Sunium would seem fore-ordained from the foundations of the world to harbour precisely those creations of which we cherish the tragically vanishing remains.

It is not Greek temples only that are thus glorified by their surroundings. Of every land and age are the churches made more wonderful by the landscape in which they are set. Of such are those of Ravenna with their bell towers like sombre lighthouses amid the marshes; of such are those of the little hill-towns of Umbria, of Castile, of central and southern France — Perugia and Assisi, Toledo and Segovia, Vézelay, Le Puy, and St. Nectaire. Perhaps most felicitously situated of all is a temple or church built close to a river or within view of a greater body of water. For then the reflected image of dawn and sunset makes an impalpable bridge of brightness above which looms the architectural mass, and real bridges

and ships at anchor create its perfect frame. It is to the fact that Zaragoza, Pisa, Durham are river cities that certain special effects of their churches are due. In France, that land of enchanting rivers, the charm of the Yonne, Charente, and Marne, of the Rhone and Eure and Loire adds one cannot say how greatly to the cathedral cities and towns of little churches which occupy their banks. Nor can one forecast what Rouen would be, or Caudebec, or Paris without the Seine.

Of all Egyptian temples it is Kom Ombo which owes most to its location — one of superlative grandeur, with the Nile curving away in a tremendous half-circle immediately beneath the bluff on which the temple stands. Of Syracuse, of Saloniki, of Cefalu, it is the magnificent harbours and far stretch of shore line that convert their steeply built slopes into such spectacular sites for their great monuments. As for Istanbul, how much of its splendour would be wanting if, flushing coral and rose-gold at the rising of the sun, walls, minarets, and domes did not face Asia and all the East across the Sea of Marmora? Or if, again, by night there were no dark waters to reflect the myriad of lights producing the semblance of a dream city suspended between two midnight skies filled with stars? Santa Sophia, the huge mosques, the multitude of little Byzantine churches, when examined one by one and close at hand, are no longer perceptibly part of that incredible visionary landscape. But there adheres to them, never to fade, some of the glory of that adventure-laden waterway, of which the city itself is the supreme ornament, and which leads out of the Black Sea through the Bosphorus to the new lands of the West.

The people for whose use temples and churches were originally designed viewed them as do we in the context of their setting, as we know from the tradition of dedicating those erected upon hilltops to gods or saints associated with high places. In the East it was to Mercury and to St. Elias of Mount Carmel, and in the West to St. Michael, that sanctuaries thus lifted aloft were regarded as most appropriately

devoted. And can there be any question that when, as at Delphi, the seat of an oracle was situated among mountains, the arduous way and the sublime prospect at its end must have been felt to impart a special solemnity to the shrine itself? Even when, for the worshipper at a more accessible altar, there was merely a river to cross, a hill to climb, or a path to follow through a wooded valley or sandy desert, these natural surroundings would surely have seemed an integral part of the consecrated spot in their midst.

There is a yet wider frame of which builders and worshippers alike were constantly and even more vividly aware. We have evidence that from the earliest times the ground plans of temples were customarily laid down, not haphazardly, but with strict regard for east, west, north, and south, or for the sun and the stars. Thus at the outset was forced upon the designers of a temple, and thereafter upon those who participated in its ritual, a sense of a scheme of reference of cosmic proportions. In Egypt and Greece as well as among Asiatic peoples temples were entered at the east, the entrance being carefully placed so that the light of some particular star at its rising or the first rays of the morning sun might penetrate to the altar situated at the far western end. With the coming of Christianity this pagan tradition was still adhered to.

One important change was, however, made. The relative positions of entrance and altar were reversed, so that entering at the west one faced the east in approaching the Holy of Holies, where the mystery of the Mass was celebrated. In mediaeval churches explicit reference to the points of the compass was, moreover, carried out in even greater detail. The north being, especially for peoples of colder latitudes, the region of winter and darkness, and the south the direction of warmth and light, the former became associated with the Old Testament, the latter with Christ and the New Dispensation. As for the west end, this, facing as it does the declining sun of each day as it draws to a close, witnesses the recurrent rehearsal of the coming of an ultimate night to be succeeded

by no later morning. The journey of Ra across the sky had ended in the west, and in general for pagan cults the region of sunset was the region of death. What more appropriate, then, than to carve above the western door the scene of the Last Judgment with the meting-out of eternal punishment and everlasting reward?

Since Mohammedans direct their prayers not toward the east as such but toward Mecca, a new orientation needed to be established in the case of churches wrested from Christians and rededicated to the God of Mahomet. The building itself might not be revolved upon its axis, but the Faithful could prostrate themselves in the prescribed direction as they invoked the name of Allah by turning toward the *mibrab*, so placed that it pointed toward the birthplace of the Prophet. In such a church as Santa Sophia, two conflicting systems of reference have thus, since the Moslem conquest, extended its meaning beyond its confining walls. One scheme, determined by the location of a particular human city, is local, tribal, contingent. The other, vast as space and comprehensive of the stars, symbolizes the quest of religion in all its guises for knowledge of things eternal.

We have yet to take some account of those factors which in a rather serious way restricted the free initiative of builders and dictated their procedure. These were of a variety of kinds and of varying importance for determining architectural development. The first, logically and chronologically, to consider is the question of the material with which the builder worked.

Until the coming of the age of steel and concrete, rock was the substance best calculated to satisfy the demand for strength and endurance. It was, moreover, what would inevitably have suggested itself for building purposes, inasmuch as the primordial prototype of human constructions must have been the natural rock cave to which men in many localities had originally resorted as a place of refuge and shelter and for burial of their dead. Wood and dried clay, though more

perishable, were on the other hand more easily manipulated, and so lent themselves to new and daring inventions. And when tools and mechanical devices were undeveloped, when labour was scarce and speed of execution imperative, one might suppose that these more amenable materials would have been preferred.

Actually the builder had little enough of choice in the matter. What the immediate environment offered was what in the first place he was compelled to use, though this seeming limitation proved sometimes to be a source of fresh inspiration. Scarcity of stone must have served as a powerful incentive for the making of bricks, and the use of these in turn resulted in the contriving of novel, more difficult types of structure. As less weighty than rock they would, for example, have promoted experiments with some simple type of vault. If timber as well as stone was at a premium, additional ingenuity was called for to devise a vault requiring no scaffolding for its construction.

But the builder was not invariably restricted to the use of easily accessible materials. In the case of a powerful conquering nation, rare substances might be brought back as trophies and put at his disposal. Or, if there were convenient waterways or other avenues of transportation, he might acquire stone and timber not to be found in the vicinity. Abundance of slave labour undoubtedly favoured this enrichment of his resources, as it also made possible the planning of works on a grand scale, requiring the conscription of an immense number of workmen. Climate and weather conditions in many instances helped to determine the type of architecture to be developed, and this in turn reacted inevitably upon the choice of materials. Only in lands of prevailing warmth and sunshine could there have come about the practice of sacrificing upon altars open to the sky, leaving the temple proper as a shrine for the housing of the sacred image.

In Greece these conditions with their architectural consequences were forthcoming. The structure demanded could

be small enough to be easily roofed with stone, small enough, too, to be executed in precious marble. In colder countries there was need for buildings sufficiently spacious to accommodate a multitude, and this circumstance entailed very important consequences for the evolution of the mediaeval church. For though on account of the large dimensions of the space to be covered wooden roofs were at first quite naturally resorted to, their inflammable character had grave consequences. Lightning, and the overturning of lighted candles, caused terrible conflagrations by which again and again entire churches were ruined, with an accompanying holocaust of the trapped congregations. The necessity for developing a technique for the creation of stone vaulting thus gradually made itself felt. The problems this entailed and the changes of structure made possible by their final complete solution were, as we shall see, largely responsible for the development from Romanesque to Gothic.

Now it might be objected that ritual requirements rather than climatic conditions actually supplied the motive for making the Christian church a place of assembly. Strictly speaking this is probably true. The most, perhaps, that one may say is that even if the ritual had been different from what it was, the practical need for shelter for the worshippers would have rendered unfeasible a following of the Greek practice of performing the sacred rites out-of-doors. Moreover, since the making of divine images was not sanctioned by the early Church, there was no effigy of Divinity to be hidden in the sanctuary. Scarcely, then, would there have been any motive for erecting a shrine at all if the celebration of the Mass had taken place under the open sky.

In yet more specific ways ritual coercions determined structure, limiting the freedom of the architect at the same time that they opened to him new possibilities to be exploited. We know, for example, that the use of bells to summon Christian congregations and for the exorcism of demons led naturally to the making of belfries. Piercing of their walls

was necessary to permit the hearing of their chimes, and heightening of them to facilitate the wider diffusion of the summons. The passage around the apse, the ambulatory, was developed to promote the easier progress of processions and to make possible circulation about the altar for the viewing of the saint's tomb located beneath it. Possession by a church of an assortment of sacred relics gave rise to the crypt as a shared funeral vault, and also to an increased number of chapels consecrated to the several saints. Finally, the growing demand in an age of pilgrimages for accommodation for vast throngs fostered the practice of building deep galleries above the aisles as a means of enlarging a church's total area. This in turn involved still further structural changes. Indeed, no innovation dictated by ritual or by mere practical necessity but posed new engineering problems, the solution of which was strictly conditioned by the laws of statics, the ultimate arbiter of the builder's technique.

Subservience to these laws constituted, in fact, from the beginning the most compelling, omnipresent, and basic item of his servitude. Dealing with masses, dense, inert, and weighty, subject to the force in obedience to which a pebble falls to the earth and moons and planets pursue their courses, he might contrive only such structures as complied with the conditions imposed by the tyrannical power of gravitation. Upon the sculptor, inasmuch as he too works with material masses, is laid a similar obligation to recognize that universal principle and obey its dictates. The painter also, though his simulated three-dimensional forms are rendered upon a flat surface, is for the most part restricted to the devising of designs that shall satisfy the craving for an apparent stable equilibrium.

But of all species of artist it is the architect upon whom the most serious compulsion is laid to apply the principle of the counterbalancing of forces for the achievement of structural stability. His creation must not merely appear to possess equilibrium. It must be actually firm and stable down to its

uttermost parts. As compared with sculpture of even heroic proportions, a building is always immense and correspondingly heavy, though consisting merely of an unfilled shell. Or rather it is precisely because of its hollow interior that such ceaseless vigilance is needed in the balancing of thrust and strain and counterthrust. So fundamental and all-pervading is the clash of forces taking place throughout the seemingly quiescent organism that in the view of Schopenhauer the indefinite prolongation of that conflict, with never a victory for either of the contestants, constitutes the essence of the builder's art. Mass, inertia, gravity, and the principle of support and burden are the elements, the subject-matter, with which he deals. He must not only supply a sufficient support for the burden to be supported; he must reveal the omnipresence and inexorable character of the force of gravity and counteract it, not unobtrusively, but with a proud defiance.

According to this interpretation the builder is enabled to snatch his greatest victory in the face of what had threatened to be his most crushing defeat. For it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that it was chiefly the coercions of physical law that brought about the significant structural changes involved in the evolution of the great architectural styles.

Almost from the first the one essential issue was how to prevent a heavy roof from falling. A covering for a walled space was called for in the interest of shelter and security. Ritual motives combined with practical determined how large this space should be and consequently how serious the problem of its roofing. If a small enclosure was sufficient there was no difficulty, for the space could be readily spanned by parallel monolithic blocks. But in the case of larger interiors the post and lintel principle could be applied only by resort to the device of multiplying the supports. Closely crowded parallel lines of columns allowed for a succession of spannings, but this, the Egyptian method, involved serious diminution of the available space. And so the search for some different solution was instituted.

And behold the consequences: the dome, the barrel vault, both round and pointed, the groined vault and the ribbed. Once the principle was mastered of so constructing a curved roof compounded of multiple blocks that it could be suspended across empty space, the trick was to divert part of the outward thrust exerted upon the walls to supplementary supports within. To this end transverse and lateral arches were invented, and at length cross-ribbing. Such pressure as was still directed against the walls, threatening disruption, was counteracted, first by the flat buttress, then by the flying. By this final and most crucial device, the walls themselves, becoming non-essential for support, could be largely replaced by frail sections of glass.

Such, in sum, is the story of the progress from the ancient simple temple structure to the complex organization of mediæval Gothic. All the felicitous effects of arched vistas, of compounded pillars, of vanishing walls, of the marvellous play of light and shadow on the curved surfaces of vaults, of flying buttresses giving to the exterior its appearance of soaring, upborne by wings, were largely by-products of the solution of the initial problem: the winning of stability for a vast roofed shell constantly subject to destruction by the force of gravity.

This structure, if it was to endure, needed to possess a maximum stability. But it needed, too, if it was to be a thing of beauty as well as use, to appear to be the very epitome of stable equilibrium. And so its shape constituted an aesthetic problem as well as a practical one.

Now the cube and the elongated cube are stable figures; but those with converging sides, such as the tetrahedron and the four-sided pyramid, are not only actually more secure, but manifestly so. It might have been anticipated, then, that it would be these or some variant upon them that would be chosen as models for the total architectural scheme. And so indeed they were. Greek temples as well as Egyptian had, to be sure, the elongated cubical form, but in the one case

the isosceles triangle of the pediment gave converging sides for the upper portion of the east and west faces, and in the other the trapezoidal pylon produced a similar pyramidal effect for the approach. The pyramids of the Nile were the simplest and most accurate renderings of that geometric figure, while the ziggurat of the ancient Babylonians and the step pyramid of Saqqara — both alike anticipations of the modern skyscraper — gave its most obvious variant.

And down through the ages it was the same basic form that was approximated in the silhouettes of churches, a curvilinear derivative of it in the case of the domed structure — the Byzantine church and the Mohammedan mosque — the step formation again of superimposed receding levels in the later mediaeval church with its high central tower. In the Romanesque and the Gothic it is at the east end that this pyramidal design is most clearly displayed. Low wide-spreading chapels lead upward to the narrower stage of the ambulatory, and this to the still more slender chevet climbing toward the dizzy heights of the final summit. Who, even of those reluctant to admit such an analogy, can fail to recognize in this superb arrangement the very figure of the mountain peak set about by foothills?

Mountains must indeed be seen as the natural prototypes of architectural exteriors, as caves are of interiors. In the child's conception, in the versions of primitive man, and even in the formalized renderings of sophisticated art, a mountain has the form of a perfect cone or pyramid. It does, moreover, happen that real mountains sometimes exemplify that simple figure with an almost mathematical precision. In the desert that borders the upper Nile stand detached hills, so symmetrical, so regular, that they might have served as models for the man-made pyramids of Gizeh. More frequently, mountainous formations merely approximate the pyramidal or conical plan. And it is this same compound structure, with single or multiple summits steeply approached by foothills, that works of architecture suggest. The dubious doctrine that builders

deliberately reproduced the shapes of mountains is far from defensible. That they were unconsciously influenced by those shapes — the perfect image of compact stability — in the devising of structures calculated to endure, is certainly not to be disproved, is in fact most likely.

The point in any case raises the disputed issue of the motive of imitation. Architecture, like music, is seen as essentially an abstract art, non-representative, unconcerned with the appearances of the natural world. Yet one cannot lightly dismiss the notion that the structure and constituent parts of temples and churches are to some degree modelled on forms discovered in nature.

Walls and a roof were in a sense anticipated in cave formations. The remaining basic elements are few: openings for ingress and egress and for the admission of light; and supports other than continuous walls — the pier and the column.

The four-sided pier can be easily accounted for as resulting from cutting away sections of a wall, or, more probably, leaving it uncompleted. Chamfering off its angles would then have brought about the eight- and the sixteen-sided type of support. The round column, on the other hand, is clearly reminiscent of a tree-trunk, and cross-sections of tree-trunks were most certainly used from early times in the making of timber structures. When stone was substituted for brick, what more likely than that old forms should have been reproduced in the new medium? This we know is what happened in the fashioning of containers, pottery vessels being made in imitation of the woven baskets which they supplanted, perpetuating the old designs, even simulating the appearance of woven strands. Obviously representative in any case are the columns of Egypt — stone renderings of the papyrus plant, and of the stem and flower of the lotus.

That the human body rather than any vegetable form supplied the model for pillars may seem not too fantastic a notion to those who know the façade of Chartres with its stylized

renderings of men and women, narrowed, elongated, approximating the shape of cylindrical supports. Might not even a prehistoric builder with the eye of a sculptor have taken the suggestion for columns from the human figure? There is the testimony, not to be taken too seriously, of Vitruvius, that Doric pillars depict the stalwart male body, the slender Ionic the frailer form of a maiden. The substitution of caryatids for piers to support a lintel lends some corroboration to this theory. And we must not forget the Hathor-headed columns of Dendera and all the instances down through the ages of pillars crowned with capitals shaped into human countenances, naturalistic or grotesque.

But whether or not the earliest columns were imitative of natural forms, they became traditional along with all other items to be organized into an architectural scheme — along even with that scheme itself. They were part of the later builder's unescapable heritage, subservience to which was the final source of his enslavement. Thwarted then as he was on every hand by the conventions established by his predecessors, by restrictions due to building sites and to materials, to ritual and utilitarian considerations and physical law, what, we may ask, was left for his free invention?

The answer is: nothing — and everything. We have only to compare mediocre works with masterpieces, or masterpieces with one another, to know that an enumeration of shared traits leaves unexplained the unique quality of any superlative creation. Its more obvious departures from the type are, upon careful scrutiny, recognizable. But the mystery remains, how by inspired choice of this or that possible rendering a new whole was created, bearing everywhere upon it the unforgeable signature of its maker.

By the time of the emergence of the mediaeval church the essential features were fixed: arched windows and portals, towers and spires and radiating chapels, compounded columns or piers and multiple arcades, pillared nave and flanking aisles, triforium and clerestory, transepts and encircled sanctuary.

But so crucial for the total appearance might be the subtlest alteration of form or proportions that, despite his manifold restrictions, the designer had at his command a range of choices that was practically limitless. He might narrow or widen the distance between columns, and determine the profile of base and capital, and the height and diameter of the shaft. He might alter the magnitude and contour of arches and raise or lower the levels above the ground arcade. Chapels, transepts, ambulatory, choir, and apse he might narrow or widen, lower or heighten, and, by the right placing of moldings, pilasters, windows, and blind arcades, create a significant pattern for their containing walls. Everywhere, indeed, he was free to make his own adjustment of broken to unbroken surfaces, of empty to filled space. Possessed of this freedom, what other could he have needed or desired? For in the last analysis this matter of two-dimensional and three-dimensional design was the crucial matter. By greatness of design the architect might achieve all the superb effects of beautifully composed façades and perfect towers, of soaring apses and expertly ordered interiors.

Of great importance also for assuring individuality to the completed work was inventiveness in the matter of accessory details. A very essential part of the unique quality of any church is due to the elaboration of ribs and moldings, of archivolts and window frames and the base and shafts and capitals of columns. At just what point such refinements cease to be architectural and become more properly sculpture, is not easy to say. An item possessing a primarily decorative rather than structural significance does not, strictly speaking, fall within the domain of the builder. Sometimes, however, structure and decoration coincide, as in the case of colonnettes and half columns attached to a pier. These, with all their importance as adornment, have a primarily functional significance in their office of supports for the cross-ribs and arches by which the vaults of nave and aisles are sustained. And so integral a part of the total effect of a church are carved capi-

tals, pediments, arcades, and friezes that it may seem academic to rate these as mere subsidiary ornament.

The same is true of the many sorts of surface decoration contributed by a variety of craftsmen whom the builder summoned to his aid. The skeleton, the bony structure of the work, was his. Its complexion, all the warm bloom of life, came from frescoed walls, painted vaults, pavements of mosaic, tinted carvings, but most of all from the crowning glory of the mediaeval church, the resplendent stained-glass windows. We know that from early times the use of colour was customary. What we shall never know is precisely how far in each particular case chromatic decoration was carried. All we can be sure of is that ancient temples and Christian churches were to some undetermined extent gorgeously adorned both without and within. Even the great pyramid was probably painted in zones of colour and its apex gilded, and very surely the colours, like those displayed on the successive stages of the Babylonian ziggurat, would have had the additional significance of symbolizing the seven planets of the heavenly spheres.

But possessing as we do scant relics of that former state, it is a difficult feat of imaginative reconstruction that is demanded of us if we would picture to ourselves the original appearance of the great buildings of the past. So habituated, moreover, have we become to the mellow tones of unpainted marble, to dark granite surfaces and the sombre hues of common stone, that we may even recoil from the notion that sculptured pediments, carved portals, columns, and wide expanses of exterior and interior walls once glowed with all the colours of the rainbow. Strangely unfamiliar would be the façade of Notre-Dame of Paris were the glass of its western rose set in a field of azure strewn with golden stars. Yet this, according to Viollet-le-Duc, is how it once appeared; and dazzling and beautiful it must have been. Indeed, in the case of such polychrome decorations as remain, this almost invariably is how they impress us. How glittering and splendid the façade of

San Marco and of the cathedral of Orvieto! How lovely the remnants of colour upon the sculptured west front of Conques and of Loches! As for frescoes — knowing those of the temples of Egypt, of Germigny-des-Près, of St. Savin, of the church of Chora at Istanbul — can we feel otherwise than regretful that they are so scattered, so few?

When it comes to the supreme instance of surface decoration, that of mosaics, by which, on a background of rich gold, figures are rendered, green, amber, white, scarlet, and blue, never a doubt may we entertain that here in the Byzantine tradition was the most glorious embellishment that could possibly have been devised. Glittering fabrics, jewels, crowns, thrones, pearly flesh, pale flowers, and widespread wings of angels, all are given, transfigured. From the church of Daphne at Athens, from S. Vitale, S. Apollinare Nuovo, Monreale, we learn to what heights that superb technique might be carried. In old sanctuaries of Rome, S. Prassede and S. Clemente, and in S. Apollinare in Classe, it is a soberer effect that is yielded by the apsidal semi-domes, across which, on a deep blue ground, wind processions of white little lambs symbolic of the twelve apostles. And in the great domes — at Istanbul, at Ravenna, at Saloniki — yet another quality, more solemn, hieratic, belongs to the majestic figures of angels, evangelists, apostles, and the glorified image of the Pantocrator. As for the Capella Palatina of Palermo, only with things of barbaric splendour can that dazzling interior be compared — gold-encrusted, bejewelled, rivalling a sumptuous casket filled with the fabulous treasure of a dead Egyptian king.

But luminous and iridescent as mosaics at their finest may be, it is after all merely a reflected light that they shed. Only when walls become translucent and attuned to all the qualities of the spectrum can the rays of the sun, penetrating the sombre shadowiness of an interior, irradiate it with glory. Not until the miracle of mediaeval glass was accomplished could this supreme transformation come to pass. But a fainter version of solar brilliance is its lunar image. And

when, as in the tomb of Galla Placidia, for opaque stone were substituted thin slabs of translucent porphyry, the later miracle was foreshadowed. For into that dimness filters a mysterious radiance as of the wan light of a cloudy moon.

It is not, however, frescoed or mosaic-encrusted walls, or even luminous windows, that must be ranked as the most inspired of decorative devices. This title belongs to the domes and vaults converted by artists into miniature heavens. It is the sublime meaning of distant suns shining through tractless reaches of space that is discovered in those renderings of the dazzling blue sky of midday and the dark star-studded sky of night. Particularly do we feel this when, as in the tomb chambers of ancient Thebes, the vault of heaven is brought within the narrow confines of a low cavern underground. Then there is a very wonderful coming together of the subterranean habitation of the dead and the wide starlit dome that overarches the world of living people. But all cases alike are magical; and happily the tradition of giving to the covering of an enclosed space the appearance of the sky is a very old one that spread from land to land. In Egypt the ceilings, not only of tombs but of many temples, are simulated heavens; and at Athens, Palermo, Rome, Verona, and repeatedly in France, we find the same device of gold stars upon an azure ground.

The examples that remain are, however, but a few out of the myriad that men in the course of centuries have fashioned. So universal has been the tradition that Lethaby goes so far as to say that in the 'great periods of architecture ceilings are always skies.' But surely the supreme instance among them is the domed imperial tomb at Ravenna. For here by mosaics of the thrilling hue of midnight is produced the illusion of immensities of space ablaze with stars, as if by a magic wand the artist had assembled Altair, Vega, Procyon, Sirius, Arcturus, Betelgeuse, Aldebaran, and all their fellows. Nor is this all. After the fashion of myth-making ancient peoples who projected upon the track of the sun amid the great constella-

tions a menagerie of beasts — bull and ram, fish and crab, scorpion and lion — the creator of this microcosmic version of the macrocosm placed within the four triangular spaces of the pendentives huge golden forms, angel, lion, ox, and eagle, the four symbolic creatures of the apocalypse. No comparable setting was ever devised for that amazing progeny of hieratic vision, and no other invention could have added such grandeur to the simple but infinitely moving appearance of a sky let down almost within man's reach.

Again and again in other contexts these winged beings were to reappear, and with them other figures, mysterious, celestial. But here we enter upon the domain of values very different from those of mere architectural structure and adornment, values which gave to the mediaeval cathedral a more than earthly significance in the sight of those who created it and worshipped before its altars. These values pertain not to the physical body but to its spirit, issue of all the hopes and fears and visions of the Middle Ages. With such we too shall have to do. But it is the bodily cathedral, palpable, visible, space-filling, space-enclosing, that is our initial concern.

The road we shall follow lies within the frontiers of a single land. Italy, Spain, Germany, England had their early and later churches, many of them great and wonderful. But the national genius of each of these peoples was to find its most splendid expression through some medium other than that of the builder's art. It was dwellers in yet another kingdom who were above all others gifted with the fine sense for plastic form and visual rhythm, for light and shadow, space and mass, required for supreme architectural achievement. That kingdom was France. For full realization of the Gothic dream, the churches of France suffice.

II. THE PILGRIM WAY

BEFORE setting forth upon our journey of exploration we may well feel curious as to just where in time our route begins and where it terminates. But this is not so easy to determine as one might suppose. A journey through any portion of the past follows the dry bed of what was once a torrential river with many currents of unequal speed and waters ceaselessly mingling and parting. The bed itself may be divided by milestones into clearly marked segments, but the 'stream of history' which once flowed between its banks could never have been thus divided. And it is that stream and not the sandy bottom over which it coursed that is our concern.

Romanesque art, emerging insensibly from the Carolingian, had no single birthplace or dated nativity. Gothic art, passing through the successive phases of adolescence, full maturity, and gradual decay, died none may say precisely where or when or how. Nor is it possible to set an exact line of temporal demarcation between its reign and that of the art which it supplanted. Properly speaking the Romanesque did not die. It underwent metamorphosis to be reborn as Gothic — and this as no sudden event but in a protracted agony and ecstasy of mysterious transmutation.

Yet chronology of a sort we may venture. Darkness had succeeded the false dawn of the Carolingian Renaissance — a darkness deepened by the prevalent belief that the end of the

world was imminent. But when the dreaded first day of the year 1000 arrived, it revealed an earth which miraculously still endured. And in the thanksgiving over the postponement of final catastrophe came a quickening of joyous religious fervour, with an accompanying revived impulse to glorify God in art. In many respects the century thus ushered in was to be scarcely more than a prolongation of the dark ages. Wars, pestilence, and famine were to mark its course, with violent death, untold misery, and even sporadic cases of cannibalism. Yet in some real sense the year 1000 constituted a turning-point after which the gloom as of a harsh winter began to lessen, giving way to the incipient light of promised spring. Not only were old churches restored, enlarged, lavishly adorned, but construction of new churches was everywhere undertaken. It is in the renewed building activity of the early years of the eleventh century that we are tempted to distinguish the commencement of the Romanesque.

We are perhaps unduly encouraged to do this by reason of the scantiness of earlier relics. What precious works were once numbered among them but are now forever lost we cannot know — works demolished by fire and warfare and in later times wantonly under the compulsion of what Lasteyrie calls the French *goût de changement* — *cette maladie du vandalisme*, which was to perpetrate that major crime of the eighteenth century, the destruction of Cluny. Crypts, to be sure, have survived, and besides excavated foundations of vanished churches there are a few substantial remains. All in all, enough has been preserved or recorded to assure some knowledge of the style of building current in the ninth and tenth centuries. Its features would appear to suggest an early phase of Romanesque, which in some sense indeed it was, though according to Lethaby the period should rather be called Byzantesque, there being in his opinion little in Western art before the year 1000 except Byzantinism and barbarism.

As for the termination of the Romanesque age, the dating of this waits upon the decision as to when true Gothic began.

In round numbers the middle of the twelfth century may be taken as the dividing line between the two great architectural periods; and this allows just a century and a half for the Romanesque ascendancy.

Yet within that narrow span, what manifold achievement! A mere scanty hundred and fifty years, but time enough for the crystallizing of the style of Auvergne so magnificently shown at Issoire, and St. Nectaire and Notre-Dame du Port of Clermont-Ferrand. Time enough for Burgundy to raise its superb Cluniac churches — Cluny itself, and Autun, Vézelay, and Paray-le-Monial, that lesser Cluny. Time enough for the rise of Norman art, a thing apart, giving churches impregnated with the Northern spirit, never truly Romanesque in its pre-Gothic phase as it was never essentially Gothic in its later development. 'Militant churches,' Henry Adams calls them, 'capable of forcing Heaven itself,' and looking 'as though they had fought at Hastings or stormed Jerusalem.' Different from all these, the churches of the South, St. Gilles and St. Trophime, and the exquisite flowering of the central West, Châteauneuf-sur-Charente, Surgères, Melle, and all their fair sisterhood, little sculptured works like delicately carved reliquaries. Different again the style of Poitou, to be seen in the noble monuments of Poitiers and Saintes, of Chauvigny and St. Savin. And unlike these or any other the cupolaed churches of Périgord and Saintonge — Cahors, Souillac, Solignac, Périgueux, and Angoulême.

Through the midst of these lies the route that one must take in search of the great landmarks of the eleventh century — that century of St. Anselm, St. Bruno, and William the Conqueror, of pilgrimages and the First Crusade. This route through time stretches spatially from Elne at the farthest south to Caen and Jumièges and Mont St. Michel, with Moissac and Conques and many another masterpiece on the way between.

The majority of those begun in the earlier period remained, however, unfinished until after the coming of the twelfth

century. It was this century that saw the completion of Autun and Vézelay, of St. Savin and the beautiful church of Cunault, of the Byzantesque cupolaed churches, and that stupendous trinity, Cluny and Paray-le-Monial and St. Sernin of Toulouse. This was the century of the great towers, supreme tests of genius. Upon these the age lavished its passion, imparting to them its strength and sweetness — towers crowned by octagonal spires of most exceeding beauty, with narrow pinnacled turrets making the felicitous transition. Supreme among these must be counted the *clocher* St. Jean of St. Germain of Auxerre, its mate at Vendôme, and the *vieux clocher* of Chartres.

But this culminating work was completed only in 1170, a date which carries us beyond the midpoint of the century at which time we have placed the inauguration of the Gothic era. Actually the mysterious process of change and growth which was to yield Rheims and Amiens, Bourges and Beauvais had far earlier beginnings. Who can say that the Gothic was not already preparing even from the year 1000, when the world failed to terminate? At least in the towering vaulted nave of St. Savin some dim premonition of Gothic height may be discerned, of Gothic vastness in the staggering vista of St. Sernin, of Gothic light in the Cluniac churches with their ampler windows and magnified transepts. If the Gothic spirit was thus occasionally foreshadowed, the body in which it was to be finally and gorgeously lodged possessed certain quite definite properties which made their separate appearance before they occurred in combination. At its full stature this body showed ribbed vaulting and flying buttresses, accompanied by a less crucial feature, the pointed arch. It was in the North, in Normandy and the Île de France, that these had their most precocious development, occurring, all three together, soon after the middle of the century. But Morienvall made its astonishing appearance in the early decades after 1100, and Lessay at the same period. And according to the best testimony both these great churches were constructed

with ribbed vaulting. As for the broken arch, it too is of the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century, being used, among other places, at Cluny, while at St. Etienne of Caen, consecrated in 1079, may be seen the rudimentary beginnings of the flying buttress.

Exciting, these dates, to the archaeologist, exciting to anyone intent upon the quest of the precise birthplace of Gothic. Perhaps that quest is a vain one, like the attempt to mark the critical moment of night's passage into day. Yet however bafflingly continuous a process of development, whether of an art or an institution or of life itself, it would seem that there must actually come a time when the addition of a slight modification produces at last something qualitatively original. By many and minute steps, undoubtedly, swimming or crawling things became metamorphosed into winged creatures, but somewhere along that course the cataclysmic day dawned when for the first time immature appendages lifted their possessors into the air. The anniversary of that event we cannot commemorate. Its date is secret. And perhaps forever secret too must remain the natal day of Gothic — that triumphant day when, as the culmination of an evolution so swift that its period would have brought to the essential structure of living forms scarcely the equivalent of a mutation, there emerged a new order of creation, and one no longer earthbound, but capable of flight, it too endowed with wings.

Of Gothic art one could wish that it were, all of it, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, product of the age that bred Aquinas and Giotto, Marco Polo and Dante, that had as queens Eleanor of Aquitaine and Blanche of Castile, as kings, Richard the Lion-Hearted and St. Louis. One could wish that it belonged wholly to the age of chivalry which witnessed all the later crusades and cherished Chrétien de Troyes and the troubadours, the poets of the Latin hymns to the Virgin, and Jacques de Voragine of the Golden Legend.

But it was not so, though the span of one hundred and fifty years matching the equal span of the Romanesque saw the

major Gothic triumphs. For here belong Chartres, Paris, Bourges and Laon, Senlis and Amiens. Here belong Notre-Dame of Mantes and the Sainte Chapelle, Coutances and the apse of Le Mans and Beauvais. Essentially of this period are the cathedrals of Sens, Bayeux, Rouen, and Rheims, and of the neighbourhood of 1300 the lovely choir and transepts of St. Nazaire of Carcassonne, while to the thirteenth century as well as the fourteenth belongs the cathedral of Tours.

But much, and of a high order, was yet to be accomplished — transepts, naves and choirs, portals and roses. The cathedral of Troyes was a thing of the future, and Auxerre and Bordeaux, Albi, Limoges, Clermont-Ferrand, and many another. Even towers and spires were to be born of the later centuries — spires so magnificent as those of Autun and St. Savin, and the superb tower of Rodez, the *Tour de Beurre* of Rouen, the north spire of Chartres.

Small cause for wonder that architectural projects were thus postponed and brought to a conclusion only after interminable delays. The marvel rather is that building should have been indulged in at all during such a period. The fourteenth century was the troubled time of the commencement of the Hundred Years' War, with the Black Death following nine years later, and upon the heels of that physical pestilence, the spiritual upheaval of the Great Schism of the West. Nor did the fifteenth century bring improvement, but only continued schism, bloodshed, intrigue, and incessant battle between barons and crown. This was moreover an age of transition, politically, intellectually, artistically. Three years after the midpoint of the century the war between France and England terminated simultaneously with the fall of Constantinople, and in the following year occurred the first printing from movable type. A new 'era' was ushered in, very different in quality and mood from the age of the cathedral.

The last phase of Gothic is then in no sense mediaeval, but of the Renaissance and Reformation, of the period of the recovery of antiquity and the building of châteaux — the age

of Pierre Lescot and the foundation of the Louvre, of Philibert de l'Orme and the constructing of the Tuileries, of Jean Goujon, Germain Pilon, Montaigne, Rabelais, Ronsard. No propitious climate here for an art of another day. What wonder that, having long since passed through its matured phase of rich luxuriance, of extravagant final blooming, it too, like all mortal things grown old, should decay, decline, and perish?

Having now checked a few of the milestones along the mediaeval way, we must retrace our steps. Later on we shall scan again, and more closely, the landscape across which those mileposts lead, but for the moment that is not our concern. The churches themselves are what lure us back, and for a little while we may indulge in a carefree sojourn in their midst.

III. CAVE AND MOUNTAIN

IT IS a grave and quiet thing, the Gallic church of the Middle Ages with which our pilgrimage commences, a thing seemingly imperishable, like a firm rocky mound rooted deep in the earth. It still endures after so many tempests and furies that might have laid it in ruins — violence of feudal wars, fire, lightning bolts from heaven, ravages of the Huguenots and of the Revolution. Yet the earth has risen about it as if the passing centuries had been making slow preparation for its ultimate burial.

And indeed, for the greater organism within which it once played its part, death, decay, return to dust and oblivion have long since been accomplished. Gone is the great concourse of buildings which formerly composed it — sacristy, chapter house, and bishop's palace, or library, refectory, and the many halls and chambers required for the maintenance of an immense monastic community. These, with the church itself in their midst, once made as it were a city within a city, a little kingdom, where the ministrants of its ritual, sleeping and waking, passed their lives. All now, or nearly all, that remains is the central consecrated edifice, and even this is damaged, restored, most tragically incomplete. Its towers, maybe, are fallen, the twin towers that flanked its western walls, those farther eastward, or the central crown that rose above the crossing. Or if the full complement of towers remain, their spires have vanished — spires whose loss we more

keenly lament, knowing the few that time has spared from the great days of the Romanesque.

Not in any one place shall we find a version of the pre-Gothic church at its most wonderful, in its completeness. But ranging over the length and breadth of France we may learn the manifold perfections of this art from which the later art developed. And among the varied representatives of this earlier style we find one characteristic which links them in intimate fellowship. Their arches, without and within, are round, and from that sober, quiet form seems to issue the mood that distinguishes them all. Other features, not the pointed arch, were to be crucial in the later development. But the round and pointed forms, different in emotional connotations as male and female, must surely be felt as significant in the generation of the Romanesque and the Gothic temper. It may be indeed in terms of that biological simile that we are tempted to describe them.

Yet however readily it may be granted that the pointed style, dedicated to the Virgin, is itself virginal — the very image, in its seraphic and pure ecstasy, of that transcendent maidenhood — it cannot be other than feminine too that we see its more venerable parent. Very unlike the immaculate Madonna were the teeming primordial earth-mothers of ancient procreation cults. And it is some such being as these, weighted with years and with the burden of her vast fecundity, that the heavy and brooding, the dark and secret art of the Romanesque suggests. No such express intention could have contributed to its making. Into the Christian Pantheon never entered any strain of the feminine — that Pantheon comprised of a threefold Divinity, all God, which, by virtue of a mystery too dark for reason to fathom, was not Three, after all, but One. As a seeming supplement of this mystic and utterly male Trinity there came the exaltation of Mary. But this occurred too late to influence the character of Romanesque art except to pave the way for its metamorphosis into the Gothic. That this was the consequence of the cult

of the Virgin — a destruction of the old, a generation of the new — can scarcely be doubted. A shrine fit for the Queen of Heaven was called for, spacious and radiant, in which she could be appropriately adored. To house her glory how could earth-bound, narrow, joyless sanctuaries serve?

In these indeed she would appear to have had relatively little share. More often than not they do not even bear her name, but that of an apostle, evangelist, or male saint — notably Peter or Paul, John or Martin, and again and again Stephen, that St. Etienne, protomartyr, upon whom in France so much honour was lavished. Nonetheless, again we may insist, it is as little a masculine as a youthfully virginal quality that the pre-Gothic churches exhibit. Their connotations are of the all-procreative earth-mother, a Cybele, a Demeter, as if those who fashioned them had inherited her worship from their pagan forbears of the ancient world.

Not all of this quality is discoverable in the western face with its round arches — earthward turning half circles. It will be later, from the dark interior, from the yet darker crypt, that the Romanesque mood will be fully, overpoweringly, known. Yet something of the inner dim and cavernous retreat, suggestive of a tomb but also womb-like, is already intimated by the heavy almost unbroken wall which seals it. Such openings as have been carved out are none of them lofty, but only barely sufficient to admit a little air and light. It is a wall that shuts out the sunny world, making for a vast twilight within.

Yet care went to its fashioning, and evident love for the things of the earth from which it turns away. Upon the concentric orders of the arches framing the portals, and higher up about the windows, are sculptured leaves and flowers, little medallions containing the signs of the zodiac and the symbolic labours of the months — recorded memories of the life of surrounding nature and of men. And other memories must also have played their part, of things imported into the West from far Eastern lands, elaborately wrought, delicate, of

exquisite design. For here are abstract decorative motifs, intricate patterns, arabesques, chevrons, and formalized petals which might have been worked out in beaten brass or incised gold, in ivory carving or mosaic, or even in lace. These massive circlets of engraved stone are indeed like bands of fine goldsmith's work or wide strips of stiff brocade, petrified and shaped into sumptuous frames. But if once they were resplendent with the colours of Oriental stuffs gorgeous as diadems set with rare jewels, all now are faded, along with the surrounding expanse of masonry, to one quiet ashen hue.

At least in the case of little churches of the central West, it is such an effect, or one of even greater luxuriance, that is forthcoming. For in the warmer regions it was as if the benignant sun brought forth a miraculous forced blooming of arid, unfertile stone. Even farther northward sometimes occurred this exuberant flowering — indeed of this more suave and gracious phase of Romanesque art the examples are legion, scattered over the land. From their number stands out, however, a matchless representative, so fabulously rich in adornment, so lovely in design, that it may be seen as the culmination of its type. If we could choose but a single instance out of the multitude to dwell upon it would be this, the unrivalled little church of Notre-Dame la Grande of Poitiers, that we would select.

Of the things of this shifting changeful world it is many times those which, belonging to the old, partake also of the new, that appear to contain in most concentrated degree the essence of the order that is passing. A faint premonition of spring may but intensify the effect of winter; a hint of approaching dawn make more poignantly vivid the reality of lingering night time; a premature flush of maturity accentuate the quality of adolescence. So it is with this church standing at the parting of the ways of two periods, where the deep, smooth-running current of the Romanesque changed its course to pour its still waters into the turbulent current of the Gothic.

The gently curved contours of its multiplied arches have their replica, carried into the third dimension, in the slim shafts of its many columns. Even the towers, securely welded into the intervening wall and overlaid at their ground level with these same cylindrical forms, are themselves cylindrical to the summit of the gracious arcaded story leading so smoothly into the low conical steeples. But these converge sharply to a peak, and between them, defined by jagged broken lines, rises the pyramidal gable, while below, to right and left of the rounded portal, the blind side arches are delicately pointed. From these acute forms issues a vague unrest, troubling this peace, premonitory of an awakening to come. Yet such omens as they bear of an incipient Gothic serve but to intensify the prevailing quietude, as of a dreamer made half aware of his thralldom in a momentary emergence from the deeper levels of sleep. Of the Romanesque in its most serene perfection, here surely is the supreme rendering.

But if in all our wide wandering we may hope to meet with nothing more sheerly beautiful, there are other churches from whose western aspect different but no less profoundly Romanesque effects are to be known. Of these is the façade of Chartres, also of the twelfth century, also a thing of blended reminiscence and prophecy.

To the day already waning belong its magnificent towers, its southern spire, its matchless rose. Towers more massive and solemn are those of the great Norman abbeys; towers lighter, more slender, those of Fontevrault and St. Georges-de-Boscherville. But only from such a tower as the southern one of Chartres could have sprung the spire in which it culminates. Something like it, with a spire of comparable beauty, is to be found at Auxerre and again at Vendôme. With these indeed it makes a kind of trinity — but where shall we find their fellows? We may travel far and wide, and admire the pierced spires of Brittany, the crocketed spires of Bayeux, Coutances, Aurun, and the superb solitary pinnacle that is the glory of Senlis. But infallibly we shall return to

Chartres. Not any other, not its nearest rivals, not even Auxerre, is the match of this amazing spire.

Similarly of the rose, no compounded luxuriant growth of later Gothic culture but its hardier precursor; its affiliations are with such another early blooming as that of St. Etienne of Beauvais, and that of Mantes, wintry, sparsely petalled. Yet, dazzled by other roses of tropical full summer splendour, again we may declare that here, and not at Amiens, Troyes, Rouen, nor yet Rheims, is the queen of them all. No other than this would be a fit mate for the spire, and only this rose and spire together could make a worthy setting for the portals.

These in their turn commemorate the past, and at the same time foretell the future. For here is carving such as the Romanesque artist alone was master of, solemn, hieratic renderings of the kings and queens of Judah and scenes not of this world, sculptured upon the tympana. But it is broken arches that frame these portals, and the ranks of columnar figures by which they are guarded anticipate those that throng the entrance to the great cathedrals. At St. Denis indeed they had already appeared when these were fashioned, while in the South were their Romanesque precursors. But the sculptured figures of Chartres — stylized, of exaggerated length of limb, rigid pose, and rapt gaze — as far surpass their predecessors as they surpass their great posterity. Grouped about the southern portal of Le Mans are comparable forms, but their greater prototypes must be sought among the archaic works of ancient Greece. Here, as there, is unearthly peace and utter stillness, nothing of striving, nothing of the agony and exaltation of spirit of which the mediaeval imagination at its most impassioned was capable.

For that effect, no less Romanesque but more grandiose, we must go elsewhere. At Souillac is great carving, and at Cahors, at Conques, and many another church of magnificent sculptured tympanum. But the high-water mark of Romanesque pictorial art was reached just three times in work which sets apart from all others Autun, Moissac, and Vézelay.

Of what these portals express of meanings of high and serious import this is not the place to speak. For the moment it is their immediate significance that is alone at issue. And what achievement, what fluent line, majestic form, and great design! Superb figures are these, with wind-swept drapery, of solemn mien. Even without knowledge of the cosmic story that they tell we may recognize their grandeur and feel that theirs is not the greatness of easy beauty but of the terrible and sublime.

In comparison with the churches of lavishly carved portals many great churches may impress us as stark. In their case, as indeed in the case of the majority of their contemporaries, the most wonderful effects are to be known when we pass into the cool twilight of the interior, and thereafter, from the culminating spectacle of the exterior east end.

Entering by the west door we do not at once find ourselves within the body of the church. At least if it be an authentic example of the early type into which we first make our way, it is an enclosed porch, the narthex, which receives us. And fittingly. It is consonant with the felt need for the dedicated dwelling-place of Divinity to be protected from the encroachment of a world of profane concerns, that there should intervene a halfway place, a region neither altogether hallowed nor yet unhallowed. It was, moreover, in accordance with a very ancient tradition that such structures were devised. In ancient Egypt the approach to a great temple had been between a double file of guardian sphinxes, through pylon after pylon and pillared courts, making more inaccessible and mysterious the god hidden in the darkness of his forbidden shrine. In Moslem lands the colonnaded parvis performed a similar office of preserving, unmolested, the sanctity of the consecrated house of prayer. From Rome and Byzantium the Middle Ages inherited the tradition, transmitted through intervening Merovingian and Carolingian days. The narthex formed part of the customary plan, and though, together with other parts of the original complex structure, it has for

the most part disappeared, from the examples that remain we know how solemn is the effect it may yield.

A cavernous, crypt-like place of low vaults, low arches, and heavy masonry, it is forbidding, suggestive of a tomb. Linger here in the semi-darkness, we undergo a ritual preparation, yielding perforce to the mood, grave and sombre, which it induces. And this mood we shall not need soon to relinquish.

For when, grown accustomed to the obscurity, we press forward, it is into a space larger but also shadowy, also cavernous, with massive walls and lowering vaulted roof. All that, from the sparsely pierced front which closes it, we may have anticipated of secrecy and mystery is here forthcoming. Well may we pause, intent upon realizing to the full the great moment by which we are overtaken as we stand at the threshold of the mediaeval church, a thing weighted with memories, inheritor of untold ages of tradition. Dendera, Edfu are of its ancestry, and churches Coptic, Syrian, Roman, Byzantine, Lombard, Visigothic, Merovingian, Carolingian. Incorporating traits of its remoter forbears, in another fashion it commemorates the less distant ages. For under our feet are gravestones bearing the half-obliterated epitaphs of those whose bones lie buried beneath. Carried backward into the past by memories, we are also drawn forward by anticipations. Here is not only a descendant but an ancestor — the final connecting link between far-off generations and the Gothic yet to be born.

More of reminiscence than of prophecy breathes from it if for our first specimen we have chosen one of the aisleless domed churches — St. Etienne of Périgueux, Souillac, Solignac, Cahors. In these we find not Gothic foreshadowings but rather an effect of a belated Byzantinism bereft of its original splendour, turned gray and bleak by its transplantation into the north. Such a church may none the less serve us well for our initiation. For here in terms of a limited walled-in space covered by low domes are the rounded contours, the

repose, the sense of quiet suspense and twilight brooding that are of the essence of the Romanesque.

It may be, however, that we have chosen some church in the main line of descent, a church barrel-vaulted with aisles and blind triforium or deep tribunes, with a transept and dim ambulatory encircled by chapels. In such case it is still left to us to discover which of many possible effects it yields. And sooner or later we shall know them all.

Sooner or later we shall discover the sternly beautiful abbeys of Caen and the lovely church of Lessay, and learn the solemnity of Notre-Dame du Port, the white radiance of St. Benoît-sur-Loire, the perfection of Issoire and St. Nectaire. We shall meet with Le Mans and Mont St. Michel and find how provocative is the effect of a Gothic apse grafted upon a Romanesque nave, like the New Testament upon the Old. We shall visit churches of the South, St. Gilles and St. Trophime, and climb the hill to Vézelay and find the entrancing church of Conques. We shall linger long at Poitiers for the double miracle of St. Hilaire and Notre-Dame la Grande, and take the road eastward that leads to Chauvigny and on to St. Savin.

This church, so different from the rest, will surely figure as one of the high moments of our experience. No sombre tribunes nor blind triforium gallery, no double file of stalwart piers such as over and over again we have encountered. Only slender columns in the basilican tradition, but columns that climb dizzily toward the level of the vault to receive there the burden of the transverse arches. Reverberant with memories of Rome and Ravenna and Palermo, these spaces already foretell the soaring Gothic.

Less prophetic, more characteristically Romanesque, is a small dimly lighted church like St. Etienne of Nevers, with its low aisles, deep tribunes, and diminutive chapels, and a multitude of supporting columns that repeat the rounded contours of the arches. Moreover, here in its perfection is the quadripartite vault that is groined. Not by means of such vaults

could Gothic builders have achieved their triumphs of vast height. Yet the invention which made that triumph possible meant the loss of something we cannot but regret — the beautiful effect given here, in the roofing of aisle and ambulatory, of an uninterrupted passage from a shadowy curved surface to one palely illuminated, which retreats, as it curves, back again into shadow.

From little churches, sombre and brooding, we make acquaintance with the Romanesque in its tenderer, gentler mood. Only from the greater churches can we know what at its most splendid that style could be.

Supreme among these vaster creations must have been the vanished church of Cluny. Through a portal crowned by a superb tympanum one entered the nave — an amazing nave of eleven bays flanked by double aisles which continued past the choir, while farther eastward were flung the wings of a second pair of transepts. Cluny is lost beyond recall, but from other Cluniac churches that remain we may infer something of its greatness — from Paray-le-Monial, from Autun, from Vézelay with its magnificently extended vista. It is, however, yet another, the great St. Sernin of Toulouse, that must be ranked as the grandest of all monuments surviving from the Romanesque age.

Situated on the pilgrimage route of St. James which terminated at Campostella, this church needed to be vastly spacious to accommodate the pilgrim throngs. The aisles accordingly, as at Cluny, are double, and again as at Cluny the nave is prolonged through eleven bays. Down this stupendous avenue marches the thundering procession of gigantic piers, while transverse arches, range upon range, magnify the abysmal depth of the perspective. Nothing comparable with this deep tunnelled effect is anywhere forthcoming unless it be in certain Egyptian temples and underground rock tombs, where, through frame within frame, we gaze down reaches of increasing darkness toward the secret innermost chamber.

The arches which so intensify the depth are round, the vault

a great half-cylinder. Everywhere it is the rounded contour that prevails. No clerestory surmounts the stage of the triforium; above the high arches screening the tribunes there is left no room for one. And this ordering procures a more pronounced appearance of omnipresent, huge, slow curvature. For of such span are the arches of the ground arcade and of the gallery that they are scarcely diminished echoes of those which support the immense tunnel of the vault.

More shadowy by reason of this lack of a range of high windows, the interior is seemingly augmented. Darkness promotes a sense of vastness, and here only the indirect illumination yielded by the hidden windows of the gallery filters into the upper reaches of the central lane. Less dim, the transepts, those ample aisled transepts with their eastward turning chapels. But between the transept arms, between the nave and the east end, is the deeper twilight of the crossing.

In every church crowned by a central tower or cupola the vista extending eastward is invariably rendered more impressive by the sudden elevation at this point of meeting of transepts, choir, and nave. When the walls above are pierced, a stream of light descends slantingly earthward, making a column of brightness from which extend the four arms toward the four points of the compass, shadowing forth the lineaments of a great cross. When the walls are blind or very sparsely pierced, this space becomes a pit filled with shadows. And thus it is here. At the far end of this amazing perspective the nave discharges into the abrupt darkness beneath the tower. More impressive than a luminous shaft at the terminus of that triumphant line of march, the core of darkness, fed from below and above, is raised like a pillar of smoke at the four crossroads.

Something of the notion of death we found latent in the vaulted tomblike narthex. Something of it we discover here, knowing as we do that the altar was originally a tomb and that in ritual usage this association still clings to it. But for fullest realization of sepulchral meanings it is not to any

sanctuary above ground that we need look but to that which lies beneath. At least such might seem to be the essential quality of that secret place, the crypt, situated under the earth and built as a second, ampler tomb to house a richer treasure of sacred relics.

Yet not as other bones are those it guards, but wonder-working, performers of miracles. And to their magical efficacy has been imputed the realization of how many prayers — prayers for the forgiveness of sins, restoration of health, return of the prodigal son — even for the birth of children which Heaven had appeared to withhold. To the multitudes who have here prostrated themselves and uttered their petitions, this shadowy sanctuary, low-vaulted, enclosing, and protective, has been a place not of death but of regeneration and life.

In a different sense, and by something more than a metaphor, we too may so regard it. For consider its history — how, secure underground, it withstood the ravages of fire and war, and all the processes of destruction; how, when the original church above had perished, it still endured, to serve as a matrix of another and perhaps yet another. From it, as from a quickened womb, there issued amazing generations of progeny. Functioning as a sacred theatre for the recurrent celebration of the mystery of the Mass, the upper church had as a further reason for being the need to provide an outer encasement, richly and beautifully wrought, for this precious container of relics. Here its most priceless treasures were hidden, not only bodies of saints but miraculous images, thorns of the Passion, fragments of the true Cross, drops of hallowed blood.

From the crypt, moreover, the church which was its issue often derived something of its form and features. With rare exceptions like St. Gilles, whose crypt underlies the western bays of the nave, it is beneath the eastern extremity that the deeper sanctuary is located, a diminutive buried apse, setting the pattern for the apse above, and complete with ra-

diating chapels and ambulatory encircling its own high altar. Its abbreviated supports are, as it were, embryonic versions of the piers and columns developed to full stature in the upper church; its lovely groined vaults anticipate those of the superimposed aisles and chapels. Even a barrel-vaulted nave there may be, as in the crypt of St. Eutrope of Saintes, most beautiful of all the crypts of France.

For here in this perfect underground church was employed a wonderful device. In place of slender ribs or rectangular strips are massive cylindrical beltings, curved in great half-circles as they follow the curve of the vault. These heavy cables of masonry are suggestive of smooth sinuous lengths cut from the lithe coils of a huge serpent transmuted into stone; and not incongruous, that suggestion, in a place hallowed but engaged in ceaseless traffic with depravity and death. For in the cold pallid semblance of the serpent's form may be seen the image of that creature, sinister but lovely, that tempted Eve — source of human woe, symbol of evil, and reminder of mortality.

Other beautiful crypts remain to us, among them those of Notre-Dame du Port of Clermont-Ferrand and St. Aignan of Orleans, of St. Paul of Issoire, and La Trinité of Caen. No two are alike. In each one in turn we find some unique feature, some special loveliness of effect. But for sheer vastness all are eclipsed by the wonderful crypt of Chartres.

Seven times over before the end of the twelfth century this cathedral had been overtaken by terrible fires. From the ashes of the final, most furious conflagration arose the present Gothic cathedral, incorporating the towers and the triple lancet windows and carved portals of the early twelfth century as well as the crypt of the eleventh. This, the work of Abbé Fulbert, enclosed in its turn not only a crypt of the ninth century but remains still more ancient, Gallo-Roman, pre-Christian. For the site was already hallowed by a pagan shrine when in the fourth century the original cathedral was built, a mysterious shrine to the goddess of an ancient fertility

cult. For her was made the first sanctuary, to be followed by churches dedicated to the Virgin Mother, churches Merovingian, Carolingian, Romanesque, and, at last, Gothic. Deep under ground that final cathedral harbours her secret dwelling-place, source of repeated manifestations of life.

Meditating upon such things we must feel that if the crypt with its brooding and shadowy vaults, its stillness and darkness, is pervaded with the sense of death, it contains also intimations of resurrection.

When from its quiet obscurity we ascend the flight of steps, narrow and steep, which lead us back to the nave, we may pass out into another halfway place, apart from the church, like the narthex, and yet of it, which is the cloister. And this too holds in store for us strangely mingled meanings. For here is a walled garden, a little sheltered retreat of greenness and sunshine where birds sing and flowers bloom and nothing at first suggests affiliations with the sombre interior from which we have emerged. The covered walk, crossed by slanting shadows amid which the sunlight filters, looks out on all four sides upon verdure and open sky, and the arches that give upon that prospect rest on coupled columns, with capitals beautifully sculptured and shafts slender, twisted, fluted, perhaps encrusted with mosaic. Only a lovely place of refuge from the heat of the midday sun, this might seem to be, or a voluptuous anteroom leading from an Arabian Nights' Garden of Pleasaunce into secret inner chambers designed for lovers' dalliance.

But if, a garden enclosed with fountain in its midst, it is invested with the sensuous connotations of the Song of Songs, it has also another meaning. Not altogether unlike the aisles and ambulatory of the church they adjoin are these low lanes, groined or barrel-vaulted — merely another version, gayer, brighter, of the passages that flank the nave and encircle the apse. And in their different way these are solemn too, for here also is a place of burial, so that walking these enchanted corridors we walk a way of tombs. Conducive to meditation,

to recollection and prayer, they assuredly are, not less so for the near presence of the gladness of the outer world. How many a dedicated priest or monk of old time must have paced their flagstones, aware of the allurements of the adjacent green, with rainfall and sunshine, bird song and blossom, inducing profane delight in the world they had renounced, filling them with desire for all the forsworn pleasures of fleshly life, yet also for purified heart, for utter sanctity.

Not many of these cloisters remain, so we cherish with special tenderness those that have survived. The majority are of the South, important among them those of Le Puy and Moissac, Arles and Elne — precious remains, perhaps more authentically mediaeval in their loveliness and solemnity than any other portion of the churches to which they belong.

And yet for those most deeply enamoured of the Romanesque, finding it a thing to dream upon, exhaustlessly potent for the inducing of reverie and rapture, the chief glory is yet in store. Not towers or portals, not carved tympana, grand and terrible, not shadowy naves and aisles, nor crypt, nor cloister, yield the crowning experience. Knowing after repeated proofs that this is so, we may be tempted, as we approach a church long and eagerly awaited, to postpone the halt before its western face and the long lingering within, reserving these for our after-leisure. With quickened steps we may turn eastward, feeling something like the ardour of pilgrims of old times intent upon a miraculous healing at some wonder-working shrine, confident that we too, as they, are shortly to be confronted by a miracle.

Not without prophetic foreshadowings of the culminating spectacle is the panorama that unfolds as we move onward. Skirting the northern or southern flank of the nave, we see the projecting arm of the transept, its arcades giving promise of those of the chapels it withholds from view. And above the crossing appears the central tower, already partially known from the west, and later to be revealed in its full magnificence. Long afterward we shall recall the heightened

excitement of this glimpse, and repeat the roll-call of memorable names — little churches like Surgères and St. Pierre and St. Hilaire of Melle with their simple sombre towers of two stages; Cunault with its superb tower richly arcaded, the lovely low spire attended by small pinnacles imparting such peculiar graciousness; Notre-Dame la Grande of Poitiers with its beautiful tower capped by a low conical steeple; the *Abbaye des Dames* of Saintes, where on a yet grander scale that ordering is exemplified. For here, above the level of triple arches and ranks of columns, rise the little corner turrets making the transition to the arcaded circular story. And above this the steeple, that miraculous conical steeple in which are united effects seemingly irreconcilable — the soaring lightness of a spire, the brooding quality of a dome. But no preliminary sight can prepare us for what is to be revealed when, passing along the end wall of the transepts, following the sweeping curve of the first chapel, we approach our goal and, coming at last to a halt, look back.

To those who have never stood in our place, no words can communicate what manner of thing it is that now fills our horizon. And however many the versions of it we have known, never can anticipation be commensurate with the reality, never can habit dull its power. Indeed, it is only by cumulative experience that we are matured to undergo the ultimate entrancement. Here as always it is by a long road that we climb to the heights of emotional comprehension, and the farther our pilgrim journey the more rewarding its later revelations.

Not in France will that necessary pilgrimage have taken its beginnings but in the lands of Byzantine churches, at Mistra and Ravenna, at Athens, Monreale, Istanbul, and Saloniki. Under their alien skies we first learned to watch for the superb pyramidal formation of superimposed stages receding as they mount; the last, their crown, a cupola, cylindrical and arcaded. And at a later stage of our wanderings, in France itself, we may have so chosen the order of our

going that we progressed from the lesser things to the greater. From such churches as St. Hilaire of Melle, St. Hilaire of Poitiers, St. Etienne of Nevers, we shall have learned what the Romanesque apse may be, not at its most stupendous, but in a version that is deeply affecting. For though none of these is on a grand scale, each makes a proud pyramid of ascending levels. And in each the encircling chapels constitute the bottommost round of that superb formation — at Melle and Poitiers, five, ranged in a beautiful half-circle. Diminutive, gracious forms, in them is nothing of pride, only the loveliness of a vast humility as of a band of adoring penitents prostrate at the foot of an altar.

Wonderful as we may have found these earlier things to be, their real significance was to prepare us for such creations as Issoire and St. Pierre of Chauvigny and Notre-Dame du Port. And arriving at last at Paray-le-Monial we may feel that the value of all that went before was that by their means we were initiated, undergoing the compulsion of a strange influence, as of a magic potion causing in those who have once yielded to its effect, at once hypnotic and intoxicating, an appetite not to be satisfied by any substitute. Thus we were made ready for this hour when we are called upon to quaff a deeper draught from that same cup. But how persuade the uninitiate of its effect as of an intoxicant that is likewise an opiate — the drink of Bacchus mingled with that of the god of sleep?

Once again the familiar design of superimposed stages receding as they mount, but on a scale not heretofore encountered, that of an immense step pyramid, of dizzy height, of staggering mass. Three chapels at the base of this superb formation, chapels of two stages. Thus there is an array of no less than six levels, range upon range in a grand mounting and recession. Above and beyond the chapels, the loftier ambulatory, higher yet the narrowed chevet, above this the vertical choir wall, and last the majestic tower.

No less meek and lowly than those of Melle the clustering chapels, and each tier above, taken by itself, is a gracious

thing. But viewed as members of the larger whole, they express another mood felt ever more intensely as our gaze mounts. And not our gaze only. In that triumphant ascent from height to height we too in all our being take part. In a mysterious fashion we become the thing we contemplate, participating in the steady upward thrust. By pervasive strains and tensions of muscle, by the realization of the weight and inertia of our frame, we are assimilated to the vastly more weighty pile towering above us, and experience from within its awful reality. Advancing skyward as by a Jacob's ladder we see in this hierarchy of stages a symbol of all the proud hierarchies of earthly empire, and intimations of that which comprehends the orders of angels and archangels, the super-sensible hierarchy of Heaven.

Of man-made things, it is a step pyramid or giant ziggurat that the structure suggests. But everywhere are rounded contours. The nearer affiliations of this great pile are with mountainous formations dating from a remote period of geologic time, worn down through the ages. Of a different order are to be the precipitous defiles and craggy peaks of the Gothic, phantasms of less ancient convolutions of the earth's crust. These curving shoulders and sloping heights of the Romanesque, matured, with all the quality of the authentically primeval, bespeak their kinship with elder things. In the majesty of their lineaments we discern the human analogue of only the very venerable of the everlasting hills.

IV. VANISHING WALLS

I

THE Romanesque lies behind us, fallen into the shadowy limbo of remembered things along with Karnak and Abydos and the Parthenon, along with Santa Sophia and later glories. If the spell it cast still haunts us as we set forth upon our Gothic quest we need feel no regret. For perhaps it is only under the lingering influence of the Romanesque mood that we can relish the full excitement of this different art of pointed arches and flying buttresses, of vast interior spaces and dazzling light. Disturbing, provocative we must in any case feel it to be, and restless, flaming, tempestuous, having about it almost a quality of wildness.

The broad and travelled road that stretches before us is the Gothic highway of the North which leads to Bourges, Le Mans, and Paris, to Amiens, Rheims, and Chartres. From it diverge by-paths to little churches, even to cathedrals that we shall neglect. Of some of these we may catch a distant glimpse as we pass, a tantalizing glimpse of dark masses silhouetted against the sky showing the jagged contour of an apse, a pair of towers. Towers constitute the sign-posts of our course. Some crowned by spires, many are spireless, and it is chiefly these — pinnacled, arcaded, left square at their summit — of which we are destined to make a nearer, more intimate acquaintance.

For essential to our conception of the Gothic as the spire

may be, it is not a feature of the greater cathedrals. Spires there assuredly are — the twin spires of Angers, the multiple spires of St. Etienne of Caen, the single spire of Autun and of St. Savin, the north spire of Chartres. All these are Gothic, though in each case the substructure is Romanesque. Gothic again the spires of Quimper, Coutances, Bayeux, the solitary spires of Lisieux, of Strasbourg, of Senlis. But how far and wide must we range to find their counterparts, none of these moreover associated with the more famous works. Rheims, Paris, Laon, and Bourges; Meaux, Sens, and Auxerre, St. Denis, Amiens; Beauvais, Troyes, Soissons — here are the sites of vanished spires, or merely of those that might have been, spires planned but not executed, or even never intended. From old records and designs, from the presence of unfinished towers that could have served as foundations, we may form an image of the riches of which we have been deprived. Glittering and glorious, matchlessly expressive of the Gothic spirit, would be those crowded phalanxes of spear-like pinnacles, two to the west and one above the crossing, a pair uplifted above each of the transept arms, and, further eastward, perhaps yet others.

A soberer effect we find instead, given by towers massive and truncated, a crossing uncrowned. Wonderful enough, none the less, the huge shell of stone and glass, sufficient to detain us, however impatient we may be for the greater glories within.

Of the west front we quickly learn the typical ordering: a central wall flanked by towers with a rose between, the remaining area broken transversely by open galleries and blind arcades, and at the ground level a range of sculptured portals. But no two instances are alike, however many the features they share. Consider Bourges with its stupendous lateral spread and grand display of portals — five immense portals magnificently carved. What other cathedral is so darkly looming and sternly majestic? Consider Meaux and Sens and Auxerre, incomplete, all three, and lacking in symmetry, yet

impressive, each in its different fashion. And Rouen, wide-spreading like Bourges, but with a resplendent southern tower of exceeding loftiness, and carving that makes a fragile screen as of springtime foliage, though gray as a film of ashes, hard and cold as figures of snow and ice.

Of all the façades that we come to know in the course of our Gothic pilgrimage, three stand apart from the rest as belonging together, forming a natural group. It happens that they are the three most generally known, most often lauded, most famous. Paris, Rheims, Amiens — to rank these in some hierarchical order of greatness might seem uncalled for, yet according to our individual taste we may find ourselves in the end rating one or another as the least distinguished, and one as incontestably supreme.

In the case of two out of the three cathedrals, considerations having nothing to do with purely architectural judgments cannot fail to influence us from the moment of our first encounter. Such is the case with Notre-Dame of Paris. Here unnumbered multitudes have stood, learned men and great artists, saints, victorious generals, and persons of royal degree. Here has been enacted the drama of momentous mournings, momentous rejoicings, national celebrations, and high religious festivals. Magnificently situated close by the river that winds through a city, venerable and memory-laden — perhaps the fairest and best-loved of the cities of the world — this cathedral is also in its own right vastly impressive. Towering and of huge bulk, it is blackened by age and bears countless evidences of the ravages and restorations undergone in the course of its long history. The ground on which it stands is invested with special sanctity, for here, since the earliest Christian centuries, has risen some church dedicated to the Virgin. This, the latest in that long line of descent, is seen by many not only as a very great monument, but as quite the greatest of the Gothic era. Regarding the high distinction of the constituent elements of its design there can be no ground for dispute — splendid portals and noble rose, an impressive

gallery of kings, a fine high open gallery fenced by slender columns and towers at their upper level rising free. Grave and austere simple, this immense west front possesses the dignity belonging to what is devoid of extraneous ornament. Upon comparison with the façades of Rheims and Amiens one must recognize that here the predominant emphasis is horizontal rather than vertical, but even this may be seen as merely conducive to a mood more essentially Romanesque than Gothic.

Associations less rich and various than those that cluster about the cathedral of the capital contribute to the fame of Rheims. Yet it too owes something of its glamour to its colourful history. Built on a site which, even in the fourth century, harboured a sanctuary devoted to Mary, the present cathedral possesses a peculiar, funded holiness. Here, moreover, kings and queens were crowned amid scenes of untold splendour. The tragic circumstance that this relic of the Middle Ages, mercifully spared from destruction in earlier turmoils, should have suffered grievously in a great war of these latter days, lends special poignancy to its surviving loveliness.

As at Bourges, the array of portals is the noblest feature of the façade. A more gracious thing, this trinity of portals, than the range of five of the great St. Etienne, and fittingly, since they adorn a church vowed to the Virgin. Her coronation — the tenderest, sweetest version of that scene — holds the central place above the main portal, relegating to subordinate positions to right and left the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. At Bourges it is Christ on His throne and the momentous drama of the end of the world that dominates; which is in turn appropriate for a cathedral dedicated to the first Christian martyr, St. Stephen, stoned for his faith. Something of a male quality we may even seem to distinguish there, and the mood is solemn, almost grim, as if the work belonged spiritually to the earlier days of the Romanesque, when the adoration of the Mother of God had not yet flamed to an ecstasy irradiating the world.

Here at Rheims not the carvings only and the springing arches, but the entire west front, are pervaded with her spirit. No spires adorn it, and here above all they would seem to be called for — spires such as at Coutances and some of the smaller churches are a sign and seal of a miraculous compact with the Queen of Paradise, infinitely compassionate mediator between high Heaven and the wistful hearts of men. But in the scene of her coronation we see her retinue of angels, and poised above like a resplendent moon, her rose. And there are other scenes in which she figures — her mystic interview with the angel Gabriel, her Purification in the Temple. Towering over all are effigies of kings, perhaps those of Judah, from whom her earthly pedigree was derived. More probably they are the anointed rulers of this land, *la douce France*, where the cult of the Madonna attained such exquisite flowering, and where in her honour were fashioned cathedrals such as this — a very litany of praise, a rapturous song of love translated into stone.

In the case of Amiens, with respect to one feature or another the façade is more than matched by some great rival. In dimensions its rose is inferior to that of Rheims: in design it is less greatly simple than the rose of Paris. As against the five porches of Bourges here are only three — porches deep and shadowy, but not so beetling-browed and impressive as those of Laon. Less dizzily elevated than Coutances, it lacks the twin spires of that cathedral, and of Bayeux. Yet something rarer, more difficult of achievement than isolated items of perfection it possesses. In its effect of unity it is unsurpassed.

Like Notre-Dame of Paris, it rises in five stages, but the two lines of arcading are set one immediately above the other and beneath the level of the rose, and this seemingly simple variation in plan has the important consequence of leaving the two homogeneous stages of the towers unbroken by a transverse line of arcading. Throughout their higher reaches the towers are thus established as independent organisms — mighty bulwarks for the wall between, yet linked almost to

their very summit by a frail screen of carving, and below this by the rose. Moreover, so salient are the buttresses marking the vertical divisions — increasingly so as they descend — that even at the third and second levels the towers are clearly distinguished.

Horizontal accent subordinated to vertical, and with this an effect of soaring. The three lower stages are graded in a sequence of decreasing height, which means that the powerful upward thrust of the ground story is succeeded by a lesser thrust, and this by another slightly more diminished. The vertical subdivisions, on the other hand, become more numerous from stage to stage. Three portals at the base, then eight arches — four above the principal portal and two on either side. Finally, at the third level, a line of eighteen arches — eight in the centre and five to right and left. Thus while the upward movement is at a steadily decreasing pace, giving the feeling of a gradual retardation, the sidewise flow has an accelerated rate at each successive level. Furthermore, the joint effect of the portals as a group and of the slow heavy marching tread of the towers is a syncopated rhythm — triple time against duple. Two towers, two resounding half-notes. Accompanying these, quarter-notes struck by the paired openings of the two upper stages — notes repeated, as it were, in bass and treble — and clear and high the prolonged whole note of the single central rose.

Actually silent and immobile, the design has thus the effect of a burst of music, permeated with its omnipresent motility. And there is room in this spatialized recapitulation of temporal sequence for accelerations and retardations, diminuendoes and crescendoes, as of a symphonic theme miraculously translated into terms of massive stone.

Of every Gothic cathedral the exterior is the concealing covering of a glorious interior. What splendours await us there we cannot know until we pass within. Yet something of the inner plan we may deduce from the outward ordering. The number of the portals customarily tells whether the aisles

that flank the nave are single or double. And when, leaving behind us the west façade, we make our way toward the east, we gain further knowledge of the interior scheme. We may infer not only the number but the height of the aisles from the number and height of the levels extending from west to east. The presence or absence of transepts, and their amplitude, is also clearly revealed. And from the conformation of the exterior apse we may learn how many chapels will be found within, and by what steps the stupendous eastern ascent takes place; for the spaces enclosed by the shell of masonry receive from it their form and proportions.

But it is not merely as prophetic that the long northern and southern flanks and precipitous east end claim our attention. They contribute directly and importantly to our realization of Gothic grandeur and vastness. Only from the exterior, indeed, are we made fully aware of the effort, strains, and tensions pervading the mighty structure, and the means by which its stability is achieved. For like certain forms of animal life, it is an organism whose main skeleton is external. The towering walls, the sparse masonry framing the fragile screen of glass, have as it were their face turned inward. Seen from within they appear to be sustained as by a miracle. From without we know the nature of that miracle, for here is displayed that supreme Gothic invention, an intricately articulated skeletal frame, an amazing system of flying buttresses.

It is the multiplied renderings of these of which we are afforded a view as we move eastward. They make an extraordinary appearance of scaffolding, as if the wall whose outward thrust they receive were still under process of construction. This wall is, in a material sense, completed. But the interplay between thrust and counterthrust by which from moment to moment its stability is created must continue through the years, until by some upsetting of the balance of opposing forces the work crumbles into ruin. Thus what we behold is, properly speaking, not after all the finished

product of a past endeavour, but a process taking place in our sight and destined never to end so long as the building endures. A vastly exciting thing to witness, causing us to see the Gothic cathedral as something never quiescent, but restless, striving, tumultuous.

It is against the outward pressure of the walls and of interior cross-ribs supporting the vaults that the inward pressure of the buttresses is directed. And by their form they suggest their organic relationship with the system of arches within. For they too are arches, buttressing arches — as the French name for them, *arcs boutants*, makes clear — arches of single or double span pressing against upright piles weighted by turrets. These arches are keyed into the walls, receiving there a terrific outward impulsion, which in turn they transmit to the stalwart piers counteracting their thrust. Of huge span, they are like suspension bridges thrown across a void. But no single analogy will suffice, and we are tempted to compare these creations with all manner of things possessed of reserves of energy, of potentialities for powerful action. The structure they secure was seen as a vessel, a ship, by men of old, and that *aperçu* is commemorated in the name for the central division of its interior, the nave. But never until the coming of the Gothic could the metaphor have been felt to express so fundamental a truth. Here at last is indeed a ship straining at its moorings, held as by lithe, taut cables but poised for flight. A sailing ship, or even more nearly a huge galley of ancient days with crowded banks of rowers, their flashing array of oars inclined downward as if momentarily to be dipped in unison for the first stroke to issue in a mighty leap forward.

The apse, like the walls, is bulwarked by flying buttresses. But such images as are suggested by the lengthened northern and southern flanks leave our mind as we near our goal and, taking up our stand, face westward.

For what confronts us is yet another pyramid, rising in precipitous stages to dizzy heights—a thing in the image of a

mountain, though one strangely different from that shadowed forth by the Romanesque apse. Here are no smooth, gently rounded contours as of primeval foldings of the earth's crust, ground down through ages of erosion. If the natural processes by which the earth itself was matured had fashioned this gigantic figure of rock they would be such as might have operated within the memory of man. For these pointed peaks and crests and splintered shelves, these sharp-edged ridges and deep crevices, appear as if newly hewn — cracked as by frost, riven by lightning, split by terrible crashings caused by hurricane and floods. And it is the wild spirit of the storm and of the reckless play of cosmic forces that invests this towering creation, built though it was as a shelter for the most hallowed region of the cathedral.

Its ordering is one with which we are already familiar in a different guise in the diminutive Byzantine church and its mightier Romanesque descendant: chapels, ambulatory, chevet, rising in a succession of receding stages. But here there are two tiers of ambulatory walls if the curving passage within is doubled, and the chevet, incredibly soaring and slender, has a tapering roof giving the appearance of an abbreviated steeple. Many and many a rendering of this scheme we shall come to know in the course of our Gothic pilgrimage, no two alike, so endlessly rich are the possibilities for variation. Our search for the great representatives will carry us down the length of France, from Rheims even to Narbonne, through Troyes, Nevers and Bourges and Clermont-Ferrand, across to Limoges and up to Tours, and still further northward for the magnificent spectacle afforded by Chartres, Paris, Amiens, and Beauvais. But surpassing even these is another which we shall do well to postpone to the last. For it is as the culminating spectacle that we shall regard it — the great east end of St. Julien of Le Mans.

This cathedral, like Mont St. Michel, owes something of its special effect to its location. Built on elevated ground, it towers above the town, so that to reach the level of its founda-

tions we must ascend a lofty flight of steps. It further resembles the Norman abbey in representing two periods of construction, dramatically juxtaposed, from which issues a clash of moods, each accentuating the other — the deep Romanesque peace of the low aisles and nave, the Gothic excitement of transepts, choir, and apse. We might have guessed how stupendous would be the outward appearance of this eastern portion had we first confronted the dizzy heights within. And correspondingly, taking up our stand beneath these mighty ramparts soaring above us, we may anticipate that what they enclose will prove to be the most amazing of all revelations of loftiness and radiance. For here are walls of glass, held up incredibly by flying buttresses so multiplied and far extended that they make a second casing of intermittent masonry separated as by a moat from the fragile shell they screen. The chapels, themselves high, are overtopped by the soaring walls of the inner ambulatory, and above this the slender chevet flings itself skyward.

The same urge must have inspired the creation of this apse as actuated the builders of the triumphant apse of Beauvais — an urge known to men of the heroic days of old as recorded in history and legend. The giants who strove to attain Olympus, the mockers of Heaven who conceived the Tower of Babel, the ancient kings who commanded tombs that should be as mountains, huge and everlasting, were the precursors of those who fashioned the east end of Le Mans. For this, too, bears the marks of an inordinate ambition to conquer space and time, to scale the clouds, to build for eternity, as if primordial impulses, half savage, half godlike, had again reasserted themselves, to find in the art which takes its name from a race of the barbarian north their unexampled expression.

II

Exterior and interior are but the two aspects, convex and concave, of a single creation. Yet enclosing masonry and the

void enclosed — filled space and empty — make in some real sense reciprocal structures, intricately fused, interpenetrating, each the perfect complement of the other, to which, down to its uttermost details, it conforms. According to our predilection or passing mood it may be one or the other of these two figures that will be seen as primary, its mate seeming to play the subordinate rôle of delimiting the first and acting as its foil. Most commonly it is the corporeal structure that is taken as the essential one. We tend to think of a cathedral as a dense, massive structure, even though there is a vast emptiness contained within. It requires a very special feeling for the significance of unfilled space to see the impalpable, incorporeal cathedral as something real and vastly significant in its own right. Yet until we win this sense of it we shall be able to extract from our long sojourn within its portals only a small portion of the delight which that sojourn may afford.

In the case of the Romanesque church it was an abbreviated figure of empty space that the surrounding masonry enfolded. Low, narrow, pervaded by shadow, it had something of the brooding, weighty quality of the overhanging vaults and impenetrable walls. These walls, immensely thick, were sparsely cloven, and between the nave and aisles descended a second inner rampart, perhaps intermittently pierced above to form a sombre clerestory. Below this it was arcaded, but blindly, to make a false triforium, or showed openings into the dimness of galleries built above the aisles. Supporting this inner wall were round columns or heavy piers, seldom elevated and seeming to threaten a complete closing in of the nave. Occasional anticipations of something very different were, to be sure, forthcoming. St. Savin, with high slender columns intervening between nave and aisles, gave an astonishing effect of altitude. Yet here we found no clerestory, nor yet at St. Sernin, possessed though this church is not only of staggering depth but also of sidewise spaciousness.

Cavernous we felt the typical earlier interior to be, a thing walled in, lowering, densely shadowed. Scarcely could we

have seen the enclosing shell of rock as other than the primary reality, containing as it were by accident some empty space within it. At most we might have felt that if here we had a structure of the pedigree of solid mountains, the process of hollowing out to form a cave had been carried only a very little way, giving the sense that the cave was merely a derivative of the mass impinging upon it.

With the coming of the Gothic an amazing change occurred. It was as though, in place of a mountain of stone, had been substituted one of solid ice imported from polar regions into a warmer clime where, under the influence of the sun's rays, its substance began to melt and flow. Once started, the process of excavation, of enlargement of the interior void, proceeded more and more rapidly. Walls became increasingly tenuous. Reduced to a thin shell, they would have collapsed had not some remaining blocks of virgin ice, impervious to the action of heat, been shaped into curving ribs and arches and a resisting frame of flying buttresses. These retained their hard cold solidity, acquired through frigid ages of condensation. But the thinning shell standing between inner and outer supports continued to decompose, to liquefy, to evaporate. Over wider and wider areas the sun broke through, irradiating the interior and transmitting to the vaporous vestiges of walls its glory of rainbow colours.

In some such terms we may paraphrase the evolution of the Gothic cathedral and account for its paradoxical qualities — for the extraordinary union within it of the effect of rigidity and evanescence, of frosty whiteness and midsummer warmth and splendour. We cannot but see it as a miraculous blend of North and South, of the Arctic and the Tropics. The tenuous springing ribs and arches have the cold austerity of forms carved out of eternal, unmelting snow. The dissolving vitreous walls, no longer opaque but translucent and incandescent, are blinding as sheets of flame.

Furthermore, seeing it thus in its entirety as the outcome of a process of liquefaction whereby its substance is con-

tinuously forced to yield to an expanding void, we must after all feel that not the material structure but the immaterial — the impalpable figure of emptiness — is the essential reality. This we experience as an amazing vastness containing only light and shadow and thin air.

No interior, however capacious, actually involves distances that remotely compare with those of the natural world. At its loftiest, broadest, deepest, it encloses but the minutest fraction of the bottomless and shoreless abyss that harbours comets, planets, suns, and stellar galaxies. Even the reaches of space exemplified on earth — the abysmal profundities of canyons, the wide, far emptiness of plains and deserts and the sea — yield a standard of depth and extensiveness in relation to which the dimensions of the most extravagantly enlarged work of architecture are insignificant. Yet it is not from our everyday experience that we derive the most overpowering realization of space. Only through the devices of art, of the builder's art, of that of the Gothic builder, are we made poignantly aware of the spatial manifold in all its magnificence. Always we see a space limited, enclosed, of very restricted dimensions, yet this little space may connote an epitomized wideness and steepness and profundity, space sublimated, space in its essence.

Earlier styles in their several fashions exploited these qualities, affording an intensified realization of their significance. Santa Sophia, excessively high and deep and widely extended, contains beneath its soaring dome the spaciousness of a colossal hollow sphere. And some of the great mosques, modelled upon that mighty church, produce a similar effect of general vastness. More commonly, there is a subordination of one or another dimension with a corresponding enhancement of depth or amplitude or height. In some Romanesque churches we find an effect of depth or of altitude emphasized by an accompanying narrowness; or a transverse emphasis accentuated by a curtailment of height or depth. The same effects occur in Egyptian architecture. An appearance of a

deep tunnel, neither wide nor high, is given by the receding chambers of Edfu, while Abydos, shallow and low, has a tremendous sidewise sweep with its seven entrances and seven ramps abreast leading each to a chapel.

It may well have been, moreover, from the temples of Egypt that we first learned to see that spaces left empty within a solid structure make a true figure having its own form and proportions — something no less real than the enclosing frame of rock. For there in the fierce southern sunshine even a shallow corridor may be pervaded with shadow so deep as to make a dark silhouette, seen as a shaped emptiness, intervening between brightly illuminated columns. Thus it is in the second court of Medinet Habu at Thebes, and in the temple of Khonsu at Karnak. Alternating with the massive shafts of bright stone are sombre shapes — a second line, as it were, of columns — columns of air, but so dark in comparison with the solid shafts that they appear almost to possess a superior weight and substantiality.

Height, depth, breadth — all these the Gothic cathedral possesses, but is it not an effect of dizzy soaring that above all else it makes us aware of?

According to Viollet-le-Duc such was not the effect for which Gothic builders were striving, but rather one of balanced proportions. This contention would indeed seem to be borne out by the interior of Notre-Dame of Paris, with its low nave arcade which diminishes the sense of total height. The reduced dimensions here of the first level make possible the spacious galleries above. At Bourges no tribunes — and what gorgeous effects the sacrifice of them brings! These effects are enhanced by the absence of transepts and by the character of the nave supports. No crossing to interrupt the prolonged vista, no simple round shafts, but mighty piers, their vertical thrusts accentuated by a multitude of slender colonnettes. St. Sernin foreshadowed this forward plunge; St. Savin, this skyward leap. But never before and never again anything so stupendous as what Bourges gives of dizzy pitch

combined with profundity — a nave that is as a chasm between towering cliffs which might have been formed by an avalanche grinding its way downward.

If such a moving river of ice had indeed shaped this nave, it must have been one that divided at its source to pursue its way in five concurrent streams. Only low tunnels, the aisles to the extreme right and left, but between them and the central canyon are steep narrow defiles surpassing in pitch even the precipitous passage that encircles the apse of Le Mans. That apse, this nave, belong together, amazing figures of empty space, incorporeal counterparts of the huge structures by which they are enclosed.

That with such accomplishments to their credit Gothic builders actually preferred the appearance of balanced ratio between height and breadth and depth would seem questionable. In any case, whatever their explicit intentions, their works affect us most deeply when they exhibit exaggerated emphasis, now upon one dimension, now upon another. Perhaps those mediaeval artists builded better than they knew, yielding unwittingly to the spirit of an age filled with extravagances and impetuosities, an age of intense emotional conflicts, of fierce passions and wild deeds.

Assuredly the spaces within its cathedrals express that spirit. Wide or deep or high, they are no quiescent voids but fluid, seething, tumultuous. These vast chambers, these steep corridors, are pervaded with movement, re-enacting the forward rush of rivers, the leaping of cataracts, the ebb and flow of tides. Any actual translation through space is chiefly known through change of velocity — acceleration or retardation of a given rate of speed. Here it is change, but change of height or breadth or depth or of their relative magnitudes, that communicates the sense of omnipresent motility.

The devices by which this effect is achieved are many and various; and all are exemplified in the great cathedrals. Some of these devices had been anticipated by earlier builders, though nowhere were their possibilities fully exploited.

Dissimilarity of height of nave arcade, triforium, and clerestory was already usual; and contiguous chambers and corridors — transepts, naves, and aisles — frequently differed from one another in breadth and altitude. Often there was the sudden elevation at the crossing due to a central cupola or tower, and by few or many steps one ascended or descended from one floor level to another. But it is not until we come to the Gothic that we discover how dynamic an effect these several types of spatial variety may produce.

The incessant changefulness of Gothic spaces is made possible by the complex organization of the plan. Not merely a single pair of aisles but very often double collaterals flank both nave and choir, and even the ambulatory may be two-fold. These passages are not invariably of unequal height. More usually they differ in this respect, though such dramatic contrast of pitch as occurs at Bourges and Le Mans is exceptional. The transepts, moreover, may be provided with aisles, and these need not match, in width and height, the nave aisles and those of the choir. These latter, furthermore, may be distinguished in both respects from one another. Even nave and choir may be of dissimilar amplitude, as at Tours and Vendôme and Bordeaux. Change of floor level is also frequent and emphatic. At Bayeux and Coutances we descend to enter the transepts; at Metz we ascend, and this rise is followed by another of twelve steps to the heights of the choir. Similarly at Chartres, Strasbourg, Amiens, Le Mans, and elsewhere the choir is thus elevated. The chapels, more numerous than in Romanesque days — at Le Mans no less than thirteen — provide yet further opportunity for contrasts of shape as well as proportions, giving volumes of varying size and contour.

The nave walls of Romanesque churches were divided horizontally, sometimes into two stages, more commonly into three. At Laon a double triforium raises the number of stages to four, with a resulting effect of an upward lift in a series of four unequal pulses. Bourges, with aisles so lofty

that they allow for a supplementary triforium and clerestory, gives the remarkable appearance of five superimposed levels. These as seen from the nave when we face northward or southward involve, moreover, movement in the forward dimension as well as in the vertical — recessions and emergences, emphasizing planes at varying distances. At the bottom is the line of windows cut in the walls of the outer aisles, above these the triforium and clerestory of the inner aisle, and still higher the triforium and clerestory of the nave.

When the east-west axis deviates at its farthest extremity to left or right there is imparted an effect of movement in the lateral dimension. Very slight in most cases — just sufficient to give a faint sense of a shift to north or south — at Quimper the deviation is so extreme as to constitute an important feature. The high deep passage, perceptibly swinging in a new direction before it terminates, gives us a sudden vivid realization of the farther reaches of space into which we shall be ushered.

All down the length of the nave the entire intention is eastward. From beginning to end of that vista the eye sweeps, finding the goal of its journey in the apse. There in the distance is the sanctuary, there the uplifted altar, seat of the mystery for whose sake the cathedral has its being. From that point emanates all mystical influence, toward it flows all the movement of attention. Only appropriate, then, that beyond the crossing an interior should become visibly more important, more intricate, more beautiful. Certainly it is an aid to our comprehension of the entire scheme that the lines of arches leading from west to east should there begin to converge, sweeping together in a final lovely curve. And obviously it means an intensified significance that beyond the half-circle of apsidal columns there should be dimly revealed the further depths of the shadowy ambulatory, with beyond these the still deeper recesses of chapels. At the far end of the choir the entire wall gradually turns so that its superimposed levels swing into fuller view, until at last they are presented

at right angles to the line of vision. This means that the ordering of ground arcade, upper arcade, and clerestory, imperfectly perceived in perspective down the length of the nave as seen from the entrance, is all at once presented complete from base to summit. The apse is the head of the church, its focus, and it is fitting that its design should elucidate the character of the great vaulted passage by which we are led up to it.

At its most characteristic, the vista extending forward from within the portals has a height and depth accentuated by a subordination of lateral emphasis. When as at Paris — and at Caudebec, Laon, Soissons, Châlons-sur-Marne — the nave supports are columnar shafts instead of compounded piers, the vertical accent is appreciably diminished. When, on the other hand, a multitude of slender colonnettes follow the piers to the level of the vaults, receiving there the burden of cross-ribs and arches, it is an intensified skyward spring that is felt. Not only Bourges but Chartres, Tours, Meaux, Rouen, exemplify this type of construction. Rarely, as at Troyes, moderated altitude is accompanied by an emphatic sidewise sweep, giving an appearance of exaggerated amplitude very affecting in its different fashion.

It is as we pass out of the nave into the crossing of a cathedral that we become aware of a sudden lateral spread. Always that abrupt transition into the amplitude of the transept is accompanied by a sense of liberation. There is all the feeling of an emergence from the swift current of a narrow river into the still broad waters of a peaceful bay. In the case of Barcelona's great cathedral, with its spacious transepts, this region is even more shadowy than the nave, so that the transition means not only an experience of expansion but also one of abrupt increase of darkness, as from the passage at twilight into a dark harbour. In the French cathedrals with their vast transept roses, their towering lancet windows, and high clerestory lights, these spaces are usually less dim, so that here the effect is of a harbour spread out under

skies brightened by the lingering afterglow of the setting sun.

The advance from transept to choir aisle brings a closing in again — a narrowing and descent — though at Le Mans excessive narrowness acts to enhance the effect of pitch. Of terrific pitch, the narrow inner aisle proceeds straight forward for a distance of three bays, till at its far end the turn begins. Traversing this canyon-like passage as it swings more and more dizzily in a hairpin curve, we experience a space that not only plunges and soars but wheels — a space permeated with all the trends of powerful movement which the Gothic artist knew how to impart to limited sections of a quiescent void.

Taking our cue from his inspired suggestions of narrowing, widening, expanding, contracting, closing down and opening out again, circling and ascending, we experience powerful motor impulsions. It is indeed we, and not the spaces themselves, that expand and droop and are constricted; it is we who plunge and sway and triumphantly soar.

III

Just as a void as treated by the architect is no mere absence of matter, so darkness is far more than a simple negation of light. Out of an emptiness is fashioned an interior, though by means of a surrounding shell of rock. And only by virtue of shadows as well as illumination do spaces become visible; only as a result of delicate modulations and interpenetrations of brightness and obscurity is the significance of carved-out empty volumes and the substance which surrounds them made fully manifest. The light that the builder excludes and the light which he admits are alike elements with which he works. Changeful and infinitely subtle, though impalpable as space itself, they have their ebbings and flowings, their waxings and wanings, like tides and the inconstant moon.

No less than solid matter and unfilled space, light and dark

in all their gradations make part of the world of ordinary experience. Known in their manifold effects in nature before ever one becomes a pilgrim in search of their renderings by the artist, they yield many a rare delight. It is under their ever-changing influence that from hour to hour, from moment to moment, every landscape is transformed. A forest glade, penetrated by the vertical rays of the midday sun, becomes a different thing when invaded by the slanting shadows of early morning or late twilight, and different again under the enfolding cloak of night. Night, more grandiose than day, sheds upon the earth a peculiar quality of meaning, imparting even to homely scenes something of its own splendour.

Down through the ages builders, perhaps occasionally against their inclinations, had exploited some of the possibilities inherent in darkness. Certainly incomplete illumination is an important source of impressiveness in many an ancient church. Beyond question it is partly due to their obscurity that the cathedrals of Milan and Barcelona and the little, almost unlighted church of Sta. Maria Antica of Verona are so affecting. And how diminished would be the solemnity were the thick darkness of the inner chambers of the temples of Dendera and Edfu and Abu Simbel suddenly flooded with the relentless, searching brilliance of broad daylight!

The Gothic cathedral, less dim than the majority of its antecedents, shows a mingling of brightness and shadow. High lights it possesses, but, grading down from these, multitudinous degrees of lesser brilliance, even to the profoundest obscurity. These many gradations of blended day and night within its interior have a twofold significance. They impart effects very wonderful in their own right, but they also serve to reveal the quality of surfaces, the beauty of delicate contours, the richness of sculptural details. As if they possessed no virtue on their own account, darkness and light unite to exploit to the uttermost the profundity of space, the massiveness of stone, the loveliness of deep hollows, of rounded mouldings, of shallow relief. Abruptly juxtaposed in the base

and capitals of columns, in multiplied ribs and the meeting surfaces of arches, they furnish dramatic contrasts. Exquisitely fused in a continuous gradation of increasing and decreasing luminosity, they are displayed along the receding curved planes of columnar shafts. It is by their interplay and blendings that they reveal the quality of whatever things they touch, but these in turn are a means to a fuller revelation of the very medium which renders them visible. We may even question whether light and shadow are to be primarily valued as instruments for manifesting substance and space, or whether these are chiefly significant for their exploiting of shadow and light themselves.

It is not merely a wide range of illumination presented simultaneously that is involved. Even more splendid is the drama of changing light which develops with the passage of the hours. For as, in the course of the day, the sun moves from eastern to southern sky and finally sinks in the west, within the cathedral a slow panorama of amazing transformations is unrolled.

This affects all parts, so that the entire building undergoes a slow mutation, spaces growing seemingly now shallower, now deeper, recesses filling to the brim with shadows, walls advancing, smitten with sudden light. It is as though galleries, chapels, piers, and arches rotated together on an unseen pivot, each axis in turn pointing into the focus of an external searchlight. As new patterns of light and dark are generated and new perspectives emerge, almost we feel that the entire structure is gradually reshaped, the changing brightness acting no longer as a mere incorporeal medium, bathing the surfaces, but as a force sufficiently powerful to bend and twist the rigid frame.

Keeping pace with the progress of the outer light, the brightness within moves clockwise from apse to southern transept until, advancing along the length of the nave, it at length enters the west end. Concomitantly with this long march, astounding alterations of each minutest detail take

place. Columns and engaged half-columns are lit successively from the east, from the south, from the west. Streams of light and bands of murkiness pass and repass, intermingle, change their direction like troubled currents. There are cross-illuminations, superimpositions of many degrees of brilliance and obscurity. As the sun slowly mounts to the zenith and then as slowly descends, the tide within, that waxes and wanes, moves with it, flowing not only in the horizontal dimension but also in the vertical.

At its flood it attains the highest peak of clerestory windows, and in that hour of midday the brilliance invades the cathedral at right angles to the axis of the nave. From end to end of the transept it sweeps, and concomitantly from southern aisles to nave and on to the aisles beyond, while in all the chapels southward of choir and apse, shadows give way to light. Twice daily, at early morning and late twilight, occurs low tide. The first time, a tide just after its turning, when the surge of gathering forces starts the flow that will gather increasing momentum through the ensuing hours. With the sun in the east, it is from the direction of the altar that the light pours into the huge vessel, passing westward down the nave, drawn into the aisles, striking obliquely into ambulatory and chapels. At noonday the reflux sets in, to be prolonged through the lengthened afternoon; at the beginning scarcely detectable, so swollen was it at flood level. Moreover, late in its decline comes an illusory appearance of flux again. For before sunset the direct rays of the sun, entering by western portals, penetrate far up the nave, once more banishing the dimness of aisles, and illuminating anew the distant choir and apse. But this is only a false awakening, destined to give way abruptly to an unprecedented shadowiness as the sun sets and evening draws in. Very low tide, this second one, doomed to drop yet lower, and thereafter to remain at dead level through the hours of darkness, till the rising sun of the succeeding day shall initiate again the amazing sequence of transformations.

But before dusk comes to plunge the whole into ultimate obscurity, a little time is left for effects of exceeding loveliness. A mood of quietness and strange peace, reminiscent of the Romanesque, overtakes even a Gothic cathedral in this brief interval between sunshine and dark. For it is then, when the day is done, that out of the diapason of tones ranging from white to utter blackness is engendered a subdued, sweet music, a chorale of grays — ashen tones that spread over mouldings, ribs, compounded piers and arches and the curving surfaces of vaults, weaving a counterpoint of infinite subtlety. Into those delicate modulations of light and dark enters no clarion call of yellow and scarlet, nor even the less resonant tones of indigo and green. Gone is the last rainbow image projected upon piers and pavement by sunlight filtering through western windows. Only high above that concord of hushed voices float echoes of dying colour, like muted strings and muffled drums and clarinet, bassoon, oboe, horn, and flute, playing a soft accompaniment in minor key. This lovely adagio movement comes as the close of a mighty composition whose opening chords were sunrise, and which passed, sonorous and triumphant, through the varied paces of allegro and andante, to terminate now upon a dying cadence. Growing momentarily more faint, dropping to a whisper, it fades at length into the sustained encompassing silence of the night.

IV

What the earlier scenes of that grand orchestral drama were like can be told only in terms of colour, of the topaz, ruby, garnet, emerald, jade and amethyst of gorgeous glass, fashioned into incredible sheets of mosaic to take the place of massive walls of stone.

Not quite completely did rock thus yield to crystal, but very nearly so. For here are aisle windows of ample proportions, and a range of clerestory lights about which persists

opaque material only just sufficient to constitute a frame. The apse is glass, curved into a lofty half-cylinder, and huge sections of the western wall of the nave, of the northern and southern walls of the transepts, are missing, the gaps filled in by tall lancets and a colossal rose. Even the stage above the nave arcade may be, not a blind triforium or dark gallery but a supplementary clerestory, the outer shell having given place to an additional line of windows. It is this device of a translucent second level which confers upon that Gallic creation on Spanish soil, the cathedral of Leon, its diaphanous appearance of an airy bubble inflated to vast dimensions. In France itself — notably at St. Denis, Troyes, Laon, Tours, Beauvais — is to be found the same structural scheme. The Sainte Chapelle is an iridescent barque of crystal, a multitude of slender elongated lancets forming the fragile planks of its shining hull. Without as within, Châlons-sur-Marne presents the astonishing spectacle of a double tier of immense windows cemented together as a surrogate for walls.

Would that all this immense store of glass were of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or even that it exemplified the artist's palette of a later age! But owing to natural processes of devastation, to wanton destruction, and to the calamitous desire on the part of the clergy for fuller illumination, only a modicum of what France once possessed of painted windows still remains. Such unduplicable jewels of that mediaeval crown as have survived possess therefore, by reason of their rarity, a fabulous value. For the rest, we see frosty panes that might be the last remnants of an original icy shell as yet untransformed by the kaleidoscopic rays of the sun — pallid *grisaille*, bejewelled with occasional flecks of colour, and pearly or pale green, with an iridescent shimmer as of an ancient urn long buried in the earth. Other windows are sumptuous with the imperial tones of the later Middle Ages, of the proud days of the Renaissance; and even more modern work produces sometimes effects reminiscent of those achieved by earlier craftsmen. Yet nothing of all the varied tapestry,

spun, as it were, from filaments of glass, compares with the amazing creations of the era when the rising Gothic sun banished the Romanesque shadows and glorified the earth.

Giving a suggestion of something like that radiance had been the best of Byzantine mosaics, although, opaque, they glowed merely with a reflected light and failed to let in the sun. From such a church as S. Apollinare Nuovo of Ravenna we know their utmost splendour, not to be produced by any pigments, and comparable with that of even mediaeval glass. And surely only the colossal figures occupying the clerestory windows of Chartres and Bourges can be spoken of in the same breath with the mosaic renderings of white-robed saints on S. Apollinare's nave walls. It is at the triforium level that these figures are set, and Edward Hutton offers the suggestive comment that they perhaps offer a clue to the meaning of the triforium gallery of the mediaeval cathedral. That company of saints are forerunners, he ventures, of an invisible cloud of witnesses which, it may well be, were conceived as filling the spaces later left vacant above the nave arcade.

At Bourges and Chartres the visible witnesses depicted in the clerestory are prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors — momentous beings, stern and grandiose, showing affinities with Romanesque carvings of an earlier day. The processions of twenty-two virgins and twenty-six male saints ranged along the glittering walls of the sixth-century church of Ravenna, are almost more akin to Gothic imagination, exemplifying as they do a strange blending of profane and sacred suggestions. For accompanying the palms and crowns of martyrdom what barbaric splendour and unsanctified suggestions! A crimson cushion, gold-embroidered, makes the seat of the imperial throne on which Christ rests, the robes of the angels are bordered with gold, and the haloed virgins, their throats encircled by glittering necklaces, wear jewel-bedecked tunics over their white robes of purity. In green grass starred with lilies and poppies they step softly in scarlet slippers, and the embroidered golden sheath clings voluptu-

ously about their slender forms — wanton Salomes dancing before Herod, rather than ascetic maidens. Their coronets are those of young princesses; their veils, those of earthly brides; their gay slippers would more fitly adorn the feet of odalisques in the harem of some Arabian Nights' potentate of the East. Here is the very spirit of mediaeval art with its refined fleshliness and mystic consecration.

Many a Gothic window expresses this spirit, commingling the things of earth and the things of Heaven. In the midst of saintly and seraphic beings, angels and archangels and all the company of Paradise, are terrestrial scenes, fairy-tale narratives, wherein figure the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fantastic progeny of human fancy. White horses, always poetical, have here a peculiar charm, rendered in the milky, pearly tints of painted glass. Along with dragons, camels, sheep, and unicorns, with flowers and trees, rivers, castles, hills, and sun, moon, and stars, they sound a romantic note, furnish a rich sensuous background for martyrdoms and saintly trials and unearthly mysteries. And there are tables set for feasts, thrones on which sit kings, sailing ships setting forth for glorious adventure or disaster, and beds whereon men sleep and dream and die. Not only glamorous white horses are here but others, tawny or russet, and some with scarlet bridles, gay as the mount of a knight bent for a tournament. Some are not of this world, even in its days of chivalry, but fabulous — pale green, dull gold, or the colour of ashes of roses. There are golden trees and gilded boats, and the wings of angels are not all of them snowy, but rainbow-tinted. Nor are swords always blades of steel but of gold or ivory — swords of the pedigree of Excalibur, and all the weapons of enchantment belonging to a realm of sorcery, spells and charms, and magic potions.

Thus we may read the windows as a story-book, a marvelously edited version of mediaeval romances, Old and New Testament, Apocrypha, and Golden Legend. And it must have been in this wise that the people of the Middle Ages

chiefly viewed them — for their narrative interest and all that they conveyed of high doctrine and sacred symbolism. With this aspect of certain of them we too shall later be concerned, finding in the glass of Poitiers, Chartres, and Bourges a visible rendering of those ideas and ideals for whose sake the cathedral was built.

Concerned as we now are with the immediate emotional effect of windows, we find that there is a second way of regarding them — as one regards a sumptuous Persian rug — for its design, for the beautiful effect of abstract patterns, of interlocked figures rendered in glowing colours harmoniously blended. Superlative carpets these are, translucent instead of opaque, and the black borders are enhanced by the luminous glass which they enclose; this in turn is rendered more luminous by the contrasting darkness of the frames.

These windows exemplify a wide variety of shapes and proportions: trefoils, quatrefoils, discs, and an assortment of rectangles, narrow and high, broad and low, and topped by a pointed arch of variable pitch. There are slender single lancets and groups of four or five or more. In the rose windows, looming like huge suns or resplendent full moons, vertebrae of stone replace frail ribs of metal, so that what we see is no mere complex flower of many colours but a compounded bloom made up of a multitude of lesser blooms — an assemblage of little windows forming a colossal nosegay.

It is by miracles of colour that they entrance and transport, colour more brilliant, clear, and rich than has ever been achieved by the most skilled craftsmen in any other medium. Here all the greatest splendours of the ages are eclipsed — the mosaics of Ravenna, Palermo, Monreale, the enamels of Limoges, the transcendent fabrics of Oriental looms, the incredible tiles of the Green Mosque of Brusa, the great tapestries — of the Apocalypse at Angers, of the Unicorn at the Cluny — even the fabulous jewelled goldsmith's work yielded by Tutankhamen's tomb. Showing colours worthy of being seen each for itself like gigantic gems — emerald, sapphire, amethyst,

topaz, pearl, and tourmaline — this rare glass possesses the very fire and splendour of precious stones, as if the powdered dust of jewels had gone to its compounding. Above all it presents a hierarchy of blues ranging from the deep tone of the midnight sky to the pale tint of twilight, blue as of the robin's egg and breast of the peacock, the misty blend of blue, silver, and green of the cabbage leaf, the blue of the forget-me-not and cornflower. But greater than these that indescribable sapphire, achieved only in the twelfth century, and displayed in all its radiance in the western glass of Chartres.

There are other great windows in which tones of blue predominate — at Troyes, at Laon, at Bourges, and again at Chartres itself, notably the lancet of the south choir aisle, known as *La Belle Verrière*. But however wide the expanse of any single colour, never is the tone altogether unqualified by adjacent hues. All the laws of colour-blending, of mutual transformation of juxtaposed values, are here exemplified, constituting indeed a precocious anticipation of the discoveries of modern impressionism. It is by means of alternating blue and crimson that the wonderful violets, mauves, lilacs, and magentas are produced. For true purple in its deeper and paler tones is not to be found; it is created for us from moment to moment by the mysterious alchemy of the retina. Many a window or section of a window, seemingly a luminous violet as seen from a distance, turns out to owe its colour to blended lights. It is thus that the window adjacent to *La Belle Verrière* acquires its inimitable violet tint. Everywhere we encounter the phenomenon — in the rare glass of Angers, Sens, Soissons, St. Denis, Le Mans, Tours; and again and again in those two supreme treasuries of mediaeval glass, the cathedrals of Chartres and Bourges. Particularly in borders, fragments of an identical blue generate now purple, now pale lilac, now magenta, according to the quality and amount of red in their vicinity. Similarly a given value of scarlet appears as garnet, ruby, cerise, russet — even burnt orange — in union with black, indigo, amethyst, or yellow. Rich amber issues

from the fusion of claret and gold; emerald from juxtaposed lemon and azure.

Where areas of dissimilar colours are too extensive to fuse for a complex synthetic tone, they at least acquire by contrast an added brilliance. In the incomparable group of windows at the west end of Chartres, the topaz, amber, crimson, and blue of the rose remain distinct. In the southern lancet, gold visibly alternates with blue — a blue that spreads more pervasively in the central light, yielding to emerald above, to orange and ruby below. In the final lancet blue prevails, rendered more dazzling by the golden couch and scarlet robe of Jesse at the bottom, and by the green-garbed figures which constitute the foliage of the symbolic tree.

It is, then, in the end not in terms of narrative values nor yet of formal patterns that we see these windows, but in another fashion still. From section to section delimited by dark frames the tones spread, the geometric design superseded by an irregular pattern formed by interlocked areas of colour. These succeed one another like brightness and shadow on a day of clouds and wind and sunshine, when across vineyards, fields, woods, hills, and valleys sweep alternating shapes of dark and light.

Here indeed is the glorified rendering of such a landscape — with the hues of springtime verdure and summer fields of ripening grain, of the sunset foliage of autumn, of the bleak tones of a wintry world. Here are the colours of fertile valleys and sunny uplands, of shadowy groves and mountain streams — tones ruddy, ashen, bronze and copper, hues of slate and brick and mould, of iron and terracotta, of granite, rust, and mildew. It would seem that the very soil and rock and water and vegetation of the land had contributed to the palette of the mediaeval artists who fashioned its glass. Into their creations have entered all the connotations derived from the landscape and from the manifold experiences that it furnishes. We find the tawny pink of dried ploughed fields in winter, the mauve tint of shadows cast on snow, and the

indescribable green gold of poplars that in early spring make a spangled colonnade along the banks of rivers. Flecks of scarlet in an expanse of azure or emerald are of the essence of all the poppies growing in green fields under a sunny sky. And other flowers of France are here, in the colours of daffodil, iris, and anemone, of aster, heliotrope, tulip, and hepatica, the forget-me-not and lilac of Normandy, and, of the south, pale jasmine and narcissi, and the saffron-hued mimosa that sheds its delicate breath upon the April air.

The fruits of the land, no less than its blossoms, are congregated — tones of peach, plum, apricot, quince, nectarine, lime, and cherry. But above all the fruit of the vine — the grapes and the wine of the grapes of France. The tawny and russet hues, garnet, amber, topaz, and pale gold, are those of rare vintages, yield of the Gironde and Côte d'Or, of Provence, Anjou, Touraine, Languedoc, and the lands of the Marne. Only rich juices, pressed warm and sweet from ripened fruit, fermented in vats, and mellowed by long ageing in the coolness of the earth, display quite the same limpid lights as the mediaeval windows in which we seem to behold the very image of that magical liquor. And not only the wines of venerable pedigree have here their counterpart, but essences of later invention, more dense, more potent, of the breed of Chartreuse, golden or faded emerald, with the sweetness of the honey of Hymettus and perhaps far-off affinities with nectar, drink of the Olympian gods. We even detect the effervescence, the heady sparkle, of that later beverage, derived from the wines of Burgundy and of the province of Champagne.

These manifold potions are the joint yield of sun and earth and the toil of men, but it is as the very distillation of the sun's light that they affect us — a fructifying sun, warming and beneficent. And in the last analysis the windows themselves may be described only in terms of that same heat and radiance. It is the rising sun that first inflames the windows of the apse, eliciting crimson and orange lights and revealing all the gamut

of tones contained within its own rich spectrum. It is the sun which initiates in the glass the vast conflagration destined to continue through the hours of daytime and twilight, to be extinguished at last by the flooding darkness of night. The tide of brightness moves with the sun, keeping pace with its ascent and descent in its long journey. One by one the windows herald its approach, bursting into flame, synthetizing the light of its rays and giving back in the varied hues of dazzling glass all the kaleidoscopic magnificence latent in the emanations of that cosmic furnace. As in the course of an earthly conflagration, there are periods of suspended activity, of smouldering incandescence, followed in unexpected places by bursts of glory. The fire advancing, new parts are kindled; others, after prolonged blazing in the fiercest of the flames, subside with the glimmer of dying embers. Along the level of clerestory windows the current of brightness runs. The first windows to lose their early splendour are those of the apsidal chapels; the last, the western rose.

It can be only as incarnations of fire that now at the end, as at the beginning, we see the cathedral's vanishing walls — walls melting away, reduced to luminous vapour, yet miraculously hardened into seemingly indestructible glass. For it is indeed as by a miracle that these windows have survived. Perishable beyond all other elements, glass should have been the first to succumb to the disasters by which the cathedral was overtaken. Throughout the land towers crashed, roofs were consumed in flame, supports crumbled, and arches broke asunder, yet window after window came through unscathed. Like the legendary Phoenix, these frail structures of glass proved themselves capable of emerging, even from fire, immune and seemingly renewed. Today we see them, their colours undimmed by age, radiant as spring flowers, gorgeous as precious stones, but with an added quality of fire itself, as if flying sparks, tongues of flame, sheets of intolerable light had lodged in them, to confer a final glory upon the most dazzling creation of mediaeval art.

Part II

THE INVISIBLE

V. THE MEDIAEVAL SCENE

I

HIGH towers and sculptured portals, flying buttresses, and shining walls of glass — these make part of the contemporary landscape of France. But, physically present, the Gothic cathedral belongs spiritually to a vanished age. In the face to face encounter we thus embark upon a journey with a goal more distant than that of the farthest pilgrimage across lands and seas — a flight in time through the shadowy depths of centuries. Borne on the wings of imagination into the midst of a departed generation, we become spectators of a drama upon which long since the last curtain has fallen, but whose course we may follow as though we had been ushered bodily upon the mediaeval scene.

Within this scene occurred the rich blooming of all the flowers of the spirit which accompanied that amazing fruition of mediaeval culture, the creation of Gothic art. For a little while we may, however, forget that this creation made the climax of the mediaeval story, while we dwell upon other aspects of the life of those who built the cathedral and worshipped before its altars.

Only among a people of rare endowment could have arisen such a civilization as this of twelfth- and thirteenth-century France. And assuredly it is such a people who occupy the land. Upon a stock compounded of Celt, Iberian, Kymri, Phoenician, Greek, and Roman, in the South the Saracens, in the North the Vikings have left their imprint. The blending of such

varied strains could not fail to produce a race harassed by inner conflicts and discordant impulses, propitious soil for the nourishing of genius. This soil is, moreover, enriched by abundant streams of manifold traditions. Composite in blood, mediaeval man is the heir of a marvellously assorted legacy of ideas and ideals.

By devious channels these have been transmitted from the ends of the earth and remote civilizations — Egyptian, Babylonian, Chaldaean, Mesopotamian, Hebrew, Persian, Classic. An assorted inheritance, both sacred and profane, but in the alembic of mediaeval imagination the varied offerings of antiquity are fused to produce the rare compound of the new culture. Here Greek philosophy, Hebrew narrative, Latin poetry, Arabic science, Oriental romance, Celtic and Germanic legend and indigenous folklore, are combined in unique fashion. From the Old Testament and Ptolemaic astronomy the age derives its cosmology, from Greek philosophy its models for scholastic dialectic, from the art and symbolism of all the East, motifs to be incorporated in its art and religion. This religion, creed no less than ritual, is indeed in large degree a re-creation of borrowings from a multitude of ancient sources. All Asia, in the words of Mâle, brought its gifts to Christianity, as once the Magi to the Child. But the new construction is fresh and original, combining in an unprecedented blend pagan themes fused with Hebraic authoritarianism, Neo-Platonic mysticism, Roman Stoicism, Pauline asceticism, Patristic rationalism — the whole mellowed, humanized, and transfigured by the infinitely compassionate spirit of Christ Himself.

Such adaptations of pagan traditions as are involved in the making of Christian rites and dogmas occurred for the most part long before the twelfth century. But in receiving the religion which is the focus of his life, mediaeval man none the less receives a mixed legacy from countless faiths of ancient days.

It is the Church and the University in league with one an-

other that preserve this antique lore. Priest, monk, and lay scholar alike indulge in the study of classic literature. Whatever is accessible of such writers as Livy, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Statius, Cicero, Apuleius, and Aristotle is eagerly read, as well as Boethius, Dionysius, the Neo-Platonists, and all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. The Seven Arts studied at the University derive, like so much else, from ancient Greece. They consist of the subjects of the trivium — grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic — and those of the quadrivium — arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music; and all alike are regarded as appendages of, or preparations for, theology. Theology forms indeed the goal of scholarly university study as of monastic and priestly training. And under the coercions of ecclesiastical authority, this theology is as orthodox as it is possible to make it.

The intricate and rich pattern woven from a multitude of varicoloured strands rather than the origin of those strands here concerns us. The unity of the result rather than the variety of the causes is indeed what at once impresses us. The ideas inherited by mediaeval man he obviously assimilates to an astonishing degree. His culture is no patchwork devoid of consistent meaning, but a system of integrated elements. Even the society in which he enjoys membership presents an appearance of coherence and unity. Ruled by an omnipotent Church whose powers extend into the most private details of conduct, the people composing this society are also ordered in a secular hierarchy within which all individuals, like the co-ordinated parts of a vast machine, play their established rôles. The Church and the feudal State constitute two systems of control under which life is rigidly organized, and there is seemingly scant opportunity for personal initiative. Yet, as by a miracle, within the shadow of this twofold subjection, individual powers of thought and imagination yield a rare and abundant harvest.

For this age of omnipresent servitude is the age not only of the great cathedrals but of other forms of magnificent expres-

sion, of poetry and also of prose — narrative, chronicle, scientific treatise, and systematic philosophy. Along with the *Chansons de Gestes*, *Chansons d'Aventures*, Provençal lyrics, and the romantic poetry of the North, along with hymns, drinking songs, love songs, and apostrophes to the Virgin, are travel diaries and histories, courtly romances, the *Golden Legend*, sermons and huge compendia of universal knowledge and vast edifices of philosophic thought. This age of troubadours and trouvères and all their fellowship is the age of Durandus and Jacques de Voragine, of Joinville and Abbé Suger, of Vincent of Beauvais and the great scholastics, Albertus Magnus, Bonaventura, and Thomas Aquinas.

The language employed is sometimes the earlier forms of French, the *langue d'oc* of the South, the *langue d'oïl* of the North. Sometimes it is Latin, the tongue of the Church and the University, that is used — not the complex Latin of Cicero and Virgil, but a simplified derivative of this, a Latin that lends itself alike to oratory and philosophic disputation and to rhymed and rhythmic song. Again it is the Church and the University that co-operate to preserve this tongue in something like its pristine purity, yet modified to make a speech more easily understood and better adapted to its new uses.

If the age of Gothic art is possessed of a vigour and productiveness indicative of stability, we do not have to look far to discover something very different from serenity of spirit and consistency of thought and behaviour. Not peace is here, but turmoil. Such equilibrium as is achieved is not static but dynamic — a precarious balancing of opposing forces which has its visible counterpart in the Gothic cathedral, supreme expression of the age. Complex in race, and culturally the heirs of all the ages, the makers of the cathedral are, as at first suggested, creatures of paradox and contradiction. It is indeed in terms of dramatic antitheses that we may interpret their entire life and culture. By no means all members of this amazing society are thus compounded of warring elements.

Serene and untroubled souls are here to be found. It is, in any case, the fabric of the age itself quite as much as that of individual lives that yields the effect of a tapestry woven from strands of many hues.

Such, for example, is the effect produced by those two concomitant institutions, feudalism and monasticism. These constitute two contrasted ways of life in which an individualistic caste system and communistic ideals are respectively exploited. The feudal code involves a hierarchy of ranks and demands a most personal man to man allegiance, stressing the peculiar exclusive bond of serf to lord, squire to knight, baron to king. Side by side with this is the code of the monastic orders, where personal possessions and relationships are eschewed and all members of the group submerged in a socialistic fellowship. The monastic brotherhoods are recruited from the encompassing feudal society, and men of any worldly rank may become members of these democratic communities, where the powerful ones of the earth must begin humbly, on a par with the meanest novice. Moreover, before the termination of his training, the entrant may be permitted, even urged, to return to the world as unfitted for the dedicated life. Sudden and dramatic elevations and degradations are thus made possible. The two social organizations, so different in spirit, and interchanging their members, are thus rival claimants of the bodies and souls of men.

The Church, no less than the secular world, has its hierarchy of ranks — subdeacon, deacon, priest, bishop, archbishop, and pope. But here merit, not blood, determines a man's estate. Here worldly eminence may not avail, nor worldly insignificance disqualify. Here earth's humblest and the Church's most glorious may indeed be one and the same. For none so lowly but he may hope to become pope, and from being a vassal at the lowest rung of the ladder, overtopped by landowner, knight, baron, and king, he may be elevated to a rank of authority over all earthly monarchs, himself subject to none but the Almighty. Despite its sovereignty, the

Church, like Heaven, condescends to recognize no secular system of castes, and within its fold reconciliation is possible of the democratic ideal and of tyranny.

The figures constituting the *dramatis personae* of the mediaeval pageant make a motley and colourful assemblage. The rôles to be played call for priests and laymen, beggars, mountebanks, and kings, for warriors, husbandmen, and artists, for scholars and throngs of the illiterate, for fanatics and heretics, for mystics and scoffers — an amazing assortment of sinners and saints. Yet varied as are the characters, they are not in all respects diversified. One trait, at least, unites the members of that heterogeneous cast. Like the type of the genius of any age and culture, they have a naïve childlike quality that belies the maturity indicated by their precocious creative gifts. Who but a very childlike people could have countenanced so fantastic an undertaking as a children's crusade? Who but a people engagingly and bafflingly childlike in spirit could have indulged in such follies and yielded to such wayward impulses as those to which these mediaeval folk are addicted?

Childlike is their emotional instability. Like the child or like the genius, they can pass swiftly from heights of joyousness to depths of despair, from moods of wrath to a passion of tenderness, or exchange an impulse of greed and cruelty for one of charity. Changeful, slipping from thoughtless laughter to paroxysms of tears, they can fall at the slightest provocation, like children or like retarded neurotic adults, into a state of hysteria. They succumb to orgies of hysterical dancing and of self-flagellation. Like children lured away by the pied piper of Hamelin, they answer the call of any leader or impostor with a talent for playing upon their emotions.

It is after the manner of children that they take delight in the entertainment furnished by wandering minstrels and jongleurs, finding endless amusement not only in songs and tales and fantastic inventions, in bagpipes, whistles, and castanets, but in the pranks and tricks of clowns and tumblers, in

exhibitions of marionettes and the feats of trained animals — monkeys, bears, birds, dogs, and cats.

Easily entertained and entering with joyous abandon into the spirit of pastimes appropriate for children, they exhibit profusely a very different kind of tendency, but again one that is characteristic of the child or the savage rather than of civilized adults. They are subject to transports of fear — fear engendered by dangers that are the product of their own fertile fancy as well as by the real dangers to which they are liable. Many of their terrors are grounded in religious belief. It is in accordance with their conviction that unprepared souls may entertain no hope of Paradise that the fear of sudden death is an obsessing one — and this in a period when sudden death in many guises lies everywhere in wait: death in battle or at the hands of brigands, death by pestilence, flood, or famine. In this period, moreover, there is still the haunting dread of the end of the world. The safe passing of the year 1000 by no means laid the spectre of an impending appearance of Antichrist and coming of the Last Judgment. Intermittently in the years following the eleventh century that catastrophe is prophesied and its date foretold.

A further ground for anxiety is the constant espionage of the defenders of orthodoxy on the watch for symptoms of heresy. There is always danger of unjust as well as just persecution for heresy, and in addition to this, of the charge of sorcery or witchcraft. The unholy powers of witches and demons constitute a further source of terror, and omens, portents, and evidences of supernatural agency are everywhere looked for and discovered. The chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene offers an instance of the kind of panic that can be induced even by such an occurrence as a solar eclipse:

In the year of our Lord 1239 there was an eclipse of the sun, wherein the light of the day was horribly and terribly darkened, and the stars appeared. And it seemed as though night had come, and all men and women had sore fear, and went about as if bereft of their wits, with great sorrow and trembling. And

many, smitten by terror, came to confession, and made penitence for their sins, and those who were at discord made peace with each other. . . . And the Podestà himself preached of the Passion of Christ, and made peace between those who were at enmity. This I saw with mine own eyes, for I was there. . . .

The credulity of these mediaeval men and women is the credulity of childlike minds. It generates not only manifold fears but extravagant hopes. Through and through, the age is an age of magic, an age of primitive superstitions leading to lawful and unlawful resort to supernatural forces. Sorcery, auguries, and charms thrive in this climate. It is inevitable that even therapeutic art should offer recipes for a preposterous prophylaxis akin to sympathetic magic. Even the most learned cannot escape many of the popular superstitions, but discuss respectfully unnatural transformations, occultism, divination by dreams and by the stars.

In religious teaching men seem to find justification for many practices and beliefs not countenanced by the Church. The Church itself exorcizes demons, proclaims the miracle of transubstantiation, and teaches that saints intervene in the affairs of everyday life. The Church itself exhibits sacred relics — bones of martyrs, earth from the Holy Sepulchre, nails of the Cross, the sweat and blood and tears of Christ, locks and garments of the Virgin, and drops of her milk. It is churchmen who resort to the doctrine that relics may miraculously multiply themselves after the manner of the loaves and fishes, in order to account for the multitude of pieces of wood purporting to be fragments of the true Cross.

But childlike mediaeval man, unable at best to distinguish clearly between fact and fiction, or between the sanctioned and unsanctioned domains of supernaturalism, very naturally indulges in fancies and rites which the Church cannot tolerate. Saints are thought to give aid even in questionable enterprises; sacred relics are put to all manner of illegitimate magical uses. They are worn as amulets, and the widespread demand for them leads to acts of vandalism and deliberate im-

posture. The Host is unlawfully carried away to procure successful crops or to avert storms. It is even sacrilegiously employed as a love charm.

A different sort of expression of a childlike spirit is to be found in the omnipresent restlessness of these people. Multitudes are theoretically rooted to the soil; other multitudes have their appointed stations in convent or monastery; multitudes, again, are bound by obligations of business and family to fixed abodes. Yet as if here were a nation of irresponsible children, avid for novelty, and trusting to Providence or to good fairies to do the work of the world, the entire population, seemingly, is forever running from place to place. On one pretext or another a large proportion of society is in fact, sporadically or as a confirmed habit, migratory. A vast quantity of travelling is to be accounted for by crusades and pilgrimages alone, and a considerable amount by the unplanned tours of participants in hysterical movements. Groups banding themselves together to aid in the extirpation of heresy sometimes turn, like mercenary soldiers out of a job, to marauding and a life of wandering brigandage. Professional robbers of other pedigree infest the highways and move continually from town to town. And those same roads are traversed by merchants and buyers journeying to distant fairs, and by the jongleurs and itinerant musicians and mountebanks. There are also wandering clergy, religious vagrants with no permanent affiliations, and among them unfrocked monks, begging their way, peddling false relics, or performing fraudulent miracles. Seekers of healing or forgiveness at distant shrines, seekers of adventure, of graft, or legitimate gain; and among these roving throngs, seekers of knowledge. Here are multitudes of wandering scholars, some of them pursuing their steadfast course to a distant university offering special facilities in one or another of the arts or sciences. Some are outcasts by reason of their riotous ways, or too impoverished to continue their education. Many of these become confirmed wanderers, maintaining a precarious

existence by begging or petty thievery or offering profitable entertainment by reciting their verses.

Of these verses of the *vagantes* we possess a great collection preserved in that rare anthology of profane lyrics, the *Carmina Burana* — inimitable rollicking songs in praise of love, in praise of wine, and portraying the gay and roistering life of the road and the tavern. Their code is frankly one of carefree lawlessness:

We in our wandering,
Blithesome and squandering,
Tara, tantara, teino!

Eat to satiety,
Drink with propriety;
Tara, tantara, teino!

Laugh till our sides we split,
Rags on our hides we fit;
Tara, tantara, teino!

Jesting eternally,
Quaffing infernally,
Tara, tantara, teino!
.

When we're in neediness
Thieve we with greediness,
Tara, tantara, teino!

It is to some nameless member of the band of wandering scholars that we owe the *Potatores exquisiti*, that magnificent toast to intemperance:

Potatores exquisiti,
licet sitis sine siti,
et bibatis expediti
et scyphorum inobliti,
scyphi crebro repetiti
non dormiant,
et sermones inauditi
prosiliant.

To you, consummate drinkers,
Though little be your drought,
Good speed be to your tankards,
And send the wine about.
Let not the full decanter
Sleep on its round,
And may unheard of banter
In wit abound.

Qui potare non potestis,
ite procul ab his festis,

If any cannot carry
His liquor as he should,

non est locus hic modestis.
Inter letos mos agrestis
modestie,
et est sue certus testis
ignavie.

Si quis latitat hic forte,
qui non curat vinum forte,
ostendantur illi porte,
exeat ab hac cohorte:
plus est nobis gravis morte,
si maneat,
si recedat a consorte,
tunc pereat.

Cum contingat te prestare,
ita bibas absque pare,
ut non possis pede stare,
neque recta verba dare,
sed sit tibi salutare
potissimum
semper vas evacuare
quam maximum.

Dea deo ne iungatur,
deam deus aspernatur,
nam qui Liber appellatur
libertate gloriatur,
virtus eius adnullatur
in poculis,
et vinum debilitatur
in copulis.

Cum regina sit in mari,
dea potest appellari,
sed indigna tanto pari,
quem presumat osculari.
Nunquam Bacchus adaquari
se voluit,
nec se Liber baptizari
sustinuit.

Let him no longer tarry,
No place here for the prude.
No room among the happy
For modesty,
A fashion only fit for clowns,
Sobriety.

If such by chance are lurking
Let them be shown the door;
He who good wine is shirking,
Is one of us no more.
A death's head is his face to us,
If he abide.
Who cannot keep the pace with
us,
As well he died.

Should any take upon him
To drink without a peer,
Although his legs go from him,
His speech no longer clear,
Still for his reputation
Let him drink on,
And swig for his salvation
The bumper down.

But between god and goddess,
Let there no marriage be,
For he whose name is Liber
Exults in liberty.
Let none his single virtue
Adulterate,
Wine that is wed with water is
Emasculate.

Queen of the sea we grant her,
Goddess without demur,
But to be bride of Bacchus
Is not for such as her.
For Bacchus drinking water
Hath no man seen;
Nor ever hath his godship
Baptized been.

Addiction to wine and to yet other vices is shamelessly admitted in the confession of the Arch-Poet:

*Estuans intrinsecus
ira vehementi
in amaritudine
loquar mee menti:
factus de materia
levis elementi
similis sum folio
de quo ludunt venti.*

*Mihi cordis gravitas
res videtur gravis;
iocus est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat
labor est suavis,
que numquam in cordibus
habitat ignavis.*

*Via lata gradior
more iuventutis,
implico me vitiis
inmemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis,
mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.*

*Secundo redarguor
etiam de ludo.
Sed cum ludus corpore
me dimittat nudo,
frigidus exterius
mentis estu sudo,
tunc versus et carmina
meliora cudo.*

*Tertio capitulo
memoro tabernam,
Illam nullo tempore
sprevi, neque spernam,*

*Seething over inwardly
With fierce indignation,
In my bitterness of soul,
Hear my declaration.
I am of one element,
Levity my matter,
Like enough a withered leaf
For the winds to scatter.*

*Never yet could I endure
Soberness and sadness,
Jests I love and sweeter than
Honey find I gladness.
Whatsoever Venus bids
Is a joy excelling,
Never in an evil heart
Did she make her dwelling.*

*Down the broad way do I go,
Young and unregretting,
Wrap me in my vices up,
Virtue all forgetting,
Greedier for all delight
Than heaven to enter in:
Since the soul in me is dead,
Better save the skin.*

*Yet a second charge they bring.
I'm forever gaming.
Yea, the dice hath many a time
Stripped me to my shaming.
What an if the body's cold,
If the mind is burning.
On the anvil hammering,
Rhymes and verses turning.*

*Look again upon your list.
Is the tavern on it?
Yea, and never have I scorned,
Never shall I scorn it.*

donec sanctos angelos
venientes cernam,
cantantes pro mortuis
'Requiem eternam.'

Meum est propositum
in taberna mori,
ut sint vina proxima
morientis ori;
tunc cantabunt letius
angelorum chori:
'Deus sit propitius
huic potatori.'

Till the holy angels come,
And my eyes discern them,
Singing for the dying soul,
Requiem aeternam.

For on this my heart is set:
When the hour is nigh me,
Let me in the tavern die,
With a tankard by me,
While the angels looking down
Joyously sing o'er me,
Deus sit propitius
Huic potatori.

Thus the gay and irresponsible side of mediaeval life is what the poetry of the wandering scholars portrays. Composed by the more lawless and profane among the youth of the time, the songs express a spirit shared by many others — even by their elders, even by the clergy, who can relish a pun or a ribald jest, and who, like the young in years, are vastly credulous, easily susceptible to emotional incitement, and subject to *wanderlust*. Fortunate, these people, in their possession of a perennial childlikeness, in view of the insecurity of life, in view of the dark fears by which they are molested and the manifold discomforts of existence. The paradox remains, that such incompatible traits are to be found together as are here united in the same society, the same individuals. Capable of facile joy, they entertain the grimmest of ideas and have their hours of utmost solemnity; capable of the most exquisite delicacy of feeling and fancy, they are also capable of rank vulgarities, and personal habits that can only be described as swinish. It is the eternal paradox of the child and of the genius, in whom likewise are to be found irreconcilable qualities, and who can manifest in the same breath engaging naïveté and fathomless wisdom.

II

Every aspect of a culture furnishes a clue to its character. Plastic art and literature, religious beliefs and practices, secular institutions, corporate enterprises — all are vastly revealing. It is especially for what they betray of the ethical standards of a society that they are thus informative. And if we set over against one another the ethical standards implied by life as it is lived and the abstract ethical system theoretically approved, we may win a very real sense of the temper of the age in question.

In the case of the age of mediaeval man the appearance presented is that of a rich and variegated tapestry of which the warp is the accepted standard taught by the Church; the woof, the intricate pattern woven upon that warp by a society incapable of actualizing the ideals which religion enjoins. Not altogether does conduct thus fall short of the ideal. High as that ideal is, again and again it becomes translated into terms of living of a very high order. Thus the contradictions presented are not merely those between theory and practice, but also between practice and practice — between conduct of Christlike quality and conduct totally at variance with the standards of mediaeval Christianity.

These standards represent the most varied inheritance from many sources — Mosaic law, Gospel admonitions, Pauline preachment, classical valuations, and later codes developed by theological speculation.

First, then, there are the Ten Commandments, negative injunctions forbidding a variety of actions regarded by the ancient Hebrews as peculiarly vicious — heresy, blasphemy, idolatry, anti-Sabbatarianism, murder, adultery, theft, falsifying, and coveting. This inventory of sins had been paraphrased and amplified in the second book of the Sibylline oracles:

... the ungodly shall perish ... even as many as wrought evil
aforetime, and committed murders, and all that were privy

thereto, liars, thieves, deceivers, cruel destroyers of houses, gluttons, marriers by stealth, shedders of evil rumours, sorely insolent, lawless, idolaters; and all that forsook the great immortal God and became blasphemers and harmers of the godly, breakers of faith and destroyers of righteous men. And all that look with guileful and shameless double faces . . . and judge unjustly, dealing perversely, obeying false rumours . . . and usurers that . . . injure widows and orphans . . . and they that have forsaken their parents . . . they that have disobeyed and spoken hard words against their parents: they also that have received pledges and denied them, and servants that have turned against their masters; and again they which have defiled their flesh in lasciviousness . . . sorcerers also and sorceresses, these shall the wrath of the heavenly and immortal God bring near unto the pillar, all round about which the untiring river of fire shall flow . . .

In adopting as the basis for his ethics the commandments of the Book of Deuteronomy mediaeval man perpetuates a system that is in some respects at least even more hoary than the Scriptures. In a papyrus of the ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead we find parallels not only of Old Testament injunctions but of some of the teachings of Christ:

Homage to thee, O Great God, thou Lord of double Maati. I have come to thee, O my Lord, and I have brought myself hither that I may behold thy beauties. . . . I have not oppressed the members of my family, and I have not wrought evil in the place of right and truth. I have had no knowledge of worthless men. I have not wrought evil. . . . I have not ill-treated servants. I have not defrauded the oppressed of his property. I have not done that which is an abomination unto the gods. . . . I have not caused pain. I have made no man to suffer hunger. I have made no one to weep. I have done no murder. . . . I have not defrauded the temples of their oblations. I have not purloined the cakes of the gods. . . . I have not committed fornication. . . . I have not added to the weights of the scales. I have not carried away the milk from the mouths of children. . . . I have not repulsed God in his manifestations. I am pure. I am pure. I am pure.

Again in the negative confession of the papyrus of Nebseni is to be found a similar standard of good and evil:

Hail, thou whose strides are long, who comest forth from Annu,
I have not done iniquity —

I have not done violence.
I have not committed theft.
I have not slain man or woman.
I have not made light the bushel.
I have not acted deceitfully.
I have not purloined the things which belong to God.
I have not uttered falsehood.
I have not uttered evil words.
I have attacked no man.
I have not given way to wrath concerning myself without cause.
I have not defiled the wife of a man.
I have not committed any sin against purity.

I have not stirred up strife.
I have made no man weep.
I have not judged hastily.
I have not cursed the god.

Hail, thou who bringest thine own arm, who comest forth from
Aukert, I have not brought scorn of the god who is in my city.

Supplementing the code of the Ten Commandments is the list of the Beatitudes, which commend humility, repentant sorrow, meekness, spiritual unslothfulness, mercy, purity, peacemaking, and willingness to suffer persecution. The list of the Fruits of the Spirit is based on St. Paul's declaration:

But the Fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such there is no law. And they who are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh and the lusts thereof.

And here too is something like a roll-call of Beatitudes. A further array of spiritual graces had been enumerated by Isaiah:

And the spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of Jehovah.

And his delight shall be in the fear of Jehovah.

From this passage are derived the Seven Gifts of the Spirit — wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord.

From St. Paul, again, the Church receives that beautiful trinity of ideals: faith, hope, and love. Combining these so-called theological virtues with the group of cardinal virtues derived from classic precepts — the Platonic ideals of wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice — Christian ethics has its list of seven essential virtues. The correlative sins to be derived from these would be unbelief, despair, and hardness of heart; and injustice, folly, intemperance, and cowardice. The accepted inventory of seven deadly sins enumerated by Gregory is, however, a different one. Here we find pride, envy, wrath, sloth, avarice, gluttony, and lust. Of these, envy, wrath, avarice, and lust might be said to correspond approximately to the Mosaic sins of coveting, murder, stealing, and adultery, while pride, lust, and spiritual sloth are even more exactly the negative counterparts of three of the Beatitudes — meekness, purity, and the spiritual perseverance implied by willingness to suffer persecution. Finally, avarice and lust are the correlatives of the Franciscan virtues of poverty and chastity, while pride in its theological interpretation as spiritual rebellion may be seen as the negation of the third Franciscan virtue, obedience.

Of all the ideals which mediaeval man thus ostensibly subscribes to, it is perhaps the Pauline trinity — faith, hope, and love — that might seem to be most fully realized in his life. Here surely is an age of ardent faith, and of unexampled hope. And how magnificently the spirit of love is manifested — not only by the rarer individuals of the calibre of St. Francis, but by the multitudes, clergy and laymen, who emulate his example. This is an era when the aged and orphans are cared for, hospitals multiplied, retreats for lepers founded, and when in pity for the many who languish as prisoners in foreign lands the order for the redemption of captives is instituted.

But the pervasive spirit of charity, mercy, and loving-kind-

ness has its grim counterpart in the mediaeval spirit of cruelty. Wrath is a deadly sin, and murder prohibited by Moses; peacemakers are commended in the Beatitudes, and one of the fruits of the Spirit is peace. The Old Testament is, on the other hand, far from deficient in precedents for belligerency. But mediaeval man, restless and courageous, and in his more evil moods quarrelsome, intolerant, and bellicose, needs no encouragement from the Scriptures to engage in battle. Nor does he need to seek remote opportunities for warfare. Every kingdom has its foes and internal factions that disturb the peace, and serf, squire, knight, and noble are continually subject to military service. But crusades are invented, and these afford an unparalleled opportunity to shed blood, and on a grand scale. Their peculiarity is that they make possible a serving of the cause of an embattled God at the same time that they appear to justify unrestrained ferocity. Smiting the pagan is a holy duty, and there are many who embark for the East fired with the purest religious enthusiasm. But the enterprise is calculated to gratify also the mere savage lust for blood, and motives are often mixed.

Not pagans only but heretics less far afield serve the double purpose. Persecution of compatriots, though less romantic, may even yield satisfactions not to be derived from torturing the seemingly less human worshippers of Allah. With the pretext of defending orthodoxy or of checking the spread of witchcraft and unholy traffic in diabolic forces, innocent men, women, and children are subjected to fearful torture and death, and those suspected of dealing in the black arts are tracked down, betrayed, and persecuted. Other forms of cruelty, less virulent but quite as wanton, are appallingly common. Physical violence is inflicted by husbands upon their wives, by brutal masters upon underlings, even by mistresses upon maid-servants.

If this is an age of hatred and vengeance as well as love, it is also an age of doubt as well as faith — an age of questioning, heresy, and downright scepticism. No doctrine, no rite

but is challenged, or rejected, or ridiculed — the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, the miracles of the Virgin, devils, Hell, immortality, and transubstantiation. Those who regard docile acceptance of authority as an evil rather than a good may perhaps rejoice to find here in an era of prevalent orthodoxy foreshadowings of the Age of Reason, just as all must rejoice to find in the extraordinary figure of Roger Bacon a heralding of the age of scientific discovery. But at least from the standpoint of mediaeval ethics such freedom of thought as the Middle Ages exemplifies is a grave lapse from virtue.

The same is true of other manifestations of the spirit of defiance. Obedience to those to whom it is due is an ethical duty, and the feudal code reinforces this duty in so far as it applies to secular life. But this age of predominant docility is also an age of insurrection. There is demand for freedom — for kings in opposition to the Pope, for barons in opposition to kings, for towns in opposition to the State, for the people in opposition to knights and nobles. These are the days of communes, of *Magna Carta*, of unruly potentates defiant of the vicegerent of God, by whom they are disciplined by the weapon of excommunication. The two incompatible motives, in no era completely in abeyance — desire for liberty, desire to be led — here proclaim themselves, not quietly and unobtrusively, but with the clash of cymbals.

Certain exceptions to the duty of obedience are sanctioned by the Church — or perhaps, more accurately, in the case of antagonistic allegiances the Church makes clear which may be disregarded. Duty to God and to Rome, which is His earthly kingdom, transcends all other duties. And so the flouting not only of lords and masters in the cause of Christian faith, but of family ties as well, receives religious sanction. In disobedience to parents a man may take the monastic vow or be ordained a priest; in both cases he exchanges allegiance to father and mother for an unearthly allegiance, entering a society where, theoretically at least, all men are brothers.

The fifth commandment had enjoined the honouring of parents, but Christ himself had asked, 'Who is my mother?' He had said, 'Everyone that hath forsaken . . . father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' Filial piety, a highly rated Hebrew virtue, and one destined to be greatly respected by the Teutonic races of the north, had been thus explicitly subordinated in the New Testament to love of God.

And in the Middle Ages honouring of parents is not numbered among the seven virtues; the correlated sin of unfiliality is missing from the list of deadly sins. In classical days, as in the days of Moses, duty to parents was ranked as one of the supreme duties. In Greek tragedy its importance was proclaimed, even murder being condoned if the avenging of outrage to family honour required it. Parricide, even when inadvertent, was unforgivable, as we know from the story of Oedipus. In a later age Virgil in his list of sinners condemned to the pagan Hell included the unfilial along with the ungrateful, miserly, adulterous, treacherous, and fraudulent. Thus the ethical standards of Greek dramatists and of the Latin poet were in this particular more nearly affiliated with the Mosaic code than are those of mediaeval man. And who can say whether this feature of his ethics may not be one of the by-products of a prevalent monasticism with its indifference to family ties? Feudalism also, with its emphasis upon fealty to whatever stranger happens to occupy the rank next higher to a man's own rank, may well foster the sense that such loyalties, no less than religious duties, take precedence over obligations founded upon blood relationship.

An age of disbelief and disobedience as well as of faith and obedience, this is an age not only of hope but also of despair. Hope of Heaven, hope of something like a realization of Heaven on earth, there is in abundance. But the sense of sin leads multitudes to doubt despairingly their worthiness of Paradise, and the omnipresence of the danger of sudden death means for the devout a further dread. There is, more-

over, for many a full realization of the degree to which the dedicated representatives of the Church fall short of the recognized Christian ideal. The more successful the inculcation of that ideal, the more gravely offended are those endeavouring to conform to it when they see the reprehensible conduct of men and women who should be shining examples of all the virtues. And there is ample ground for righteous indignation. Worldly in their tastes are many who have renounced the world. Nuns incur reprimand for their use of perfume, veils, embroidered garments, and fur cloaks, for their unauthorized eating of meat and drinking of wine, omission of confession, non-observance of the rule of silence, and far graver lapses. The weaker members of the sisterhoods, the more unregenerate among priests and monks, are unquestionably guilty of every sin specified in the Decalogue and in the list of deadly vices — sloth, envy, pride, wrath, blasphemy, falsehood, avarice, licentiousness, and all the serious offences against their fellow men.

If this is true of many who are ostensibly dedicated to a life of righteousness, it is to be anticipated that men and women who have never taken the vow will be guilty of the same sins, and more abundantly. Among the perennial human traits of these mediaeval people is love of feasting. This might seem to constitute no serious fall from rectitude, but gluttony is ranked as one of the deadly sins, temperance as one of the essential virtues. The emphasis laid by the Church upon the viciousness of gluttony suggests that mediaeval man must have been in more than common measure intemperate in his indulgence in food and drink.

Intemperate indeed we find him to be. The standards of abstinence set for the inmates of monastery and convent are of course high; and in their case gluttony may consist in nothing more serious than the partaking of forbidden meat. But in their case also, no less than in that of the laity, gustatory excesses are all too often of far more grievous character. Contemporary testimony to this fact is to be found in abun-

dance, none more revealing than the brief comment in the *Romance of the Rose*:

Natheless I see these losels keep
Fat and well liking, feeding higher
Than abbot, canon, monk, or prior.

It is not a pleasant spectacle that the records lay bare of a society to whom the pleasures of the stomach constitute one of the supreme pleasures. For table manners are almost necessarily primitive in this age, innocent alike of handkerchief and napkin — this forkless age when the official carver cuts the meat into small pieces to be carried by hand to the mouth. Some of the consequent savagery of dining is ameliorated by the barbaric splendour of gold and silver receptacles, and the amazing triumphs of culinary art, including elaborately decorated pastries and cakes. Ritualistic magnificence is furnished in the ceremonial of serving by a coterie of retainers, making a small army of many ranks. Music and dramatic entertainment add, moreover, as in classic days, a more civilized note. Highly elaborate meals are possible only on great occasions, and only in princely or at least baronial circles. But such uncommon feastings are symptomatic of the tendencies of the time.

The quantity of food provided is prodigious, but none too much to satisfy appetites that would seem to be those of starving castaways or famished inhabitants of a beleaguered town. And nothing short of revolting, the spectacle of semi-liquid messes that can be easily swallowed, of fantastic meat dishes and saccharine concoctions of many ingredients, of wines mixed with honey, ginger, cinnamon, pepper, and sugar, with throughout a lavish use of all the known spices. The outlay for spices constitutes the most serious burden upon the exchequer of the great estates. There is demand for huge stores of saffron, cloves, pepper, vinegar, cinnamon, ginger, licorice, aniseed, coriander, cubeb, and sage. All these, as well as garlic and hyssop, caraway seeds and raisins, honey, olive oil, and almonds, are called for in the recipes, and are

used in the wildest combinations, since the aim is to make the ingredients of every dish unrecognizable.

Accompanying overfondness for food goes love of pomp and all forms of luxury and splendour, which is again a common enough trait in any civilization. But the worldliness it betokens, and the avarice, cruelty, covetousness, and vainglory which it promotes, mean a wanton flouting of the ascetic Christian ideal. In magnificent contrast with widespread greed and vanity is the spirit of simplicity and meekness manifested in all walks of life and dramatically exemplified by the Franciscan espousal of poverty as a bride. The mendicant orders actualize in their lives the teachings of the Beatitudes, quite literally, without compromise. And their influence wins thousands to renounce all their possessions. Nor is it only the followers of St. Francis who practice the seven virtues and obey scrupulously the Ten Commandments. Many a priest and monk and nun, and multitudes of laymen, translate into action and most secret thought and desire the high ideal striven for by those who hope to win at last the beatific vision. And this ideal includes as an essential item the conquest of the sins of the flesh, the achievement of perfect purity.

III

Of all the clashes between practice and theory, between actual life and the ideal, none strikes so deeply into the very substance of mediaeval culture, revealing its complex composition, as the clash between this standard of asceticism and the intrinsic sensuousness of the time. The only sin unanimously prohibited by all inherited codes is lust, the only virtue unanimously stressed, the correlated virtue of purity. Adultery is the seventh of the sins prohibited in the Decalogue, and Christ had said that the pure in heart should see God. Paul's views on the subject of the vileness of the flesh were unambiguous and profusely expressed, and St. Augustine exalted virgins

above all other citizens of the celestial city. Lust is one of the seven deadly sins. The cardinal virtue of temperance includes restraint of physical passions, and one out of the three Franciscan ideals is chastity.

The high value set upon continence by mediaeval Christians is not to be accounted for entirely by the thunderings of the Church. The naturalness and strength of physical passion constitute a special challenge to those who desire to achieve utter holiness. No other victory than that over carnal desires so fully proclaims man's release from the bondage of sinfulness; no virtue other than that of chastity symbolizes so fully his emancipation from the curse inherited from Adam. And so it comes about that a society pervaded by terror of Hell and ardent hope of Heaven undertakes the difficult discipline of bodily appetites. Only those bound by priestly or monastic vows are committed to the more extreme obligations of self-denial. But monastic celibacy is practised on a vast scale, and though many fail to achieve the purity to which they are dedicated, the example set is deeply impressive.

Secular society feels this influence pervasively, and from its ranks are constantly recruited candidates for a life of chastity. Before all eyes is held up the vision of a possible attainment, even on earth, of a state not unlike that of angels, despite the fact that pure spirit shall be weighed down until death by the burden of the physical body. Continence, even in the married state, is exalted as an ideal by ascetic teachers, and precedents for it are to be found in the *Golden Legend* and even in mediæval romances. As for those who have assumed the monkish habit or taken the veil, the joys of married life are forever forsworn. Of the nun only Christ can be the bridegroom, of the monk only the Virgin can be the bride. For the further idealization of that spiritual marriage even such literature as appears to glorify earthly passion is interpreted, whenever possible, symbolically. It was Origen, irrevocably committed to an existence of abstinence, who first interpreted as a eulogy of the soul's bridal that Song wherein we read:

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
Behold thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair; thou
hast doves' eyes within thy locks.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet —
Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me.

And it is in such wise that mediaeval man interprets that passionate poetry. It is in such wise that he finds it possible to interpret even such an ode as the *Pervigilium Veneris* with its reiterated orgiastic cry:

Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras amet!

Nothing strange, the notion of erotic language as the clothing of spiritual ideas, to people themselves capable of contriving such combinations. Denied all emotional outlet other than that possible in ecstatic visions and in the retailing of them, celibates describe the Virgin in terms indistinguishable from those of a love poem, ascetic women write rhapsodies of the heavenly spouse Jesus in language rivalling the erotic imagery of the Song of Songs.

Pauline-Augustinian asceticism means an attempted forced starving not only of sexual passion but of all sensuous imagination, all love of earthly beauty. According to that stern code whatever beguiles any of the senses — olfactory, visual, auditory — is corrupting. It is consistent with this code that St. Bernard should deplore the lavish adornment of the House of God, that music should be regarded by the more austere disciplinarians as demoralizing, and that the writing of rhymed verse should be forbidden to members of the Cistercian Order.

But the attempt to quench poetical imagination and destroy all delight in sweet sounds and lovely forms and odours and colours is doomed inevitably to failure. In any age it would have been so doomed, but very especially in this sensitive and ardent age. Those who have ostensibly forsworn the world, no less than those whose hearts are more concerned with earth than Heaven, share the exquisite appreciativeness and

artistic urge of the period. What wonder that they feel it appropriate to employ all the devices of art for the beautifying of religion? It is churchmen who compose some of the loveliest of mediaeval lyrics, and who are intent on creating a place of worship that shall be a thing of transcendent splendour. It is the retreats of monks that are the nurseries of all the arts. Here are the master-craftsmen of the Middle Ages, teaching and practising carving and painting, pottery, enamelling, embroidery and tapestry, goldsmith's work, and the lettering and illuminating of manuscripts.

If all sensuous delight is vanity, at least the converting of it to artistic ends may promote a sublimation of the more gravely sinful inclinations of those dedicated to a life of purity. For those not thus dedicated can indulge of the lust for beauty fail to intensify rather than moderate more condemnable lusts? These mediaeval people are endowed to high degree with a temperament calculated to make of them not only great artists but great lovers. Obsessed with the fear of death, they are fervent in their desire to forestall a dark eternity of retribution by repudiating an existence of worldly vanities. But they are also more than commonly sensible of the allurements of that existence, which they can relish with rare gusto, with imagination and passion. They adore life even while craving Paradise, and if they feel little doubt as to the sinfulness of sensuous loves, they also thrill to the sensuous loveliness of sin.

They are extravagantly romantic. Supersensitiveness to the beautiful, liveliness of fancy, and predilection for the strange and marvellous, all are marks of the romantic temper, and all these traits are theirs. Unquestionably it is a thirst for the strange and far away — an innate romanticism — that is partly responsible for the crusades and for the recurrent pilgrimages to distant shrines. The traffic with spells and charms and preoccupation with the fabulous connote a fancifulness that is tinged with romanticism. Tournaments are romanticized war, and the ceremony of knighting is of the nature of

a romanticized puberty rite. Ideas of religion, war, adventure, and love in a romantic blend underlie the entire institution of chivalry. This love is itself romantically conceived. It involves an ideal of woman as a being lovely, frail, and in need of succour — the very type of creature to inspire manly valour, endurance, and loyal protectiveness.

Romantic supremely is the love depicted by the Provençal poets, that *amour courtois* with its stress upon the power of the mistress to give or to withhold — courteous love with elaborate conventions and ritual which make for an effect of aesthetic detachment and suggest that love and the life of love is something between an absorbing game and an imaginative art.

Mediaeval man, with his ability to impart the lustre of beauty to any theme, needed only the discovery of romantic love to invest even the sin of lust with a quality of poetry. By so doing he transforms it into a thing seemingly too exquisite to merit the Church's denunciations of mere lasciviousness. Something very crucial for life, and for its mirror, literature, is entailed by the discovery, the rediscovery, of a love that is a sweet pain and a blinding enchantment. Difficult enough the combatting of sheer animal passion by preaching of the grace of continence. How can the stern ascetic ideal hope to prevail over an eroticism that is drenched with poetry? Nothing less than the mediaeval genius for reconciling irreconcilables could perform in the end the feat of causing romantic passion itself to enhance the allurements of the ideal of utter chastity.

The story of that amazing feat is long and complex, with a plot that involves a fierce contest between two antagonistic conceptions of woman, two conceptions dramatically personified in the persons of Mary and Eve.

It is primarily in the theological arena that this contest takes place, though it has far wider reverberations. All the daughters of Eve are seen as inheritors of the special taint accruing to that first weak woman. But all are somehow vicari-

ously hallowed, since Mary, the Virgin Mother of Christ, was likewise a woman. That Eve could have succeeded in ruining Adam, causing him to fall as she herself had fallen, means that she and all her female descendants must possess an unholy power of blandishment sufficient to lure even the most wary to his eternal perdition. But that a woman, of the line of Eve, could possess and retain an utter sinlessness, and, while still Virgin, conceive and bear a Son, means that womankind possesses potential affiliations with the seraphic. Into the conception of Eve are imported connotations of all the charm and seductiveness, all the fatal beauty and provocativeness of a siren, a sorceress, a Medusa, a Semiramis, of Dido, Cressida, and Cleopatra. The Madonna is seen as the miraculous incarnation of a purity without spot or blemish. Ample ground here for two incompatible contentions: that woman is innately vicious, and that she is the vessel pre-eminently ordained to overflow with the elixir of purity; that as of the seed of Eve she is to be reviled, as of the sisterhood of Mary, to be exalted.

Her exaltation in the literature of romance is promoted by many convergent influences. There is the institution of chivalry which makes for the idealization of woman — an institution which already bears the mark of a civilizing feminine influence. There is also a rising respect for women inasmuch as it is they who assume many of the functions of men during the periods when a large proportion of the male population are absent on missions of war, commerce, or religious crusade. There are the eminent queens who show themselves to be the match of men; and women of creative talent — Marie de France, and among the troubadours seventeen women poets — not a large minority out of a total of four hundred and seventy whose works or whose names at least are preserved, but still a significant one. Above all there is the entire body of this troubadour verse, which exerts an incalculable influence upon the dawning romantic literature of Italy, Spain, and Germany as well as that of France.

The aim and effect of troubadour poetry is the creation of a veritable cult of woman. Its theme is love. These Provençal poets, it has been declared, are the 'first in modern literatures to have succeeded in expressing vividly the sentiments which that passion inspires.' The unvarying theme they adorn with all the loveliness of the world of nature from which love derives a yet more romantic lyricism. They speak of the song of nightingale and lark, the pallor of hawthorn flowers, the sweetness of breezes and greenness of orchards, and we find such phrases as

I tremble with fear like a leaf in the wind.

Her body, white and pure, like Christmas snow.

Among these songs are greetings and farewells, pastorals, and dance forms with a recurrent refrain, laments and poems of remembrance, and the *serena*, song of evening, the *aube*, song of dawn, sounding a warning to trysting lovers that daybreak is near. Of the number of the songs of joyousness is a *Chant de Joie* of Bernart de Ventadour which begins:

Tant ai mon cor ple de joya
 Tot me desnatura.
 Flor blancha, vermelh' e groya
 Me par la frejura,
 C'ab lo ven et ab la ploya
 Me creis l'aventura, . . .
 Tan ai al cor d'amor,
 De joi e de doussor,
 Per que-l gels me sembla flor
 E la neus verdura.

So full of joy is my heart that
 the world is transfigured, winter
 seems full of flowers, white,
 scarlet and gold, for with the
 wind and the rain my delight in-
 creases, . . . my heart is so full of
 love and joy and sweetness that
 I see blossoms in the snow and
 ice that is verdure.

It is this tradition of delicate appreciation of nature that lies back of the tale of Aucassin and Nicolette, above all back of the exquisite passage which tells how Nicolette

lay one night sleepless on her bed, and watched the moon shine brightly through the casement, and listened to the nightingale in the garden. . . . She made certain the old woman who held her in ward was sound asleep. So she rose, and wrapped

herself in a very fair silk mantle, the best she had, and taking the sheets from her bed and the towels of her bath, knotted them together to make so long a rope as she was able, tied it about a pillar of the window, and slipped down into the garden. Then she took her skirt in both hands, the one before, and the other behind, and kilted her lightly against the dew which lay thickly upon the grass, and so passed through the garden. Her hair was golden, with little love-knots; her eyes blue and laughing . . . so frail was she about the girdle that your two hands could have spanned her, and the daisies that she brake with her feet in passing, showed altogether black against her instep and her flesh, so white was the fair young maiden.

The first known troubadour, Guillaume de Poitiers, is of the eleventh century, the last, Guiraut Riquier, lives until almost the close of the thirteenth, and intervening between these two figures is Jaufre Rudel with his faraway love, the princess of Tripoli. The exuberant blooming of Provençal art coincides with the rebuilding of Chartres. Not Latin, the speech of learning and of religion, but the Provençal dialect is the language of the troubadour lover. Thus his songs belong wholly to this amazing mediaeval springtime of art, when even the names for the lovely things of the world are new.

Premonitions of that springtime are to be found in earlier things — in such a love song as the *Iam, dulcis amica*, belonging to the tenth century and written in the ancient tongue:

*Iam, dulcis amica, venito,
quam sicut cor meum diligo;
Intra in cubiculum meum,
ornamentis cunctis onustum.*

Come, sweetheart, come,
Dear as my heart to me,
Come to the room
I have made fine for thee.

*Ibi sunt sedilia strata
et domus velis ornata
Floresque in domo sparguntur
herbeque fragrantis miscentur.*

Here there be couches spread,
Tapestry tented,
Flowers for thee to tread,
Green herbs sweet scented.

*Est ibi mensa apposita
universis cibis onusta:
Ibi clarum vinum abundat
et quidquid te, cara, delectat.*

Here is the table spread
Love, to invite thee,
Clear is the wine and red,
Love, to delight thee.

Ibi sonant dulces symphonie
inflantur et altius tibi;
Ibi puer et docta puella
pangunt tibi carmina bella:

Sweet sounds the viol,
Shriller the flute,
A lad and a maiden
Sing to the lute.

Hic cum plectro citharam tangit,
illa melos cum lira pangit;
Portantque ministri pateras
pigmentatis poculis plenas.

He'll touch the harp for thee
She'll sing the air,
They will bring wine for thee,
Choice wine and rare.

Non me iuvat tantum convivium
quantum post dulce colloquium,
Nec rerum tantarum ubertas
ut dilecta familiaritas.

Yet for this care not I,
'Tis what comes after,
Not all this lavishness,
But thy dear laughter.

Iam nunc veni, soror electa
et pre cunctis mihi dilecta,
Lux mee clara pupille
parsque maior anime mee.

Mistress mine, come to me,
Dearest of all,
Light of mine eyes to me,
Half of my soul.

Ego fui sola in silva
et dilexi loca secreta:
Frequenter effugi tumultum
et vitavi populum multum.

Alone in the wood
I have loved hidden places,
Fled from the tumult,
And crowding of faces.

Iam nix glaciesque liquescit,
Folium et herba virescit,
Philomena iam cantat in alto,
Ardet amor cordis in antro.

Now the snow's melting,
Out the leaves start,
The nightingale's singing,
Love's in the heart.

Karissima, noli tardare;
studeamus nos nunc amare,
Sine te non potero vivere;
iam decet amorem perficere.

Dearest, delay not,
Ours love to learn,
I live not without thee,
Love's hour is come.

Quid iuvat deferre, electa,
que sunt tamen post facienda?
Fac cita quod eris factura,
in me non est aliqua mora.

What boots delay, Love,
Since love must be?
Make no more stay, Love,
I wait for thee.

Reminders of older love poems, this carries — of Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus. But it looks toward the future, not the

past, a precocious bloom upon the tree of romantic literature which is later to yield such abundant fruit. And over how many lands that tree spreads its branches, dropping its golden fruit wherever romantic legends, heroic sagas, songs of love and war and magic have nourished and enriched the soil!

For it is everywhere out of such earlier imaginings that the great literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries derives materials and inspiration. These, moreover, they freely share. The Western nations, united in their religion and receiving from one another themes to be exploited in sacred art, lend and borrow legendary characters, and stimulate by their example the universal participation in the urge to literary invention.

The Celtic legends incorporated by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his history of the Britons, and retold by Wace and Layamon, by Chrétien de Troyes and other French romancers, are popular in Italy and known to the writers of Germany and Iceland. It is at the hands of the German poet Wolfram von Eschenbach that the story of the Grail, rendered in the French romance of Perceval, takes its greater form in the *Parzifal*. Geoffrey is acquainted with Norse legend, as are the early German poets. The legends of Sigurd and Brynhild and Gudrun, of the treasure hoard, and Fafnir, of the magic sword, Gram, forged by the dwarf, and the walls of fire that encompass the sleeping Valkyrie, have their Icelandic rendering in the magnificent *Volsunga Saga*, their Germanic in the *Nibelungenlied*, where Sigurd appears as Siegfried and Gudrun as Kriemhild, as elsewhere the Welsh Peredur becomes the Anglo-French Perceval. The story of Tristan has its French versions in a lost work by La Chèvre and in the narratives of Thomas and Beroul, but it too is appropriated by the land of the Minnesingers, where it is rendered by Eilhart and Gottfried von Strassburg. Again it is out of the legends shared by the Northern peoples that the wonderful tale of *Gudrun* is fashioned, a tale told by an unknown German poet and constituting something like a mediaeval counterpart of the ancient

Trojan story of love and war, of beauty and bravery and an expedition of vengeance for the recovery of a glamorous woman.

Ancient literature supplies the actual materials of many a mediaeval work. Among the romances are tales of classic heroes, of Alexander and the warriors of Troy. And in Geoffrey's chronicle, Brut, the first king of the Britons, is made out to be of the line of Aeneas and of the kings of Greece.

Heroic epics more specifically national in character are numbered among the mediaeval songs and tales. The Anglo-Saxon people already have their epic of *Beowulf*. Spain produces the *Cid*, glorifying a national hero. Snorre Sturleson writes the *Heimskringla*, a story half legendary, half authentic, of the Icelandic kings. Above all France has its *Song of Roland*, that stirring narrative based on legends of Charlemagne and his peers.

A tale of battle, this great Song has its romantic elements. Here, as in the story of *Amis and Amile*, there is a romanticizing of friendship. Over the dead body of Oliver Roland laments

Sire cumpaign, tant mar fustes
hardiz!

Ensemble avum estet e anz e dis,
Nem fesis mal ne jo nel te forsís.
Quant tu es mor, dulus est que
jo vif.

Alas, sir companion, for thy
bravery! For years and days we
clove together, and never did
either do wrong to the other.
Dolorous is life to me, now that
thou art dead.

His praise for his lost friend is praise that sums up the chivalric ideal of a great warrior, fearless and fierce, yet God-fearing.

Bel cumpainz Oliver,
Vos fustes filz al duc Reiner
Ki tint la marche del val de Run-
ers.

Pur hanste freindre e pur escuz
peceier,

Pur orgoillos veintre e esmaier
E pur prozdomes tenir e conseil-
ler —

En nule tere n'ad meillor cheva-
ler.

Oliver, fair comrade, thou
wert the son of Duke Remer who
held the march of Val du Run-
ers. For breaking of lance and
piercing of shields, for vanquish-
ing and disquieting the proud,
for sustaining and counselling
good men, in no land was ever a
better knight.

Individual heroes are here glorified, war itself is glorified as an undertaking noble in itself and in this case holy. For the battle of Roncevaux, in which the vast armies of France and Spain engage, is a battle between Christians and Moslems. The scene of carnage is also a scene of deeds of loyalty, tenderness, and religious piety. It is a romantic scene, filled with the splendour befitting a contest between great monarchs. The stage is crowded with picturesquely assorted characters — fierce paynims and heroic Christian warriors among whom are numbered the archbishop of Rheims and the traitor Ganelon, and Gerier and Gerin, Count Rabel and Duke Naymes, Geoffrey of Anjou, Charlemagne's standard-bearer, and his brother Thierry.

Romantic is the lovely motif of Roland's horn of ivory, whose note can be heard through the mountains for many leagues, romantic the listing of weapons so highly prized that, like King Arthur's sword Excalibur, they bear distinctive names. Like the beloved horse of Alexander the chargers also are known by name — Sorel, Tachebrun, and Passecerf, and Charlemagne's war steed, Tencendur, and Roland's horse, Veillantif. Late in the poem occurs a trial by combat — that romantic form of duel in which personal prowess and the will of Heaven jointly determine justice. And there is one incident bearing upon the theme of romantic love. When Aude asks for Roland, to whom she is pledged, and Charlemagne offers in place of the dead hero his own son Louis, she replies:

<p>Cest mot mei est estrange, Ne place Deu ne ses seinz ne ses angles Après Rollant que jo vive re- maigne!</p>	<p>That word is strange to me. Let not God nor his saints and angels be pleased that after Ro- land I should continue to live.</p>
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And turning pale, she falls at the feet of the King, and dies brokenhearted.

If even the war song of Roland is thus touched by the

spirit of romance, it is in the later tales that this spirit becomes fully articulate.

The characters and themes of legend from which they borrow are already the very stuff of romance. Here are the imaginative figures of Uther Pendragon, and Arthur, king, warrior, and founder of the Round Table. Here are Gawain and Lancelot, Yvain and Kay, and the traitor Mordred, the magician Merlin, whose father was no mortal man but a sublunary spirit. Here are the romantic trappings of spells and charms, of magical transformations and prophetic dreams and visions, of dragons, dwarfs, and giants. The scene has all the mystery of the sombre forests of the North, with deep pools and lakes and swift streams that bar the way. All this needs only to be translated into the language of chivalry, with its courtly scenes, jousting, feasting, and hunting, to make the perfect setting for adventures of romantic love. To this world belong by right distressed damsels wandering forlorn and in need of succour; damsels who swoon and weep but are skilled in binding wounds and curing with magical lotions the knights who ride on fiery steeds and perform amazing feats of prowess, in combat with fierce monsters and bands of treacherous enemies.

Well may the tellers of these tales create a world in which the temptress Eve becomes the object of an almost mystical idealism, yet without forfeiting her very earthly seductiveness. The devotion she inspires is as different from the wayward desire aroused by the wanton mistress of many lovers as it is different from the rapacious lust of brutal warriors to whom helpless women are the prize of victory. It is a devotion sealed by oaths of fidelity until death, ardent, single-hearted. But it is a love, a consuming passion, that is defiant of conventions and requires for its fulfillment no blessings of the Church — the unsanctioned love of Uther Pendragon for Igerne, lawful wife of Gorlois, of Cligés and Fenice, of Guinevere and Lancelot. It is too the imaginative love of the troubadours and readers of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*

who see love as an art demanding the exhibition of extravagant fancy. Lancelot lives up to this code when he finds a few gold hairs from the head of Guinevere and falls into a state of dazed entrancement; the lover of Soredamors lives up to it when he discovers that she has embroidered a strand of her dazzling hair into his silk shirt:

All night he presses the shirt in his arms, and when he looks at the golden hair, he feels like the lord of the whole wide world. Thus love makes a fool of this sensible man, who finds his delight in a single hair and is in ecstasy over its possession.

But such love, with all its extravagance, is devoid of any suggestion of artifice. Fenice, already enslaved by her love for Cligés, thus communes with herself as to his feelings:

With what intention should Cligés say, 'I am altogether yours' unless it was love that prompted him?... I see in it naught but love, which could vouchsafe me such a boon. I, who cannot escape its power, will prove by my own case that unless he loved me he would never say that he was mine, unless love holds him in its toils, Cligés could never say that he was mine any more than I could say that I was altogether his unless love had put me in his hands.

Her later avowal to him expresses this sincerity of passion:

Love for you has wounded me so deep that I could never recover from it any more than the sea can dry up.

Here is a tempestuous love that is capable of defying every obstacle.

The tale of *Cligés* as related by Chrétien de Troyes is a tale of unlawful love which is in the end legitimized, but contrary to the code of the courts of love it is a sentiment whose romantic quality not even marriage can destroy:

His mistress he has made his wife, but he still calls her his mistress and sweetheart, and she can complain of no loss of affection, for he loves her still as his mistress, and she loves him, too, as a lady ought to love her lover. And each day saw their love grow stronger: he never doubted her, nor did she blame him for anything.

In this tale, as in many another, marriage is thus compatible with romance — is indeed its desired goal, whereas for the troubadour poets the only proper recipient of romantic love is the woman already wedded to another. The love which these tales depict is monogamous, not only spiritually but if possible also physically. Says Fenice:

Never will my body be portioned out between two shareholders. Who has the heart has the body, too, and may bid all others stand aside. But I cannot clearly see how he whom I love can have my body when my father gives me to another, and his will I do not dare resist.

This does not mean, however, that she is not ready to flout her marriage vows. And it is only by the aid of magic that in her case this flouting is of merely the form of marriage and not of a marriage that has been consummated. Magic has its important romantic uses. It is by virtue, again, of a magical potion that Fenice is able to feign death, outwit her husband, and escape with Cligés from her tomb to live with him a life of love that is undeterred by lack of due marriage rites.

It is by virtue of a magic potion that the tragic, lawless, and consuming love of the arch-lovers of mediaeval romance, Tristan and Iseult, is engendered. In their case, however, no additional drink of enchantment enables Iseult to evade the obligations of her marriage to King Mark; whence comes her greater guilt and the deeper poignancy, the more enduring human appeal of her story.

Deriving its materials from Celtic legend and clothed in the dress of chivalry, this tale of passion has a timeless quality which causes it to become the common property of the nations — to be retold in the music drama of Wagner, in the *Tristram of Lyonesse* of Swinburne, the *Tristram* of Edward Arlington Robinson, and the *Roman de Tristan et Iseult* rendered in the matchless lyric prose of Joseph Bédier.

In this greatest love story of all the world is concentrated whatever is most glamorous and poetical of mediaeval lore. Gathered together here are all the ingredients calculated to

induce the romantic mood — sorcery, disguises, killings of giants and dragons, healing of poisoned wounds, trial by red-hot iron, placing of a naked sword between sleeping lovers, carrying away by swallows of a golden hair of a maiden and weaving of it into the shirt of a knight. There is also the incident of Tristan's romantic setting forth, supposedly wounded unto death, in a barque, sailless and oarless, with only a harp, and later the incident of a substitution of the handmaiden Brangien for her mistress on the wedding night. There is the ring that is a love-token to be sent as a token of need, and the lyrical theme of the love bower in the forest and of Tristan's marvellous gift for simulating the song of birds. Thus the setting includes sylvan scenes as well as scenes of chivalry with hunting, sports, music, and all the romantic life of castles. And since leagues of water separate Brittany and Cornwall there are also scenes of ships encountering the perils of the sea. Upon such a background, out of such elements, is woven this story of treachery, jealousy, vast faithfulness, supreme passion between man and woman, and the age-old conflict of love and honour.

By every imaginable device the imaginative appeal of the tale is increased. The contrast between Tristan's chivalrous pity for his bride and his ardent devotion to his lady is accentuated by their bearing the same name — Iseult of the white hands of Brittany, Iseult the fair of Ireland. The treachery of Tristan is aggravated by the fact that King Mark is a near kinsman, and that he himself has been the vicarious wooer of Iseult on that kinsman's behalf. The significance of the love potion is intensified by the fact that it was intended for Mark and his bride, and that only by mischance is it drunk by the two upon whom it works its fatal spell. Its magical efficacy is more clearly demonstrated by its power to overcome no mere indifference on the part of Iseult, but the bitter enmity she feels for Tristan as the slayer of a kinsman. Above all there is the pathos of the unloved Iseult, the tragic splendour of the Iseult who is adored. And at the last the

wistful devotion of Iseult of Brittany is transformed into vengeful spite as the other Iseult's great passion has supplanted hate. For even as Tristan has betrayed his uncle, so Iseult of the white hands betrays him, telling him falsely that the ship returning to Brittany bears black sails. Of no avail her sorrowful repentance, for it comes too late. Too late, also, the arrival, after all, of the fair Iseult, for already Tristan is dead. But death cannot part them any more than obligations of honour could prevent their mutual surrender. Iseult bids the other make way for her beside her knight:

J'ai plus de droits à le pleurer que vous, croyez-m'en.
Je l'ai plus aimé.

Beside her dead lover she lies down, body pressed to body, mouth on mouth, and so dies of a passion that is a blinding enchantment, devastating as the elixir which induced it, fatal as a sword-thrust in the heart.

It is love such as this, the love of the fleshly Eve exalted as something holding promise of the utmost beauty and rapture, that must be transmuted into sacred love, the love of the Virgin Mary, pure and undefiled.

For multitudes that metamorphosis can never be accomplished, not only for the wanton, incapable of idealizing even profane love, and not only for joyous lovers and sweethearts unashamed of worldly delight who perhaps echo the sentiments of Aucassin, lover of Nicolette:

In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars, and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in old worn mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, and of cold and wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise, and with them have I nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights, who are slain in tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and

courteous ladies, who have friends, two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so long as I have Nicolette; my very sweet friend, by my side.

The metamorphosis of earthly into heavenly love is too difficult even for some who, like Héloïse, have known by personal experience the grand passion of Iseult, but who would forswear it if they could. It is Héloïse from behind convent walls who can still write to Abélard in language of smouldering passion that not even her vows of purity will quench:

All your wishes I have blindly fulfilled to the point that, being unable to bring myself to offer the least resistance to your will, I have had the courage, at your word, for total self-abnegation. I have done more. Strange thing, my love has turned to madness. What was the single object of its passion it has sacrificed beyond hope of recovery. At your command I have assumed another dress, another heart, in order to show you that you were the sole master of my heart as of my body. Never, God is my witness, have I sought from you anything but yourself. . . . Had Augustus, master of the world, deemed me worthy of the honour of alliance with him and assured me forever the empire of the universe, the name of your courtesan would have seemed sweeter and nobler than the name of his empress.

Yet it is passion such as this, it is poetical feeling like that the troubadour poets of love express, which must furnish the ingredients for such a cult and literature of the Madonna as will lure men and women to relinquish Eve for Mary herself. By a feat of dialectical subtlety Abélard even attempts to demonstrate that by very reason of their inheritance from Eve, women receive a special call to a life of virginal purity. In a letter to Héloïse, parted from him and living in the convent into which he has persuaded her to retreat, he writes that woman

was created in Paradise whereas man was created outside of Paradise. Therefore to women it is especially revealed that Paradise is their natural dwelling place and that they should seek in celibacy a life conformable to that of Paradise.

... The Lord redeemed in the person of Mary the sin of Eve, origin of all the evils in the world, even before the sin of Adam had been atoned for by Jesus Christ. And even as sin, so grace has come by woman. ... Long since Anna and Mary offered to widows and virgins the model of the religious profession even as John and the apostles gave men the example of the monastic life.

But more than rational argument is needed. It is by means of poetical imagination and passionate mysticism, a blend of sensuousness and spiritual ecstasy, that the vision of Mary can be made to triumph over the beguilement of Eve.

Representing something less than the most triumphant reconciliation of sacred and profane love are the legends of Mary Magdalene and the cult that centres about her, causing churches to contend fiercely for her relics. Who better than she among saintly figures affords such an opportunity for fusing the two contradictory conceptions of woman? Beautiful, sinful, yet desolated by her sinfulness, she is the perfect type of lovely, mortal, wanton woman, redeemed by her tears, adoring Christ, and received into the company of the angels in Heaven. Those who pray to her can thus feel that they are praying to one who has herself known the lure of fleshly sin before she achieved redemption.

But not the Magdalene or any of her sisterhood can qualify for a rôle combining in one person the glamour of the most alluring heroine of romance and the spiritual seduction of the ideal of celestial purity. In Mary alone these are to be found — Mary, Virgin yet Mother; mortal woman yet Queen of Heaven; immaculate in her very essence yet infinitely understanding of human frailty; regal and imperious yet tender, sweet, and gracious beyond compare.

How the maiden of Judaea comes to be thus endowed with every quality needed for her unique rôle is in part a story of doctrine and dogma, and with this we are not at present concerned. The remainder of the story, which makes part of the culminating chapter of mediaeval romantic literature, goes

farther in any case toward accounting for the amazing creation of a holy enchantress that is less woman than angel — Eve in her seraphic innocence before the fall. It is in the hearts of the people rather than in the intellect of theologians, in legend and song rather than in documents of learned disputation, that the Madonna idea takes form and effects the seemingly impossible reconciliation of sensuous romanticism and ardent asceticism, of earthly and heavenly love. Poetry coming to the aid of piety achieves the miracle. The legends of Mary are saturated with poetry. Here romantic imagination employs all its devices to create a vision of no mere mortal loveliness but the beauty, the dazzling, unearthly beauty, of holiness.

As would be expected in this age of magic and miracle, it is of the miraculous interventions of Mary that her legends chiefly tell. In them she moves through a world of joy and sorrow, of sin and repentance, dispensing blessings upon every manner of soul. Always these blessings are the reward of very special devotion to her service, but they take many forms and reveal pre-eminently the range and boundlessness of her sweet sympathy. She has lovely gifts to bestow other than the assurance of everlasting joy. Of such is her conversion of prayers into blossoms for the young monk who has woven for her daily a garland of roses but can no longer procure them, now that it is winter-time. Of such is her answer to the prayer of the pilgrim minstrel, upon whom she causes a wax taper to descend from the altar as he makes sweet music in her honour. Of such is her impersonation of a knight at a tourney winning victory for him while he prays to her, forgetful of the world. Of such, loveliest of all, is her reward for the poor tumbler who has nothing better to offer to prove his devotion than a display of his skill in leaping and dancing till he falls exhausted in a swoon. Him she revives, fanning him with her own hands and wiping his neck and brow.

Sometimes her reward consists of merely revealing herself in her heavenly radiance to one who has accorded her con-

tinual praise and love. To one devoted sacristan she not only appears thus in a dream, but, bending over him, permits him to kiss her. To the clerk afflicted with a loathsome disease she presents herself in a vision and heals him by giving him her breast, from which he drinks a drop of sacred milk.

If some of these tales suggest that Mary is willing to co-operate in sublimating a love that is of earthly origin, there are others in which she manifests a forgiving comprehension that suggests an almost undue complaisance with fleshly sin. Such is the legend of her impersonation of an erring nun, whose duties she performs over a long period until the sinner returns and does penance for her broken vows of chastity. Again there is the tale of the pregnant abbess whose child when it is born is carried away by angels, according to the promise of the Virgin, and later adopted by the bishop, who forgives the abbess after due confession and repentance.

It is because of the miraculous human understanding and sympathy attributed to her that Mary possesses her extraordinary hold upon the hearts of erring men and women. How can even the most sinful withhold their praise and prayer when all that is needed seemingly to win ultimate salvation is an adoration so easy to feel? According at least to the code of these legends, faithful service of the heart may outweigh even a life of wickedness. There is the story of the wastrel whose life has been so sinful that when he dies his body is denied Christian burial, but on whose behalf the Virgin performs the miracle of causing a rose to appear in his mouth; and all because of his faith and love and prayers. There is the tale of the man who for love of her has been kindly to the poor but who in all other respects is a man of violence. When he is convicted as a thief and hanged it is the Virgin who saves him by supporting his body. There is the story of the monk, devout in his homage to Mary but led astray by Satan's tempting, whose soul when he dies is fiercely contended for by devils and angels. Again it is Mary who by her intervention saves him from worse than bodily death.

In this same tale a lament uttered by the servants of Satan reveals how all-important the Virgin's intercession with God is conceived to be:

The least of the miserable she saves, claiming his salvation of God. If he but bows and kneels before her image nothing more is necessary to cause her to give him aid, breaking all the gates of brass, all the doors of Hell. Almost is she more the sovereign of Heaven and earth than God Himself. Never does He oppose her, never does He gainsay her, whatever she does or says. She makes Him believe whatever she pleases.

Another legend contains a similar demonic lament:

In truth there are none, men or women, however sinful, who come to us after their death! We lose everyone because of that Lady. She seeks always to have her way, and when she speaks God grants everything to her. Without her Hell would be full to its jaws with clerks, monks, nuns, knights, and peasants. By her, alas, we are disinherited, deceived, disgraced, and brought to scorn.

The more human aspect of the Virgin is thus what the legends stress, but a human aspect that is the lovely accompaniment of a divine majesty and that expresses itself magically in acts of wonder-working. Very tender, very full of the sense of the Virgin's infinite compassion, these legends are exquisitely poetical.

But Mary, no less than the lady of the troubadour, is also praised and invoked in song. There is, indeed, more than one troubadour poet who turns his heart and skill to writing verses to the Virgin instead of to an earthly love. Metres, sentiments, epithets identical with those of profane poems are taken over for such sacred lyrics. It is only the recipient of the praise who is changed. Thus the 'last troubadour' sings a *Chanson à la Vierge* which begins:

Ieu cujava soven d'amor chan-
tar
El temps passat e non la conoys-
sia,
Qu'ieu nomnava per amor ma
folia;

Often in the past I thought to
sing of love but love I knew not;
it was my folly that I called by
that name. Now Love causes me
to love such a Lady that I cannot
honour or fear or cherish her as

Mas era-m fai Amors tal Don' amar,
Que non la puese honrar pro ni temer

Ni tener car endreg del sieu dever;
Ans ai dezir que s'amors me destrenha,

Tant que l'esper qu'ieu ai en lieys n'atenha.

she deserves. But I would that her love should bind me so that I may receive from her the favours I desire.

But it is not the Provençal songs of troubadours that make the most fragrant garland of adoration of the Virgin. There are the Latin hymns — ecstatic invocations that are at once prayers and love songs, prayers to the Mother of God, passionate praise of an incomparable sweetheart surpassing all other women. To compose these there is no need for training in earthly courts of love. Nor is it a transgression of vows of utter chastity to participate in the lyric courtship of one who may be the celestial bride of the purest of souls. And so it is ascetic monks, mystic dreamers, humble priests, and eminent churchmen who compose these lovely songs, pouring out their hearts in a fervour of adoration.

The being whom the hymns invoke is still the pleading intercessor between God and man, the giver of gifts, as in the legends. But here it is possible to offer her in return all the gifts of poetry, to endow her with the loveliness of the fairest, sweetest things of earth. She is *Stella Maris*, star of the sea; and a vial of sweet perfume, a mirror without blemish, a sealed fountain, a garden enclosed. She is a dove, a lily, an ivory tower. She is seen as a cloud, as the dawn, and rose of Sharon, as the moon and rainbow and morning star. No epithet, imaginative, laden with rich associations, but applies to her. She is called a censor, a ship, a chariot, the ark of the covenant and seven-branched candlestick, a box of sweets, an unploughed field.

Many of these names are metaphorical images of that quality of the Madonna which is of her essence — her immaculate purity, her perennial maidenhood. This, rather than her

miraculous powers, is what the hymn writers dwell upon — this and the crowning grace that is itself a miracle, that in her case the perfection of chastity is reconcilable with motherhood. A spotless Virgin, Mother of Jesus and Bride of the Holy Spirit, no less and no more, she may well be the desired of every human heart.

It is thus that she is depicted in the 'Ave, mundi spes, Maria':

Ave, mundi spes, Maria,
Ave, mitis, ave, pia,
Ave, plena gratia.
Ave, virgo singularis
Quae per rubum designaris
Non passum incendia:

Hail Mary, who art our hope,
gentle, holy, full of grace.
Hail, thou matchless virgin,
Who art a burning bush uncon-
sumed by fire.

Ave, rosa speciosa,
Ave, Jesse virgula
Cujus fructus nostri luctus
Relaxavit vincula...

Hail, beautiful rose,
hail, branch of the tree of Jesse,
whose fruit has freed us
from the bonds of grief.

Ave, virginum lucerna
Per quam fulsit lux superna
His quos umbra tenuit...
Ave, gemma, coeli luminarium,
Ave, Sancti Spiritus sacrarium.

Hail, lamp of the virgins
burning with heavenly flame,
lighting those enshrouded in
darkness.
Hail thou jewel, thou lantern of
the sky,
dwelling place of the Holy
Spirit.

O quam sancta, quam serena,
Quam benigna, quem amena
Esse virgo creditur.
Per quam servitus finitur,
Porte coeli aperitur
Et libertas redditur.

How blessed, how serene, how
benign, how sweet
the virgin,
through whom imprisonment is
ended,
the door of Heaven opened,
and liberty restored.

O castitatis lilium,
Tuum praecare filium
Qui salus es humilium,
Ne nos pro nostro vitio

O lily of chastity,
who art the salvation of the
humble,
entreat thy son

Inflebili iudicio
Subjiciat supplicio.

not to deliver us, for our sins,
to relentless judgment.

Sed nos tua sancta prece,
Mundans a peccati fece,
Collecet in lucis domo:
Amen dicat omnis homo.

But, by thy intercession,
to cleanse us from all evil
and receive us into his heavenly
mansions.
So be it, let all men pray.

And how many another song written in her honour tells the same story — songs of nameless singers or of men known chiefly for works in very different vein. Of their number are Adam of St. Victor and St. Bernard with his re-rendering of the Song of Songs. Of their number are the unknown poets of the cycle of the Virgin, which includes the 'Salve, mater salvatoris,' and the *Ave* that begins:

Ave, virgo singularis,
Mater nostri salutaris,
Quae vocaris stella maris,
Stella non erratica:
Nos in hujus vitae mari
Non permette naufragari
Sed pro nobis salutari
Tuo semper supplica:

Hail, incomparable Virgin,
Mother of our Redeemer,
Star of the Sea, thou steadfast
star.
Permit us not to be shipwrecked
in this sea of life,
but save us by thy intercession.

Tu perfusa coeli rore,
Castitatis salvo flore,
Novum florem novo more
Protulisti saeculo:
Verbum parti coaequale
Corpus intrans virginale
Fit pro nobis corporale
Sub ventris umberaculo.

Drenched with the dew of
Heaven,
preserving the flower of thy chas-
tity,
thou hast brought forth a new
bloom,
after a new fashion.
The Word, peer of the Father,
entering the shelter of thy vir-
ginal body,
was made flesh for our sakes.

Above all there is the hymn of Fulbert, bishop of Chartres and builder of that cathedral which is perhaps supremely

the Virgin's own — the three matchless stanzas, 'De Beata Virgine':

Solem justitiae Regem paritura supremum,
 stella Maria maris hodie processit ad ortum:
 cernere divinum lumen gaudete fideles.

Stirps Jesse virgam produxit, virgaque florem
 et super hunc florem requiescit Spiritus almus;
 Virgo Dei genetrix virga est, flos filius ejus.

Ad nutum domini nostrum ditantis honorem,
 sicut spina rosam, genuit Judaea Mariam,
 ut vitium virtus operiret, gratia culpam.

Mary, destined to bring forth the King of kings,
 today is come,
 the Star of the Sea is risen, heralding the sun.
 Rejoice, ye faithful, beholding that divine radiance.

The tree of Jesse sent forth a branch,
 the branch, a flower,
 and over this flower broods the life-giving Spirit.
 The Virgin, mother of God, is the branch,
 her Son, the flower.

By the will of God, for the increase of our glory,
 the land of Judah engendered Mary
 as though a thorn bush had borne a rose,
 that good might prevail over evil,
 grace vanquish sin.

Assuredly it is in these hymns that the adoration of the Virgin finds its purest lyrical expression. And assuredly it is through the exalting of Mary that womankind is vicariously purged of the taint of Eve, yet without forfeiting the glamour of that arch-temptress. But the reconciliation of romanticism and asceticism making possible a vision of woman as at once an enchantress and a seraphic being takes yet another form in a poem written not in Latin but in the Tuscan tongue. Its author, born and bred in the land of Giotto and Marco Polo

and Thomas Aquinas, is of their time. The poem, belonging to the years immediately following upon the great thirteenth century and the full blooming of Gothic art, is a final crystallization in another medium of the imaginings and emotions of which that art is the issue.

This greatest literary achievement of the Middle Ages, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, may be interpreted in many fashions. In the words of Santayana, 'besides being a description of the other world — and a dramatic view of human passions in this life; a history of Italy and of the world,' it is also 'the autobiography of an exile — the confession of a Christian, and of a lover.' It has still other meanings, but in the present connection it is primarily significant as a spiritualization of romantic love.

For Dante, as for the writers of hymns and legends, Mary herself, bride of the Holy Spirit, is the unearthly bride of every ardent soul. To him as to all others she is Woman, yet exalted above the angels. It is she who is the perfect exemplar of humility, love, meekness, zeal, poverty, temperance, and chastity, the virtues achieved by souls in their ascent of the mount of Purgatory as they are released from the burden of the seven deadly sins. For him too she is a transcendent being describable only in terms of images. She is a lovely flower, a rose, a beauteous sapphire, a torch of love, a living spring of hope, a crowned flame. Her bosom is the abode of the angels. Her beauty is gladness in the eyes of all the saints. By her Bernard is glorified as the morning star by the sun. Hers is the face in which there is nearest semblance to that of Christ.

But it is not in the person of Mary alone that Dante finds the solution of the perplexing conflict between the ideal of purity and the lure of earthly loveliness. For him there is another solution — one without counterpart in mediaeval imaginings, though faintly foreshadowed in the extravagantly romantic legend of Jaufre Rudel losing his heart to a faraway princess. In Beatrice, fairest of the daughters of earth, Dante

sees a woman in whom are united the seraphic quality of Mary and the enchantment of Eve.

Only a man at once passionate and sternly ascetic, ardent lover and exalted dreamer, could have drawn this portrait — only a mystic, one to whom the world of sense and the realm of the supersensible are each the image of the other. Out of an unfulfilled earthly love and the unearthly raptures of a soul dazzled by the vision of celestial things, he fashions a romance as symbolic as that of St. Francis and his bride Poverty, yet as real as the loves of Abélard and Héloïse. Of Beatrice he writes, according to his promise in the *Vita Nuova*, as never before had been written of any woman.

Of no avail the arguments for interpreting Beatrice as an abstraction rather than a creature of flesh and blood. Even on the supposition that Dante was never smitten beyond all hope of curing by love for an authentic Florentine lady of that name, his situation would be substantially no different. Is not love ever a blend of fact and phantasy, of memory and dream? Is it not rooted in fact but nourished by symbols, a light sharply focussed but reaching beyond the chosen one to irradiate the world? From the testimony of the *Vita Nuova* it would seem that Dante's passion is directed upon a woman loved but never attained except as love, by thriving on its own fidelity, wins what it woos. The beauty of women in any case he has known, and physical possession, though not of Beatrice. And he has experienced exalted enthusiasms — of the seeker after truth, of the moralist, of the patriot and poet. All these ardours, together with the flame of unsatisfied desire, and the cold ashes of conflagrations kindled by loves that have spent themselves, contribute to the creation of the amazing spiritual romance recorded in the *Divine Comedy*.

Here we find human passion purged of its dross and transmuted into a state of pure spirit, spiritual passion that is yet resonant with memories of mortal fleshly love. Hear his words when he beholds Beatrice face to face in the earthly

Paradise at the summit of the mount of Purgatory, and on their flight together to the highest Heaven:

... Men che dramma
di sangue m' è rimaso, che non
tremi;
conosco i segni dell' antica
fiamma.

Less than a dram of blood is
left in me that does not tremble.
I recognize the tokens of the
ancient flame.

Tanto eran gli occhi miei fissi ed
attenti
a disbramarsi la decenne sete.
che gli altri sensi m'eran tutti
spenti;

So fixed were my eyes and in-
tent on satisfying their ten years'
thirst that all my other senses
were quenched;

ma quella folgorò nello mio
sguardo
sì che da prima il viso non sof-
ferse,

but she so flashed upon my
look that at first my sight could
not endure it,

E lo spirito mio ...
per occulta virtù che da lei mosse,
d'antico amor sentì la gran po-
tenza.

And my spirit ... through hid-
den virtue emanating from her,
felt the mighty power of ancient
love.

Chè dentro agli occhi suoi ar-
deva un riso
tal ch' io pensai co' miei toccar
lo fondo
della mia grazia e del mio Para-
diso.

In her eyes blazed such a smile,
I thought with mine I had
touched the limits both of my
grace and of my Paradise.

Mentre che, piena di stupore e
lieta,
l'anima mia gustava di quel cibo,
che, saziando di sè, di sè asseta;

While my soul, filled with
wonderment and glad, was tast-
ing of that food which satisfy-
ing, creates more hunger.

This is a lover experiencing ecstasy in the sight of his beloved. Yet how this bliss merges into that of one finding his beatitude in a transcending of earthly desires!

The beauty of Beatrice is still that of mortal woman, but multiplied a hundredfold:

vincer pareami più sè stessa antica,
vincer che l'altre qui quand' ella
c'era.

She seemed to surpass her ancient self more than she surpassed the others when she was here.

It is a beauty which is at once the reflection and the source of the encompassing beauty of Heaven.

Quivi la donna mia vid' io sì lieta . . .
che più lucente se ne fe' il pianeta.

There I beheld my lady so glad that the planet became the brighter for it.

Io non m' accorsi del salire in ella;
ma d' esservi entro mi fece assai fede
la donna mia, ch' io vidi far più bella.

I had no sense of rising into [the planet], but my lady gave me full faith that I was there since I saw her grow more beautiful.

Ma ella, che vedeva il mio disire,
incominciò, ridendo tanto lieta
che Dio pareva nel suo volto gioire:

But she, seeing my desire, so glad that God seemed delighting in her countenance, smiling began:

She herself, with the assurance of an adored woman, recalls to Dante how far he formerly set her mortal loveliness above all other delights.

Mai non t' appresentò natura o arte
piacer, quanto le belle membra
in ch' io
rinchiusa fui, e sono in terra sparte;

Never did nature or art yield thee pleasure so great as the fair members wherein I was enclosed, now scattered to dust.

With the assurance, above all vanity, of a celestial being, she speaks of her present radiance, growing more intolerable to contemplate, as she ascends.

. . . 'S' io ridessi'
mi cominciò, 'tu ti faresti quale
fu Semele, quando di cener fessi:
chè la bellezza mia, . . .
. . . più s'accende,
. . . quanto più si sale.

Were I to smile, she began, Thou wouldst be like Semele when she turned to ashes, for my beauty . . . kindleth more, the higher the ascent. .

As Dante approaches the celestial rose where Mary sits enthroned among the angels, even his purified adoration of the woman unique among mere women yields to his adoration of the Virgin who is also Mother of God. But before that moment comes, it is in the eyes of Beatrice that he receives the nearest intimation of the essence of Heaven. Beatrice, knowing this, gently chides him, as a woman might reprove her lover for his too ardent gaze, as the Madonna might chide one of her children for looking to her for the salvation yielded by her Son:

... Volgiti ed ascolta, Turn and hearken, for not in
 chè non pur nei miei occhi è my eyes only is Paradise.
 Paradiso.

It is in the theme of Beatrice, which winds like a golden thread through the fabric of the *Divine Comedy*, that Dante finds his own special solution of the conflict between romanticism and asceticism. But the problem of woman and the sin of lust, the virtue of purity — her shame and her glory — are also treated in a quite different context, where they receive a comparative rating with other forms of good and evil. For in addition to all its other meanings the poem is a treatise on the life of sin and the life of virtue as conceived by mediaeval man. Here is the complete roll-call of Christian duties, here are the catalogues of kinds of well-doing and forms of moral depravity derived from Mosaic law, Pauline teaching, classical ethics, and Patristic and scholastic preachment, welded together into a coherent system. This system is Dante's own, though in most respects it conforms to orthodox standards. It is, moreover, presented in dramatic form as the record of a momentous journey through the abodes of the dead.

The journey of Odysseus into the realm of Pluto and that of Aeneas to Avernus are the pagan prototypes of this narrative, and from the accounts of Homer and Virgil Dante borrows many features. Minos, judge of the dead in Homer's account, reappears as judge in the second circle of the *Inferno*. Charon, the ferryman who transports Virgil's hero, carries Dante as

well across the Acheron. The other turbulent waters that bar the way of Aeneas — the Styx, Cocytus, and Phlegethon — are crossed also by Dante, and he too encounters Cerberus and the chimaera, and centaurs, harpies, and furies. For Dante, as for Homer and Virgil, a place of darkness and lamentation is the abode of lost souls. The Elysian fields are the Virgilian analogue of Paradise, as Avernus is of Inferno. Even Purgatory is anticipated in the *Aeneid*, though not made spatially distinct. Not all who enter the place of punishment are doomed to remain there, for after long expiation, as Anchises explains, some pass on to the joys of an earthly Paradise. Dante too has an earthly Paradise, but it is not Heaven, only the Garden of Eden at the summit of the mountain of Purgation. For both poets there is a no man's land bordering upon the habitation of the damned. For Virgil this is peopled with the unburied dead, and to Aeneas, as to Odysseus before him, these miserable shades make supplication for a belated burial. Of this semi-mystical rite, the Christian analogue is the rite of baptism, but for the unbaptized in Inferno there is no hope of salvation. Such messages to the living as Dante receives are from repentant sinners in Purgatory, whose state may be ameliorated by intercessory prayers. For Virgil the waters of Lethe are a means to complete forgetfulness, and those bathing in them may win release for reincarnation upon earth; for Dante those waters effect oblivion only of sins and events associated with them, and their purifying influence prepares souls not for a return to mortal existence but for progress to Paradise.

Whereas in Virgil's poem suicides still await judgment and condemnation, in the *Divine Comedy* they are already committed to everlasting punishment far down in the depths of Hell. The only other sinners specified by Virgil are the misers, adulterers, and traitors, the ungrateful, the unfilial, and the fraudulent. In Dante's listing of sins, unfiliality is not included except as it is implied in some cases of violence against kin. Ingratitude for him figures in its acuter form of treachery,

while miserliness, adultery, and fraud in its many forms are all importantly featured.

And in addition to these sins, how many others! Following Aristotelian precedent, the mediaeval poet adopts as his primary categories sins of incontinence, sins of violence, and sins of fraudulence. These three groups do not, however, account for quite all of the sinners he encounters. The first of the nine circles is occupied by the heathen, the sixth by the heretics, while outside are the blameless yet praiseless, those neither good enough for Heaven or even for Purgatory, nor evil enough for Hell. Among them is

that caitiff choir of the angels who were not rebellious nor yet faithful to God but were for themselves . . .

a penetrating interpretation of one of the sins listed as deadly, that of spiritual sloth.

And where among the vast congregation of sinners does Dante locate the illicit lovers — Semiramis, Cleopatra, Helen, Paris, Achilles, Tristan, Dido, Paolo and Francesca? Not Hell's lowest depths where traitors are, nor yet the intermediate regions of the gluttonous, hypocritical, wrathful, and avaricious, is their dwelling-place. They are swept by the winds of the second circle, lower only than the habitation of sinners whose fault was merely that they had never known the rite of baptism. This disposition of them, though scarcely in accord with the spirit of St. Paul, St. Augustine, and ascetic monasticism, is consonant with Christ's forgiveness of the woman taken in adultery, and with popular sympathy for the pains and bliss of Guinevere and Lancelot and all faithful lovers of fiction and history. It accords, moreover, with the rating of lasciviousness in the list of seven deadly sins, where evils are ordered in a scale of descending gravity — pride the most pernicious and root of all evil, lust the least condemnable.

Lower than the lustful, gluttonous, avaricious, and wrathful, lower than heretics, are the violent; these include besides

suicides and transgressors of the sixth commandment those guilty of violence against God and art and nature. Thus murder is ranked as a more grievous sin than any yet accounted for, but more heinous yet, it would seem, are the sins of sodomy and usury. It is, however, a later group of moral evaluations which appear most startling. At the deeper reaches of Hell, in the eighth circle, are those guilty of 'simple fraud,' and whom do these include? Seducers and panders, flatterers and simonists, diviners and peculators and hypocrites, thieves and evil counsellors, and baser still, sowers of dissension and forgers. Committed to yet lower depths are the four groups of the treacherous: traitors to kin and country, to friends and guests, and finally, at Hell's frozen core, Brutus, Cassius, and Judas, writhing in the jaws of Satan himself, traitors to lords and benefactors.

In the case of Purgatory it is in terms of the seven deadly sins that the scheme is worked out. Here they are listed in the reverse order, since in the progress from level to level of the mountain of purgation souls first overcome the more serious forms of depravity. Conquest of pride is thus their initial victory; their last, conquest of lust, from the stain of which they are purified by passing through fire. In ante-Purgatory linger the late repentant and the excommunicate as not yet ready to enter upon their pilgrimage.

Overcoming of sin means attainment of the corresponding virtue, and Dante makes an ingenious correlation between pride, envy, wrath, sloth, avarice, gluttony, and lust and the graces enumerated in the Beatitudes. Thus at the moment of release from the burden of each successive sin, souls receive a benediction, entering into the blessedness of the poor in spirit and of the merciful, of peacemakers and them that mourn, of those who thirst after righteousness and those that hunger therefor; and finally of the pure in heart.

Beyond Purgatory is Paradise, where sin has no part and virtue is not to be described in terms of any mere earthly purity. How, more specifically, Heaven, as likewise Purga-

tory, Hell, and Limbo, are conceived is not a matter to be treated in a survey of the earthly aspects of the mediaeval scene. With the supernatural world and the doctrines and dogmas pertaining to it we still, however, have to do. For the world of mediaeval man — that world of conflict and contradiction, of grandiose dreams and great accomplishments, that world of ferment and seething emotions — is pervaded by thunders and lightnings from another sphere. The human landscape is continuous with the landscape of regions, demonic and celestial, whose inhabitants are the heroic versions of the sinners and saints of the Middle Ages.

VI. COELESTIS URBS JERUSALEM

THE earth upon which is unrolled the colourful pageant of the Middle Ages is an earth which in the sight of mediaeval man bulks large in the cosmic scheme. It is the earth of Ptolemaic astronomy — the centre about which circle the spheres carrying round in their diurnal wheeling the sun, moon, planets, and all the stars. These are neither very distant nor very old. But if the universe of space and time is lacking in spatial and temporal vastness, it has as its core a globe whereon has already been enacted a stupendous cycle of divine scenes. Upon it God set two innocent beings, man and woman, who by their sin of disobedience forfeited the joys intended for them. Upon it Christ was born and died, achieving salvation for all the seed of Adam. Upon it generations have pursued their way, some few accepting that gift of redemption, many rejecting it. But all alike are subject to death, unescapable heritage of Adam's sin. The earth itself is destined to perish, shrivelling like a leaf in the great conflagration of the last day. When that day arrives all will arise from the dead, and in the final winnowing of souls the damned will be separated from the saved, like chaff from the wheat. Thereafter each will have his appointed place in the vast dominion of disembodied spirit — the impenitent in Hell, the unbaptized in Limbo, the repentant provisionally in Purgatory, the redeemed in Paradise.

These regions are already actual in the kingdom of the dead, which harbours depths blacker than any night and supernal heights pervaded by a brightness infinitely exceeding that of day. More awful and inscrutable than a shoreless sea of interstellar space is this country of fleshless beings, separated from earth by no palpable barriers yet invisible to mortal sight.

No ground for doubt as to the existence of this supernatural universe. But regarding its meaning for man there is room for dispute. At what moment will each individual enter upon the domain which he is fated to inhabit? How prolonged will be his sojourn there? And what awaits him in the way of punishment or of reward?

Concerning the ultimate destiny of the saintly on the one hand, of the unrepentant wicked on the other there can be no uncertainty. The former are assured of Paradise, the latter doomed to hell fire. But even concerning these two classes of souls there is the problem of when and in what manner their state of beatitude or of torment is to begin. For in addition to the Last Judgment to take place at the end of the world, there have already been particular judgments. There was the case of Lazarus and of the penitent thief. There was the judgment of all humankind save Noah and his family at the time of the Flood, and again the condemnation of the inhabitants of Sodom. A wholesale judgment was, moreover, pronounced when God cursed Adam and all his line to the last generation. But this judgment, from which none is exempt, may be reversed in the case of everyone who accepts Christ and truly repents. As Anselm so ingeniously argues in his *Cur Deus Homo*, the sin provoking the condemnation of man had been infinite, for it was an infinite Being who was outraged. Therefore only an infinite atonement could restore the balance of justice — only the sacrifice of God Himself. But He needed to be God in the person of mortal man, of the seed of Adam. Consequently only the humiliation of the second Person of the Trinity, His incarnation, His birth of a

woman, and His death would have made possible any human winning of salvation. All are free to take advantage of this miraculous release, but not all avail themselves of the privilege.

It is generally agreed that each soul is actually judged by God at the moment of death. The implication of this doctrine is that the Last Judgment will be of the nature of a reading in open court of warrants whose contents God has known since the termination of men's earthly existence; or rather, that He has known from all eternity, for to His all-comprehending mind there is no before nor after. Boethius had made this plain:

His knowledge, which passes on every change of time, embracing infinite lengths of past and future, views in its own direct comprehension everything as though it were taking place in the present. If you would weigh the foreknowledge by which God distinguishes all things, you will more rightly hold it to be a knowledge of a never-failing constancy in the present, than a foreknowledge of the future, whence Providence is more rightly to be understood as a looking forth than a looking forward, because it is set far from low matters and looks forth upon all things as from a lofty mountain-top above all.

This divine omniscience is, moreover, consistent with human freedom.

... a thing will occur of necessity, when it is viewed from the point of divine knowledge, but when it is examined in its own nature, it seems perfectly free and unrestrained.... God looks in His present upon those future things which come to pass through free will...

That man is free is of course beyond dispute. As St. Augustine had argued:

... if man lacked free judgment of will, how would that be good for which justice itself is commended when it condemns sins and honours deeds rightly done? For that which was not done by the will would be neither sinfully nor rightfully done.

Both free will and divine foreknowledge are later affirmed by Robert Grosseteste:

... since all things have been present to God from eternity, is it not necessary that he know things which in themselves are future and contingent, and that his knowledge concerning changes be unchangeable. And since he cannot be deceived in his knowledge, the being of things follows from his knowledge and contrariwise.

At the hands of Aquinas the solution of the paradox follows the line taken by Boethius. Contingency, he argues,

is not incompatible with certainty of knowledge except in so far as it is future. ... Now the vision of the divine intellect from eternity sees each thing that happens in time as though it were present. ... Therefore it follows that nothing prevents God from having unerring knowledge of contingencies from eternity.

But if thus generally foreknown by God, when is each man's fate known to himself, and when does he begin to reap the rewards or punishments for his earthly life?

All are convinced that the deprivation, temporary or everlasting, of the joys of Heaven is experienced immediately. But as to whether the actual pains of punishment are postponed till after the Last Judgment opinions differ. Some believe that hell fire for both devils and lost souls will be felt only after the final general condemnation has been pronounced. Others hold that the fire is already kindled and torturing the damned. Similarly with regard to the status of the blest immediately after death. The majority opinion is that these go straight to Paradise, though some believe that, like the experience of hell fire, the full joys of Heaven are postponed until the end of the world. An heretical view held by Nestorians and Copts is to the effect that a kind of slumber overtakes souls upon their release from the body.

As for the duration of the state of Hell, once it is entered upon, this too is a matter of dispute. According to one heretical view, the damned will be finally annihilated; while ac-

cording to the followers of Origen and the great schoolman Scotus Erigena, all will ultimately be saved. A curious limitation upon the duration of hell fire is instanced in the apocryphal Apocalypse of Paul, where we are told that Sunday is granted as a day of respite from torment. In another apocryphal book, the Apocalypse of the Virgin, it is on the day of Pentecost that the damned win temporary release from pain.

For one class of people only does the Church postulate a temporary residence in Hell. These are the patriarchs, prophets, and all the worthies of the Old Testament. They antedated Christ, and could not therefore strictly participate in the salvation He made possible, unless it were that His Passion possessed a retroactive efficacy. Now the Apostles' Creed explicitly includes among its articles acceptance of the doctrine that Christ before His resurrection descended into Hell. And the apocryphal Book of Nicodemus, or Acts of Pilate, tells what He did there for the just souls of ancient days. The account is made highly dramatic by the employment of dialogue between Satan and a personified Hades. In the Greek version of the book this part of the narrative begins:

And while all of them were thus joyful, Satan the inheritor of darkness cometh and saith to Hades: O thou that devoureth all and art insatiable, hearken to my words. There is one of the race of the Jews, Jesus, who calleth himself the son of God; but he is a man and by our contrivance the Jews have crucified him. And now that he hath died, be thou prepared that we may make him fast here.

Whereupon Hades replies:

O inheritor of darkness, son of perdition, devil, thou saidst but now unto me that many of them that thou hadst made ready to be buried he did quicken again with a word only: now if he hath set free many from burial, how and by what strength shall he be held by us? I indeed of late swallowed up a certain dead man named Lazarus, and after a little, one of the living by force snatched him out of my entrails by a word only: and I think this is he of whom thou speakest. If, then, we receive him here, I fear lest we be imperiled for the rest

also.... Wherefore also I adjure thee... that thou bring him not to this place, for I believe he cometh hither to raise up all the dead....

And as Satan and Hades spake thus to one another, there came a great voice as of thunder saying: Lift up, O Princes, your gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. When Hades heard, he said unto Satan: Go forth, if thou art able, and withstand him.... Then said Hades unto his devils: Make fast the gates of brass well and strongly, and the bars of iron....

When the forefathers heard that, they began all of them to insult him saying: Thou that devoureth all and art insatiate, open, that the King of Glory may come in. Daniel the prophet said: Knowest thou not, blind one, that when I lived in the world I did prophesy that word, lift up, O princes, your gates. Esias said: This I foresaw by the Holy Ghost, and wrote: The dead shall arise, and they that are in the tombs shall awake, and they that are in the earth shall rejoice; and again, O death, where is thy sting? O Hell, where is thy victory? Then there came again a voice saying: Lift up the gates. And when Hades heard the voice the second time, he answered as if he knew it not, and said: Who is this King of Glory? The angels of the Lord said: The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. And straightway at the word the gates of brass were broken in pieces and the bars of iron were ground to powder, and all the dead that were bound were loosed from their chains... and the King of Glory entered in....

Hades cried out straightway: We are overcome, woe unto us. But who art thou that hast so great authority and power? And what manner of man art thou that art come hither without sin? Then the King of Glory took hold of the head of the chief ruler, Satan, and delivered him unto the angels and said: Bind down with irons his hands and his feet, his neck and his mouth. And then he delivered him unto Hades saying: Take him and keep him safely until my second coming.

Then Hades, when he had taken Satan, said unto him: O Beelzebub, inheritor of fire and torment, adversary of the saints... see that not one dead man is left in me, but all whatsoever thou didst gain by the tree of knowledge thou hast lost by the tree of the cross, and all thy joy is turned into sorrow, and when thou wouldst slay the King of Glory thou hast slain thyself.

Thereupon Christ proceeded to free the prisoners — Adam and 'all the patriarchs and prophets and martyrs and forefathers.' In such wise retroactive salvation came to those who had lived before the birth of the Redeemer.

For those unworthy of immediate entrance into Heaven but not evil enough to deserve damnation there is Purgatory, a place of temporal duration. Heretical denials of Purgatory are occasionally expressed, as by the Albigenses, and there may be some difference of opinion as to who are there, and why and for how long. According to the *Golden Legend* three sorts of souls go to Purgatory:

First, those who die without having accomplished the penance imposed upon them; in the second place, those upon whom the priest, by ignorance or negligence, has not imposed a sufficient penance, in the third place, those who, dying... remain attached to the things of the earth.

The teaching of the Church is that the prayers of the living alleviate the state of those in Purgatory and help them to win Paradise. And it is most naturally the saints and the Madonna who are implored to act as mediaries on behalf of those languishing in that no man's land. Again, according to the *Golden Legend* the chief means to aiding souls in the state of probation are 'the prayers of friends, almsgiving, partaking of the Holy Eucharist, and fasting.'

In addition to Hell and Purgatory there is that strange third place, Limbo. Regarding this also there is room for contradictory opinions. Among such as believe that the joys of Heaven commence only after the Last Judgment, there is even opportunity to postulate a subordinate, temporary Limbo for those compelled to wait, as it were, without the doors of Paradise until men's eternal destiny is publicly proclaimed. But a more important and eternal Limbo it is incumbent upon all to acknowledge. Its inhabitants are the unbaptized, those who, born after Christ, are in a position to participate in the sacrament of baptism but who, dying in

infancy, fail to receive this necessary passport for reception into the company of the elect.

That such souls are ineligible for participation in the Beatific Vision is certain. Even if they died too soon to become guilty of personal sin, they are at least tainted with original sin inherited from Adam, and therefore doomed to suffer the consequences if that taint has not been removed by the mystical purification of baptism. The question is whether, in addition to eternal deprivation of the Vision of God in His essence, they are also subject to more severe punishment. A sense of justice and humanitarianism leads early theologians to deny that this is the case. Augustine, who at first sanctioned the more charitable doctrine, later inclined to the view that unbaptized infants suffer a kind of damnation, though one so mild that existence would still be preferable to non-existence. Anselm holds to the Augustinian tradition. Abélard denies that the unbaptized suffer physical torment (*poena sensus*), but considers that the pain of loss (*poena damni*) involves some degree of spiritual torture. It is left to Aquinas to ameliorate the doctrine still further. For him the *limbus infantum* is a place or state of natural happiness, a happiness unspoiled by a realization of spiritual loss.

Thus the orthodox view is that while Purgatory, like earth, is destined to a finite duration in the future, Limbo, like Hell and Heaven, is to last to all eternity. As for the antiquity of the several abodes of souls, only Heaven is from everlasting; Limbo, Purgatory, and Hell alike extend for a finite time into the past, the beginning of Purgatory coinciding, presumably, with the death of the first redeemable but as yet unpurified mortal; that of Limbo with the death of the first unbaptized; that of Hell with the fall of the rebel angels.

Of all dogmas the one of basic importance is that of the Trinity — the fact of the threefold Being of God.

Here is a Triune Divinity, three Persons but one Substance, co-eval and co-eternal. The three nevertheless constitute something like a logical hierarchy, inasmuch as the Son was

begotten of the Father, and the Spirit proceeded from Father and Son alike. This is no doctrine to be comprehended by human intelligence, but a Mystery which lends itself to infinitely subtle disputation and to a variety of heretical conclusions.

One sort of heresy challenges the Triune character of God. Here the contention is that He is One, though called by the three names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A more troublesome heresy challenges the Unity of the Three Persons. Here their consubstantiality is denied, the second and third Persons being regarded as subsequent to the first. So crucial was the doctrine of the co-eternality of Father and Son taken to be that it precipitated in the early centuries the Arian-Athanasian controversy. The circumstance that the Arians admitted Christ's antecedence to all temporal events counted as nothing in the way of saving them from the charge of gravest heresy. A related, though less important, dispute arose as to the participation of the Son in the procession of the Holy Ghost, a dispute known as the *filioque* controversy. According to the orthodox view, made explicit by the insertion of the word *filioque* in the Nicene-Constantinopolitan creed, the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father *and from the Son*, whose equality with God is thereby affirmed. In the Athanasian Creed the equality of the three Persons is made equally unambiguous:

For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost is all One, the Glory equal, the majesty co-eternal.... The Father Uncreate, the Son Uncreate, and the Holy Ghost Uncreate. The Father Incomprehensible, the Son Incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost Incomprehensible. The Father Eternal, the Son Eternal, and the Holy Ghost Eternal.... The Father is made of none, neither created nor begotten. The Son is of the Father alone, not made nor created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is of the Father, and of the Son, neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding....

The mystery of Three Persons in One God is rendered more acute by the recognition not merely of the tripartite Being of Divinity but of three different characters accruing to the three Persons. Godhead is One, yet His aspect of omnipotence belongs to God the Father, His aspect of wisdom to God the Son, His aspect of sanctity to God the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is love, love is His essence. Yet this love is the spirit of God at once in His Unity and His Trinity. Anselm in his *Monologium* brings the paradox to sharp focus:

Therefore as the Father separately is the supreme Spirit, and the Son separately is the supreme Spirit, and the Father and Son at once are not two, but one Spirit, so from the Father separately the love of the supreme Spirit emanates as a whole, and from the Son as a whole, and at once from Father and Son, not as two, but as one and the same whole.

The arch-paradoxes of the doctrine are, obviously, first the affirmation of plurality *along with* the affirmation of singleness, since Godhead is at once One and threefold; and secondly the difficult notion of a consubstantiality and co-eternality of the three Persons, despite the fact that Christ was begotten of the Father and that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the first and second Persons together.

The mystery of the Trinity is incomprehensible, yet of the existence of Godhead abundant proofs are forthcoming, none more famous than the so-called 'ontological proof' of Anselm. In his *Proslogium* he declared:

And assuredly, that, than which nothing greater can be conceived, cannot exist in the understanding alone. For suppose it exists in the understanding alone: then it can be conceived to exist in reality, which is greater.

Therefore, if that, than which nothing greater can be conceived, exists in the understanding alone, the very being, than which nothing greater can be conceived, is one than which a greater can be conceived. But obviously this is impossible. Hence, there is no doubt that there exists a being, than which nothing greater can be conceived, and it exists both in the understanding and in reality.

Again although this Being is ineffable and not to be experienced in His divine reality until the Beatific Vision is vouchsafed, He can be now in some sense known. According to Bonaventura,

it does not follow, although he is known whole, that he is comprehensible, because the understanding does not include the totality of him, as the creature does not include his immensity.

Of Him, however, we know, as according to the Apostle Paul, His everlasting power and divinity. Of Him we know likewise His unity, truth, and goodness. According to Aquinas much else about Him can be known. Aquinas particularizes all the things that are impossible to Him; that He cannot be a body, suffer violence, repent, or be angry or sorrowful. He cannot make the past not to have been, nor make a thing to be present in being without Himself; He cannot do what He does not will, nor make Himself not to be, nor fail to be good or happy nor to will anything evil. All these negations are correlates of His utter power, wisdom, and goodness.

No limitation whatsoever of any of these is thinkable. As to power, He 'brought things out of nothing in an indivisible instant.' As to knowledge, He 'understands all things simultaneously,' He even knows 'things that actually are not.' He knows future contingencies with an unerring knowledge, movements of the will, and alike infinite things and all petty things, evils and privations and defeats. 'For those things which neither are, nor shall be, nor have been, are known by God as possible to His power.' As for His sanctity, 'God's goodness is not something added to His essence, but His Essence is His goodness.' His life is eternity, that rich mode of being so beautifully defined by Boethius:

What we shall rightly call eternal is that which grasps and possesses wholly and simultaneously the fullness of unending life, which lacks naught of the future, and has lost naught of the fleeting past; and such an existence must be ever present

in itself to control and aid itself, and also must keep present with itself the infinity of changing time.

The doctrine of the Trinity, a deep and dark Mystery, is the foundation of the mighty edifice of Christian theology. The doctrine of the Virgin, likewise fraught with paradox, forms part of that edifice, contributing, however, not to its foundations or basic supports but to its final crowning.

With the triumph of the Athanasian doctrine that the second Person of the Trinity is co-equal in dignity with the first, there arises a greater need for an intermediary between mortal man and an inscrutable Divinity. Christ, interpreted as something less than God the Father, and therefore more nearly affiliated with humankind, might have served as a sufficient bridge between earth and Heaven. But exalted as an aspect of an eternal and indivisible God, He is lifted almost too far above human finitude, in spite of His incarnation, to meet the needs of erring man. The Virgin, at once mortal woman and Mother of Christ, possesses the perfect qualifications for mediatorship between the repentant and the Eternal Judge of Souls.

The doctrine of Mary, like that of the Trinity, is the product of ages of disputation. New Testament narrative furnished merely the starting-point for the huge enterprise of working out the doctrine in all its ramifications. The apocryphal Book of James, or *Protoevangelium*, makes a highly important supplement to the Gospel story, and this in turn is amplified by countless legends, including the account given by Jacques de Voragine in the *Legenda Aurea*. As finally interpreted, Mary is seen as a being deserving of devotion second only to that accorded to God Himself. The worship of Godhead is denominated *latria*, the reverence for saints *dulia*, the homage of Mary *hyperdulia*. In its completed form the cult of Mary rests on four important doctrines, each of the nature of a Mystery.

In the first place, Mary, of human pedigree, is seen as the Mother of Jesus, not merely in His human aspect, but in His

divinity. She is Mother of God, *Theotokos*, a dogma sanctioned so early as 431 at the Council of Ephesus.

In the second place, though a mother, she is Virgin, not merely after the conception of Christ, as according to explicit Scriptural testimony, but even after the birth of her Son.

The manner of her virginal impregnation is asserted, though somewhat ambiguously, in the New Testament. Christ was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and presumably at the very moment of Mary's reception of the announcement of the angel Gabriel, the words 'All hail!' miraculously effecting the divine impregnation. Since Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three Persons, are one God, the paradoxical inference might have been drawn that in the miracle of the Incarnation the Son was fathered by Himself. If the mediaeval mind with its passion for dialectical subtleties fails to seize upon this chance to affirm a piquant and unescapable paradox, it exploits the paradox implicit in the situation as it concerns the Mother of the incarnate Christ. With obvious delight in their enigmatic character some versifier pens the astonishing lines:

Castitatis in tenorem,	In steadfast chastity
Plasma gignit plasmatores,	The creature engenders its crea-
Virgo parit amatorem,	tor,
Lactat patrem filia.	The maiden gives birth to her
	lover,
	The daughter suckles her father.

Such difficulties as are involved in the notion of a virginal impregnation are negligible compared with the problem of rationalizing the doctrine that even after the delivery of her Child, Mary retained her virginity intact. But mediaeval man with his gift for ingenious analogy proves himself equal to the task. Christ, it is believed, had escaped from the tomb, not by breaking through, but, leaving the seal intact, by emerging as a Spirit despite the fact that He was still in the body. In similar fashion He could then have emerged from the womb of His mother without breaking the seal of her virginity. According to legend the parturition was attended

by none of the usual pains of childbirth. No midwives were needed, the sole function of those summoned by Joseph being to bear witness to the fact of the miraculous virginity of the new-made mother. All of which is explicable if the Child had issued in the manner in which He issued later from the grave. A further analogy with the passage of light through transparent glass is also exploited;

Sicut vitrium radio
Solis penetratur,
Inde tamen laesio,
Nulla vitro datur,

Sic, immo subtilius
Matre non corrupta
Deus dei filius
Sua prodit nupta.

Just as glass is penetrated by the
light of the sun
receiving thence no hurt,
even so, the yet more impalpable
God, son of God,
issued from the womb of His
mother,
leaving the bride undeflowered.

The first doctrine, then, is to the effect that Mary was *Theotokos*, Mother of God; the second that she was virginal unto death. The third has to do with her utter immaculateness, her innocence not only of actual sin but even of the taint of sin inherited from Adam. Concerning her freedom from original sin grave difficulties arise. To deny that she was thus tainted would mean a denial of the important dogma that all mankind is in need of redemption, but to assert that she constituted no exception to the universal rule would mean that the vessel destined to harbour God was polluted. The issue arose in connection with discussions of the propriety of observing the Feast of the Nativity celebrated on September 8. This Feast had been taken over from the East before the eighth century, but the full implications of the observance were not at once realized. To celebrate not the death of Mary, as was customary in the case of saints, but her birth is finally seen to imply that that birth must have been holy. The feast of John the Baptist honours, to be sure, his birth rather than his death, but he was exceptional among men. St. Luke had recorded the prediction, 'he shall be filled with the Holy

Ghost from his mother's womb.' His case supplied a precedent, however, for an analogous interpretation of the case of Mary. She too, it is at length granted, must have been similarly sanctified in her mother's womb.

Yet from this it does not follow that even her conception was holy. Nevertheless nothing less than an immaculate conception is connoted by the celebration of another feast — that of the Conception, observed on the eighth of December. The controversy is a long and bitter one. Indeed, not until the nineteenth century is the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to become a dogma.

But long before this it receives informal sanction by the continued observance of the Feast and by the general acceptance of its validity. By means of ingenious argument the doctrine appears to be established as valid. Original sin, it is claimed, is not a physical inheritance but a spiritual one. Now a soul, newly created, becomes united with the body at the precise moment of conception. What, then, could hinder God's instantaneous purification of the soul of Mary by a special act of Grace? What, indeed, could have been more seemly than such a purification of that unique soul implanted in the body of one who was to be the Mother of God Himself?

For the further support of the view that Mary was unique among women the apocryphal Book of James and later legend lend their aid. For they offer testimony to the fact that the Virgin's natural conception involved a minimum of sinfulness on the part of her mother. Mary is, then, seen in the first place as the child of aged parents from whom carnal desires would have fallen away. The Bible itself supplies precedents for this situation. The parents of John the Baptist were old when their child was born, as were likewise those of Isaac and of Samuel, and the mother of Samson was barren until in a vision she received an angel's promise that she should bear a child. But legend goes even further in the way of suggesting that the conception of Mary, like that of her Son, was of the nature of a miracle. According to the *Protoevangelium*, Joachim

and Anna met and embraced at the gate of the city after each had learned from an angel that their prayers for a child were to be answered. The natural next step is to assume that it was the mere kiss exchanged at the meeting which effected the miraculous impregnation. One of the most fanciful of mediæval legends carries the process of purifying the lineage of Mary even further. According to this legend Mary was descended from a knight whose mother was the daughter of Abraham. This knight was conceived by a pure virgin miraculously impregnated by the fragrance of a flower, plucked from the tree of knowledge planted by God in her father's garden. And when he in turn gathered fruit from the tree his leg became impregnated, giving birth to Anna, destined to be the mother of Mary.

From the *Protoevangelium* is derived the story not only of the Virgin's conception and birth but of her early childhood — that childhood of which we are told that she 'was in the Temple of the Lord as a dove that is nurtured; and she received food from the hand of an angel.' The *Protoevangelium* and the *Golden Legend* furthermore supplement the scanty Gospel story of what later befell her — how Joseph became her protector, how she received the announcement of the angel Gabriel, and how, after falling into disgrace in the eyes of the people, she fled with Joseph and was delivered of her Son. Of her life during the earthly existence of Jesus neither Gospel nor *Golden Legend* tell much. But it is again from legend that the final chapters of her life are derived, the story of her death and resurrection and Assumption.

Of this Assumption the Scriptures give no hint. But it was inevitable that there should come to be attributed to her that final grace of a bodily departure to Heaven. Belief that she was granted this special favour of God constitutes indeed the fourth important doctrine concerning her, for in the seventh century the Church of the West consecrated the fifteenth of August to the Feast of the Assumption already observed in the east.

The *Golden Legend* tells how Mary died and was buried, and how on the third day she received a distinction accorded to no other mortal woman. A company of angels assured Christ that it would be fitting for Him to resuscitate the body of His mother and place her at His right hand for all eternity.

... and immediately the archangel Michael appeared and presented to the Lord the soul of Mary. And Jesus said: arise, my mother, my dove... so that even as thou hast not experienced the pollution of carnal contact, so thou shalt not need to suffer corruption of thy body. And the soul of Mary returned to her body and the company of angels bore her to Heaven.

Regarding angels and devils also there are doctrines and dogmas, heresies and legends. And first of the angels, beings higher than men and less than the Divinity by whom they were created. They are free like men, free to choose good or evil, else how could some have fallen from their celestial state? As to their number, this could not be chance but the deliberate choice of God. Anselm in the *Cur Deus Homo* argues thus:

If the angels, before any of them fell, existed in that perfect number of which I have spoken, then men were only made to supply the place of the lost angels; and it is plain that their number will not be greater. But if that number were not found in all the angels together, then both the loss and the original deficiency must be made up from men, and more men will be chosen than there were fallen angels. And so we shall say that men were made not only to restore the diminished number, but also to complete the imperfect number.

According to Aquinas no two angels are equal in degree, and in their case species and individuals coincide in the sense that each species is exemplified in a single individual. Angels are immaterial, incorruptible, imperishable. Whereas to God all things are known from contemplation merely of His own all-comprehensive Essence, the knowledge possessed by the angelic intelligences involves the contemplation of more

numerous, less generic essences. But the higher the order of such intelligences, the fewer and more generic the essences necessary to procure a knowledge of the sum total of the intelligible. The minds of angels possess in themselves power to know all reality except the essence of God. For like beatified man, admitted at last to the supreme vision, angels achieve a face-to-face knowledge of God only by virtue of divine illumination.

The members of the heavenly hierarchy belong to nine orders of rank: angels, archangels, principalities, powers, virtues, dominions, thrones, cherubim, and seraphim. All these orders are named in the Scriptures, the lowest order repeatedly, the cherubim several times in the Old Testament, the seraphim by Isaiah. The remaining designations are derived from St. Paul, who declared that Christ is raised above

all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come.

For in Him were all things created, in the Heavens, and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers...

While schoolmen indulged in speculations regarding the nature and powers of these celestial beings, legendary tales are multiplied telling of the participation of angels in the affairs of men on earth. One chapter of the *Golden Legend* is devoted to the archangel Michael, to whom September 29 is consecrated as a feast day. There we read:

It is he, as Daniel declared, who, in the time of Antichrist, will arise to defend the elect; it is he who has battled with Satan and his evil angels and driven them from heaven; it is he who snatched from the devil the body of Moses, whom the devil wished to destroy in order to be himself adored by the Jews; it is he who receives the souls of saints and leads them to Paradise; it is he who was formerly prince of the synagogue and whom God thereafter made prince of His church; it is he

who brought the seven plagues to the Egyptians, who parted the waters of the Red Sea, who led the people in the desert to the promised land; it is he who in the army of angels bears the banner of Christ; it is he who will slay Antichrist on the Mount of Olives; it is at his voice that the dead will be raised; and it is he who on the day of the Last Judgment will present the cross, the keys, the lance, and the crown of thorns.

On this saint's day, according to the *Golden Legend*, the Church celebrates the memory not only of Michael but of all the angels:

We ought, indeed, to remember, then, to praise and honour them for many reasons: they are our guardians, our helpers, our brothers and fellow citizens, the bearers of our souls to Heaven, the representatives of our prayers before God, and our consolers in tribulation.

As for the fallen angels — Satan and his cohorts — these too, though committed to Hell for all eternity, are able to appear bodily upon the human scene, bringing temptation and all manner of distress. Cases of demonic possession are related in the Bible. Mediaeval legend multiplies the instances and elaborates the details. To facilitate their evil work devils may take the form of beautiful women or of handsome youths, and impersonate not only husbands but hermits, priests, and saints. They may even live out an entire human life in the form of mortal men. Retrospectively at least such persons as Pilate, Nero, and Mohammed are pronounced to have been Satan in disguise, and pagan divinities are thought to have been masquerading demons.

Completely in the power of Satan are the possessed, the excommunicate, and the unbaptized. Devils may have semi-human offspring — as succubi they may be impregnated by mortal men, as incubi they may impregnate mortal women. In return for promised gratification of various ambitions men and women make pacts with demons, after the manner of Faustus. For devils possess vast power not only over human-kind but over inanimate nature, enjoying an uncanny control

of winds, storm, earth, and fire. Knowledge of the future is generally denied to belong to them; as for their knowledge of human minds, this is believed by some to be all-comprehensive, by others to involve detection of only such secret thoughts and desires as are evil.

The doctrines with which we have thus far been concerned have to do with the timeless past before all ages or with the temporal past unrolled through the course of earthly history. But though the doctrines of the Divine Trinity, of the creation and fall of man, of the incarnation of Christ, His birth of a human mother, His death and resurrection, form the basic materials for mediaeval disputations, the eyes of men are turned, not toward the past, but toward the future. The pivot about which their thoughts constantly swing is the culminating catastrophe looming ahead — the end of the world and the Last Judgment. That approaching event, which is to mean the final evaluation of every soul and an eternal separation of the evil from the good, is seen as the climax of the whole story of creation — a grand resolution of the discords of its music, a clarification of all the meanings of life.

Isaiah had declared:

For, behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire.

And elsewhere in the Scriptures there are warnings of the terrible Day to come. More ominous perhaps than any other is the prediction that Christ will appear 'as a thief in the night,' for this would seem to preclude all chance for preparation and belated repentance. Respite for a long period is, however, apparently assured, for according to Revelation an important preliminary to the end will be the binding of Satan:

He laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years.

But once again it is from later writings that men chiefly learn of the dreaded future day of divine wrath. This is to be preceded by signs and portents, many of them foretold in the Scriptures. The first chapter of the *Golden Legend* enumerates these:

St. Jerome found in the annals of the Hebrews fifteen signs preceding the Last Judgment: (1) the first day the sea will rise to forty cubits above the mountains and tower stationary like a wall, (2) the second day it will descend so low that it will be scarcely visible; (3) the third day monsters of the deep, appearing on the surface of the sea, will utter bellowings which will rise to Heaven; (4) the fourth day the waters of the sea will boil; (5) the fifth day trees and all vegetation will exude a bloody dew; (6) the sixth day buildings will crumble, (7) the seventh day stones will break into four parts which will strike against one another; (8) the eighth day there will be a universal earthquake which will lay low men and beasts; (9) the ninth day the earth will be leveled and mountains and hills will be reduced to dust; (10) the tenth day men will emerge from caverns and wander as if demented incapable of speech; (11) the eleventh day the bones of the dead will issue from the tombs; (12) the twelfth day the stars will fall; (13) the thirteenth day all the living will die to be resuscitated thereafter together with the dead; (14) the fourteenth day heaven and earth will be consumed by fire, (15) the fifteenth day there will be a new heaven and a new earth and all will be raised from the dead.

According to this account, the Last Judgment will be preceded by the impostures of Antichrist, who will attempt to deceive men in four ways:

(1) by a false interpretation of the Scriptures by which he will try to prove that he is the Messiah promised by the law; (2) by the performance of miracles; (3) by the distribution of gifts; (4) by the infliction of tortures.

As for the Judge:

He will be of an inflexible severity. He will not be moved by fear, for He is omnipotent, nor by gifts, for He is rich itself, nor by hatred, for He is goodness itself, nor by love,

for He is justice itself, nor by error, for He is wisdom itself. And against that wisdom will prevail neither the allegations of lawyers, nor the sophistry of philosophers, nor the eloquence of orators, nor the wiles of hypocrites.

The Judgment scene itself had been pictured by Daniel:

I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire.

A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.

In the *Dies Irae* by the Franciscan monk Tommaso di Celano all the anticipated terrors of the end are epitomized. This poem of lamentation is preceded by earlier renderings of the ideas it expresses, among others the *Libera* — 'Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on that dreaded day . . .' This *Libera*, according to Remy de Gourmont, 'dates without doubt from the first years of the eleventh century and not from the fore-days of the year one thousand!' For it is

only after that fateful date when terror would have abated that the literature of fright rises everywhere in the church. Previously, without doubt, they prayed to forget fear; afterwards they sang fear, and the human spirit will forever remain marked by it. It is in that sense that it has been possible to call the year one thousand a mere legend; it is a fact that the testimonials of a universal fear of the end of the world are all posterior to the epoch when that fear dominated all souls and crushed them.

If the day of the weighing of souls in the balance is to mean grief and consternation, unspeakable anguish and terror, it is also to mean for the redeemed the attainment of Heaven. Christ had assured His followers of a place awaiting them that would be as a home for the weary:

In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you.

St. Paul had given reassurance of life after death in the sublime language of such a saying as:

When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

He had also suggested ineffable things that defy all description:

But as it is written, Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him.

Yet men are not content with assertions of the unimaginable character of Heaven. They need a picturing of it in sensuous images. Such a picturing was attempted in the Apocalypse of Peter, where the righteous are described as having bodies whiter than snow and redder than any rose, their hair curling like a garland of flowers or like a rainbow in the air. They dwell in a region outside this world, a place of exceeding brightness flowering with blossoms and fragrant with fruit. Such a picturing the author of Revelation also ventured, though one filled with dark sayings and mysterious symbols. Of these symbols one, however, was not too difficult to understand — the image of Heaven as the New Jerusalem, a city of shining splendour. And again and again it is thus that the abode of the blest is described. In a hymn attributed to St. Augustine we read of that place

Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt
 aedificia,
Auro celso micant tecla, radiant
 triclinia.
Solis gemmis pretiosis haec structura
 nectitur,
Auro mundo tanquam vitro urbis
 via sternitur.

Where rise lofty mansions of
living pearls, with roofs of gold
and shining chambers — a city
of the sun wrought of precious
stones, its streets paved with
gold clear as crystal.

Again the symbolist Marbode paraphrases the Apocalyptic account, and a liturgical hymn of unknown authorship tells of

Urbs beata Ierusalem dicta pacis
visio,
Quae construitur in coelis vivis
ex lapidibus,
Et angelis coronata, velut sponsa
nobilis.

The blest city of Jerusalem,
vision of peace, built in the skies
of precious stones, crowned with
angels as a bride of high degree.

In a hymn of a later day that might have come from the pen of William Blake, that belated child of the Middle Ages, the long tradition receives its most beautiful embodiment:

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There trees forever more bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

But not hymns, nor yet the arguments of the theologians, communicate the essence of Paradise as conceived by mediaeval man. For this, and for the rendering of the twilight sadness

of Limbo, of the striving state of Purgatory, of the agony of Hell, again it is to the *Divine Comedy* that we must look. Here as in no other utterance of the Middle Ages is a vision of the world of the supersensible, terrible, and sublime. Only a man at once ruthless and tender, possessed of the fiery imagination of the ancient Hebrew prophets, the eloquence of St. Paul, the dramatic sense of the Greek tragedians, the epic power of Homer, and the golden tongue of a lyric poet, could have drawn the picture which Dante draws of disembodied spirits. And only the culture which produced St. Francis and Thomas Aquinas, the story of Iseult, the Canticles to the Virgin, and the Gothic cathedral could have produced Dante

As models, the poet has not only the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* and the sixth of the *Aeneid*, but many another imaginary journey to the underworld. In the second book of the Sibylline oracles occurs a brief prophetic passage describing the miserable state of sinners, and in the apocryphal Book of Paul a more extended account of the sufferings of Hell anticipates in many details that of the *Divine Comedy*:

And I saw there a river of fire burning with heat, and in it was a multitude of men and women sunk up to the knees, and other men up to the navel; others also up to the lips and others up to the hair:...

And I saw on the north side a place of sundry and diverse torments, full of men and women, and a river of fire flowed down among them. And I beheld and saw pits exceeding deep, and in them many souls together. . . . And I inquired and said: Lord, if these souls continue thus, thirty or forty generations one upon another. . . . I trow the pits would not contain them. And he said to me: The abyss hath no measure: for beneath it there followeth also that which is beneath: . . . For when the souls are cast therein, hardly after five hundred years do they come at the bottom.

. . . And I saw another multitude of pits . . . and in the midst thereof a river filled with a multitude of men and women, and worms devoured them. . . .

And after that I looked and saw a very strait place, and there

was as it were a wall, and round about it fire. And I saw within it men and women gnawing their tongues. . . .

And I . . . saw another pool beneath in the pit, and the appearance of it was like blood. . . .

And again I saw men and women of a very black countenance in a pit of fire. . . .

And I saw there girls clad in black raiment, and four fearful angels holding in their hands red-hot chains, and they put them upon their necks and led them away into darkness. . . .

And again I beheld there men and women with their hands and feet cut off and naked, in a place of ice and snow, and worms devoured them. . . .

And I looked and saw others hanging over a channel of water and their tongues were exceeding dry, and many fruits were set in their sight, and they were not suffered to take of them.

And I saw other men and women hanged by their eyebrows and their hair, and a river of fire drew them. . . .

And I saw other men and women covered with dust, and their appearance was as blood, and they were in a pit of pitch and brimstone and borne down in a river of fire. . . .

And I looked and saw other men and women upon a spit of fire, and beasts tearing them, and they were not suffered to say: Lord, have mercy on us. . . .

And thereafter I saw men and women clad in rags full of pitch and brimstone of fire, and there were dragons twined about their necks and shoulders and feet, and angels having horns of fire constrained them and smote them and closed up their nostrils. . . .

And he took me from the north side and set me over a well. . . . When therefore the well was opened, straightway there arose out of it a stench hard and evil exceedingly, which surpassed all other torments. . . .

And I looked from the north unto the west and saw there the worm that sleepeth not, and in that place was gnashing of teeth. . . . And he said unto me: In this place is nothing else but cold and snow.

Anticipating more closely the structure of the *Divine Comedy* were the amazing Moslem legends of Mohammed's nocturnal journey to the world of the dead, legends based upon a cryptic allusion in the seventeenth chapter of the Koran:

Praised be He who called upon His servant to travel by night from the sacred temple [of Mecca] to the far-off temple [of Jerusalem].

In one of the simplest versions, the Prophet sees in Purgatory and Gehenna a variety of sinners undergoing punishment: liars with their lips torn asunder; offenders through sight and hearing with eyes and ears pierced by arrows; mothers who refused to suckle their children hung by their heels, their breasts stung by vipers; violators of the fast sucking up stagnant water from the ground; adulterers garbed in reeking clothes; and unbelievers in the final horrible stages of putrefaction. In another account, usurers swim in blood, adulterers writhe in furnaces, and Sodomites are consumed by fire. In still another legend, it is from the third Heaven that Mohammed, guided by the angel Gabriel, sees Hell, a place of seven levels, the uppermost divided into fourteen mansions reserved for deadly sins. Here are tyrants stung by snakes and scorpions; faithless guardians attacked by serpents and the red-hot forks of demons; usurers with reptiles in their bellies; shameless women hanging by their hair; liars and slanderers suspended by their tongues; neglecters of rites of prayer and ablution metamorphosed into monsters with heads of dogs and bodies of swine; drunkards suffering the tortures of thirst; hired mourners with tongues slashed by burning shears; adulterers burned in a furnace; unfaithful wives hanging by their breasts; undutiful children tortured by fire; breakers of promises shackled by fiery collars; murderers slashed by demons; and transgressors of the rule of prayer crucified on burning pillars.

Fiendish imaginings here. And in the description of Heaven in yet another rendering, effects of Dantesque sublimity. Seven heavens, one above the other, filled with singing angels, each heaven more dazzling than the last, and beyond them the heaven that is the dwelling-place of God. The approach to the seat of the heavenly throne is by seven further stages: through a sea of light of fiery brightness; a sea of impenetrable darkness; a sea of fire; a region of vast mountains of snow; a second sea of fire; an ocean of water with waves mountain-high; and last a sea of light of intol-

erable radiance. The blinding light changes from red to yellow, to green, and then all colours merge. Multitudes of cherubim, rank on rank, united in songs of praise, surround the Throne, and this is still beyond, unimaginably far aloft.

Higher and higher through the celestial ether we rose, faster than the arrow speeding from the bow, yea, swifter than the wind. And at last we reached the Throne of the Glorious, Supreme and Almighty God; and, as I gazed upon it, all the works of creation sank into insignificance. The seven heavens, the seven earths, the seven hells — the whole of creation, compared to that throne was like a tiny ring of the mesh of a coat of mail lying in the midst of a boundless desert.

That Dante is acquainted with these legends is more than possible. To what greater employment these and all other visions of his predecessors could be put it remains to him to reveal.

Traversing a dark wood the poet approaches the portals of Hell above which is inscribed the terrible warning:

Per me si va nella città dolente;	Through me the way that leads
per me si va nell' eterno dolore;	to the woful city,
per me si va tra la perduta gente.	through me the way to eternal
	pain,
	through me the way amidst lost
	souls.

Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,	Before me were no things created
se non eterne, ed io eterno duro:	but eternal,
lasciata ogni speranza, voi ch'	and eternal I endure.
entrate.	Abandon every hope, O ye who
	enter here!

Beyond is darkness, and in the starless air are to be heard sighs and deep wailings, hoarse voices, words of anguish, sounding continually. To Dante, as to few who, like him, are still in the flesh, it is granted to answer Yea! to Job's question:

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

What he first enters are the regions bordering upon Hell inhabited by those hateful to God and to His enemies. Across the river Acheron lies the dolorous valley of the abyss which gathers thunders of endless woes.

della valle d'abisso dolorosa,
che tuono accoglie d'infiniti guai.

On the topmost round of the descent is Limbo, the abode of the unbaptized. Their state, though one devoid of hope, is not one of agony:

Quivi, secondo che per ascol-
tare,
non avea pianto, ma' che di
sospiri,
que l'aura eterna facevan tre-
mare:
e ciò avvennia di duol senza mar-
tiri,
ch'avean le turbe, ch' eran molt
e grandi,
d'infanti e di femmine e di viri.

Here there was no weeping that could be heard, only sighs that caused the eternal air to shudder, and these arose out of the sadness without torment of the vast throngs of children and men and women.

From their midst Christ has already conducted those deemed worthy of salvation — prophets, patriarchs, heroes of the Old Testament, released on the momentous occasion of His descent into Hell. The souls who remain are likewise blameless, doomed only by reason of their unbaptized state, and they number the great ones of antiquity — Socrates and Plato, Homer and Horace, Aeneas and Caesar and their peers.

The abyss into which Dante descends, an intruder from the upper world, is a world of spirits. But these have the semblance of corporeal beings, and the landscape within which they undergo their tortures is a landscape real as that of earth. Carrying with him memories of the sights and sounds of the habitations of men, the poet draws upon these to describe the wailings and varied voices, the monstrous shapes and terrible catastrophes which surround him. In the midst of horrors which cause him to shudder and

recoil, to weep and fall into insensibility, he sees things which remind him of even the lovely aspects of earth and sea and sky. The shades of evil men that cast themselves from the shore into Charon's boat are like the falling leaves of autumn. The tormented spirits in the second circle are borne along by the wind like starlings, they come wailing like cranes, moving in a long line through the sky, uttering their plaint. Flakes of fire descend upon the violent against God like snow in the Alps when there is no wind. Troops of spirits peer through the darkness like men at evening under a new moon. None but a romantic poet, infinitely sensitive to the poignant beauty of little things, could have accumulated the memories which Dante cherishes.

Yet here is far more than a reproduction of the scenery of earth. Nor is the difference due merely to the presence of strange monsters — Minos and the Minotaur, giants, dragons, winged harpies, snake-haired furies, the three-headed Cerberus, six-footed serpent, and Geryon with his human face, twin paws, reptile's body, and forked tail. The punishments, with all their inquisitorial diabolism, are more than half symbolic. Ugolino's horrible feasting upon the head of Ruggiero — is this to be taken literally, or symbolically as an image of insatiable hatred? And what of the burning sands and rivers of blood, the fire and ice and pitch and slime, the garments of lead, ghastly transformations, loathesome diseases and defilements, fearful contortions and transports of agony? All these things appear very fleshly. Yet so ingeniously have the punishments been adjusted to the sins they avenge that they suggest primarily a state of soul, a spiritual rather than a physical anguish. More convincing than would appear possible as a picture of a material Hell, what Dante gives us is quite as truly and wonderfully a picture of inner torment.

Not by abstract analysis is such a picture to be achieved, nor scarcely by means of plastic art. A state of soul may be communicated through visual imagery, but imagery trans-

mitted by the sensitive instrument of language which may relate more than meets ordinary sight. Moreover, by the medium of words, visual images may be supplemented by others more vague and terrible — images of sound and smell and touch. And these Dante makes use of. Confronted as he is by all manner of visible horrors, he is also deafened by clamorous voices, shrieks and lamentations, by thunder and rushing winds. He is molested by horrible stench, feels the scorching of undying fire, and experiences the sharp impact of hail and ice and snow, the pain of intolerable cold.

The souls subjected to these torments recoil from their punishment while they lament their fate. To find those as eager to do penance as formerly they were prone to sin, we must enter Purgatory.

This, situated at the antipodes, directly opposite the city of Jerusalem, is a vast mountain rising toward the sky. Like the mountains known to men it is subject to the alternations of day and night, and lighted by the sun and moon and stars. But it is a place impervious to all other terrestrial change,

perchè non pioggia, non grando,
non neve,
non rugiada, non brina più si
cade
che la scaletta dei tre gradi
breve.

Since neither rain nor hail nor
snow nor dew nor hoarfrost
falls any higher than the brief
stairway of three steps. . . . No
clouds, either dense or sparse, or
lightning or Thaumás' daughter
[the rainbow]

Nuvole spesse non paion, nè
rade,
nè corruscar nè figlia di Tau-
mante,

Here are no sounds of agony, but music — sweet singing of the Beatitudes and *Miserere*, of the *Te Deum* and *Agnus Dei*, chanting of the Ten Commandments, proclaiming of 'Gloria in excelsis Deo.' No terrifying manifestations any longer of angry elements, only in the lower regions of the mount the tremor of earthquakes. But this betokens that some soul,

feeling itself cleansed, is starting upward to new heights. It is a place of spirits laden with the weight of sins not yet expiated, a place — as should it not be? — partaking at once of the nature of earth, of Hell, and even of Heaven. These souls that make their painful way upward struggle like men on earth but more single-heartedly, they are in a state of punishment, like souls in Hell, but less grievous, and they have intimations, though darkly, of the beatitude of souls in Paradise. Their appearance is that of fleshly bodies, without the malformations of the damned, the radiance of the blest, yet etherealized. Transparent, casting no shadow, they are impalpable, as Dante discovers when he attempts to embrace Casella as once Aeneas would have embraced Anchises.

Above the seven stages of ascent at the summit is the Garden of Eden, the earthly Paradise. Here strange sights await the poet — the Divine Pageant, with the chariot and the griffon, the four and twenty Elders of the Apocalypse, the four winged creatures, angel, lion, ox, and eagle. Here he will witness the dance of the seven maidens typifying the virtues, the four cardinal virtues clad in purple, the three theological virtues, one red as fire, one green as emerald, one white as new-fallen snow. He will see the mystic tree that renews itself, the eagle and the dragon, the harlot and the giant. Here he will converse with Mathilda, part with Virgil. Here, at length, he will meet Beatrice.

It is an idyllic landscape upon which he enters, a place of bird song and sweet breezes, of verdure and fragrance of flowers, and of clear waters, without counterpart on earth, of the streams of Eunoë and Lethe, of remembrance and forgetfulness. It is earth in its pristine innocence, before the fall of man.

Ed una melodia dolce correva
per l'aer luminoso —

A sweet melody ran through
the luminous air.

Dinanzi a noi, tal quale un foco
 acceso,

The air in front of us under the
green boughs became as flaming

ci si fe' l'aer sotto i verdi rami, fire and the lovely sound was
e il dolce suon per canto era gia heard as a chant.
inteso.

It is such a place as Virgil had told of:

... locos laetos et amoena virecta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
Largion hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

... glad regions, lovely greenness of happy groves where a
more abundant air invests the meadows with purple light —
abodes of the blest on whom shine their own sun, their own
stars.

For the pagan poet this is Elysium, the Paradise of pure souls.
For Dante it is only the earthly image of unearthly glories
yet to be revealed.

Again seven stages of ascent lie before him — seven degrees
of approach toward transfiguration, as Purgatory held seven
stages of emancipation from defilement. And still beyond
these — the seven planetary heavens of the moon, Mercury
and Venus, of the sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn — lie, like-
wise in space, the heavens of the fixed stars and *primum
mobile*. In all these, spirits are manifested, as if reflected
downward into clear mirrors. But their abode is the Emphy-
rean, beyond space and time, where God is, in His Unity
and Trinity, and Mary, and the vast multitude of angels ex-
ceeding in number the imaginings of human mind.

Of what Heaven in its essence may be, many had already
tried to tell. The writer of the Apocalypse had seen there a
throne, and round about it a rainbow like an emerald, and
angels and other unearthly things. He had heard a voice
that was as the voice of many waters, of thunder, of harpers
playing upon their harps. It was foretold in Revelation as
a place of unimaginable radiance:

Et nox ultra non erit, et non And there will be no night
egebunt lumine lucernae, neque there, nor will they need the

lumine solis, quoniam Dominus	light of a lamp, or light of the
Deus illuminabit illos, et	sun; for the Lord God will il-
regnabunt in saecula saeculorem.	lumine them and they shall reign
	for ever and ever.

And of the angels there had been sayings and visions.
Of the seraphim Isaiah had told that

each one had six wings: with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

The cherubim, Ezekiel had seen as creatures moving upon vast wheels of the colour of a beryl stone, and their bodies and their wings were full of eyes. The sound of their wings

was heard even to the outer court, as the voice of the Almighty God when he speaketh.

The Virgin Mary had been described in terms of exalted imagery, and mystics had attempted to communicate the divine quality of the beatific vision, the vision of God unveiled. But once more it was left to Dante to approach most nearly to utterance of the unutterable, to transcribe into seraphic speech the things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of men conceived.

As for any mystic — anyone who attempts to describe what is beyond reach of mortal senses — the supersensible for Dante is shadowed forth in images of sound and movement and light, but sound more piercingly sweet, movement more winged, light more dazzling than any upon earth. Here there is light in the form of a river, of circling wheels of fire, of living sparks that are transmuted into blossoms like rubies set in gold. There is the intolerable radiance of the eternal rose, with expanding petals, rank on rank, exhaling the perfume of praise to the sun, source of everlasting spring. There are the angels, descending into its burning core like bees plunging into flowers whence they return, laden with their sweetness. And these angels are of a whiteness surpassing that of snow, with faces of flame and wings

of gold. There is the Virgin, glowing in the midst, and the Trinity, a threefold light within a unitary star, a rainbow of three circles and three hues, yet of single magnitude, the third a fire seemingly kindled equally by the other two.

A place of blinding light, of dizzy whirling movement, of unearthly music — in some such wise must Paradise ever be conceived. But something at once more human and more celestial Dante adds to these perennial images.

From the smiling eyes of Beatrice he has long since received intimations of Heaven. Already he has been told that in Heaven spirits repent not, but smile. He has seen the smiling of the very grasses. Now he beholds Mary

... ai lor canti	... smiling to their song, a
ridere una bellezza, che letizia	beauty which was gladness in
era negli occhi a tutti gli altri	the eyes of all the saints.
santi.	

Omens of cosmic melodies in a cloud of radiance Job had uttered in a phrase of limpid ecstasy:

The morning stars sang together.

In an image as piercing Dante touches the essence of his vision:

Meseemed I was beholding a smile of the universe.

Heaven, a place of incommunicable serenity but also gladness, of a peace that passeth understanding but also jubilation of song, of forms to be apprehended only by the eyes of the spirit but clothed in light; and its culminating symbol a smile. Nothing more is needed, from the tongues of men and of angels, to intimate the felicity of the celestial Jerusalem, the city not made by hands

VII. THE SACRED DRAMA

BEYOND time and space, Paradise. Here, a world of sinful men and women, and how are they ever to climb to those celestial heights? Not by belief only, nor by good works. To bridge the chasm between earth and Heaven, there is needed a Jacob's ladder of seven rounds, and this the Church must provide. It must be something partaking of the nature of the visible and tangible, yet invested with unearthly meanings. Symbols are such a blend of the sensible and supersensible. The stairway to Heaven must be symbolic.

Mystic rites making use of physical elements — bread, water, wine, oil, salt, ashes, incense, balsam, fire — by such instruments as these men still in the flesh might find it possible, without too difficult transcendence of their fleshly state, to achieve communion with the unleshly. And the more fully these rites involve acts natural to earthly creatures — a kiss, a laying on of hands, bathing, eating and drinking, bowing and kneeling — the greater will be their efficacy. The more sensuously alluring they are, and spectacular, the profounder will be their appeal. Sweet sounds, sweet odours, and rich colours, pomp and ceremony — even something of the nature of drama, with impersonation and plot — these are the things which lend themselves to symbolic interpretation, above all for mediaeval man with his sensuous imagination, his peculiar capacity for reading hidden meanings

into the things of sense. He, at least, will surely see the kiss as symbolic, and the tender touch of benediction as more than a human embrace. He will regard bodily anointings and purification by water as a bath of the spirit, and the consumption of such food and drink as the Church provides as a supernatural meal. He will be quick to comprehend the mystical import of every gesture, seeing the movements of the body as movements of the soul.

Seven sacraments — baptism, confirmation, ordination, marriage, penance, Eucharist, and extreme unction — are the inspired ritualistic instruments of initiation and sanctification, and how natural they are, and how beautiful! Mediaeval man, heir of countless generations who danced and sang their religion and enacted dramatically the rites of life and love and death and all the desires and passions of their hearts, has in his turn pantomime and triumphant marchings, ritual of fire and water, symbolic deaths and births and consuming the Body of God.

Two out of the seven rungs of the ladder not everyone need climb. The sacrament of marriage is only for men and women electing to live together for the perpetuation of the race, and so in need of a hallowing of that state. Ordination is for men alone, and of them only such as would serve as priests in the Church of God on earth. All other sacraments are normally obligatory for everyone who would attain at last the Beatific Vision. Of these, baptism and confirmation mark the initiation of the Christian life, extreme unction marks its end. Penance and the Eucharist are recurrent sacraments participated in repeatedly throughout earthly existence.

Each of these rites is seen as divinely instituted by Christ. He was Himself the first recipient of Christian baptism. By His presence He hallowed the marriage at Cana. Repentance for sin He enjoined as a necessary means to salvation. Peter and the other ten He ordained as His priests. Death He sanctified by Himself dying as a mortal man. And confirmation and the Eucharist He instituted on the

occasion of the solemn final partaking of the Passover with His disciples.

Now when even was come, he was sitting at meat with the twelve disciples.

... And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

For this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the remission of sins.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have not life in you.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

From such touching and simple beginning was to come the stupendous institution of the Mass.

By slow accretions and elaborations this and all sacraments gradually evolved. Older usages gave way to new, and doctrinally and ritualistically a more fully developed pattern emerged. Nor were the changes in the direction of increased complexity.

For consider the case of baptism. In the early centuries this involved complete immersion, and it was adults rather than infants who underwent the rite. The newly baptized were thus immediately eligible for confirmation and the Eucharist. The sequence of the three sacraments constituted a ceremony of initiation, making a drama in three acts preceded by a prelude, the catechumenate, a period of probation which in turn involved ceremonial. To be admitted to the catechumenate the candidate was obliged to demonstrate the seriousness of his desire for holiness and the strength of his faith by answering questions and passing successfully the test of Scrutinies — corroborations offered by his fellow

citizens as to his worthiness. Acceptance of him was symbolized by the laying on of hands, or the signing of the Cross on his forehead, or a preliminary exorcism of evil. The probationary state thus entered upon might last for a long period, even for a lifetime.

The drama proper — baptism, confirmation, and first communion — had the meaning of a passage out of this world, an entrance into the communion of saints. Like the gods of ancient times, the candidate died to be reborn, assuming a baptismal name, laying aside his old garments, donning a white robe, and partaking not only of the bread and wine of the Eucharist but also of milk and honey as symbolic of entrance into the Promised Land. The double significance of the expulsion of evil and a reception of the Holy Ghost was symbolized both in the rites involved in the candidate's purification and in those pertaining to the elements employed in the ceremony. The candle was blessed, and the oil and incense — that incense which symbolized the prayers of the saints. And the lustral waters were first exorcised and thereafter blessed. Moreover, a temporary state suggestive of a condition of taboo overtook the newly admitted confessed Christian, as if his initiation had set him apart like one newly arisen from the dead. His forehead might not be washed, but remained bound for a period which, by the time of the thirteenth century, had been shortened from seven days to three.

Originally the entire ceremony took place at Eastertide, with bathing and partial fasting on Holy Thursday, total abstinence on Holy Friday, and a solemn procession on the night of Holy Saturday to the baptistery, situated at a distance from the church. The subsequent ceremony was highly elaborate, involving exorcism, anointing, placing of salt on the tongue, triple immersion — symbolic of the three Persons of the Trinity — a triple invocation — of those same Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — and a three-fold confession of faith. The effects of baptism were further-

more regarded as threefold: remission of sins, infusion of sanctifying grace, and acquirement of special grace facilitating the fulfillment of the resolve to forswear the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

With the passage of time the ceremony is simplified and altered. Total immersion is no longer practised, and it is young infants who customarily undergo baptism, confirmation being postponed until the attainment of the age of responsibility. The rite remains symbolic and highly dramatic, involving the participation of candidates, sponsors, officiants, and the use of chrism and consecrated oil and water. Like ordination, baptism continues to be an indelible sacrament, precluding the removal of the sanctification, or a repetition of it, though in cases of doubt as to the legitimacy of an original baptism, a conditional one may be imposed. Since the fourth century vicarious baptism has fallen into disuse — that strange reception of the baptismal waters by a living person on behalf of one already dead. But so serious are the consequences of failure to receive the sacrament that in the case of an unborn babe whose prospects of an earthly life are slight, baptism may be administered while the child is still in its mother's womb.

The physical elements used in this rite are sanctified, and the consecration of them might appear to constitute a kind of baptism. The blessing of bells is indeed popularly termed baptism in these mediaeval days. Bells are washed in holy water, anointed with oil without and with chrism within, and over them the bishop utters a prayer that their sound will disperse demons, yield protection from storms, and summon people to prayer. In the time of crusades ships also are sprinkled with holy water, and thus in some sense baptized.

But more important than any of these baptismal consecrations, is the rite of dedicating a church. This too involves anointing and consecration by water, and much besides. In addition to the simpler symbolic rites the ceremony lends

itself to genuinely dramatic ritual, with impersonation, plot, and dialogue.

The building to be dedicated is already itself a symbol. It is the vessel of the Lord, and its cruciform plan images the very Cross of the Crucifixion, thus shadowing forth the doctrine of the Atonement. For such an arch-symbolist as the thirteenth-century William Durandus all parts of the structure possess symbolic significance. The corner stone is Christ, the building stones the Faithful, and of the elements — lime, sand, and water — constituting the cement, the lime is fervent charity, the water the emblem of the Holy Spirit. The foundation is faith; the roof, charity; the pavement, humility; the walls, the four cardinal virtues; the towers, preachers and prelates; the door, again Christ; the piers, bishops and doctors; and the tiles of the roof, the soldiers who preserve the church from its enemies.

According to Durandus, there are five reasons for dedicating a house of worship: (1) that the devil and his power may be expelled from it; (2) that those who seek refuge within it may be saved; (3) that prayers uttered there may be heard; (4) that praises offered to God may be accepted; (5) that the sacraments may there be administered. These reasons are also listed in the *Golden Legend*, and alike in this book and in the *Rationale* of Durandus three reasons are given for the consecration of the altar: (1) that it shall be worthy of bearing the Body and Blood of Christ; (2) that it shall be worthy of serving as a place of invocation of the name of God; (3) that it shall be worthy of serving as a place of religious song.

The main ceremony is thus described in the *Golden Legend*:

First the bishop makes three times the circuit of the church, and each time he passes before the door he strikes it with his staff saying: Open, O princes, your gates. Then the exterior and interior are sprinkled with holy water, and on the pavement is made a cross of sand and ashes in which is written, diagonally (across the church) the Greek Alphabet and the Latin alphabet.

On the walls crosses are inscribed and anointed with holy chrism, and before each, candles are lighted. And this is the meaning of these ceremonies: (1) the triple circuit of the church signifies that it is consecrated in honour of the Holy Trinity. Or else it means the three states of souls saved by the church, namely, the state of virginity, the state of continence, and the state of marriage. (2) The triple striking of the door symbolizes Christ's right to enter the church, in His quality of creature, of redeemer, and of glorifier. (3) The triple recitation of the formulae *aperite portas* indicates the triple power of God, namely, in Heaven, on earth, and in Hell. (4) The sprinkling of holy water has for its object, first, the expulsion of the devil — secondly, the purification of the church — and lastly, the removal of all malediction and substitution of the benediction of God. (5) The inscribing of the two alphabets represents the union of the Jewish people and the Gentiles, and also the union of the two testaments — (6) The painting of crosses on the walls has for its object to terrify demons and to mark the triumph of Christ. . . . (7) Finally, the candles lighted before these crosses, to the number of twelve, symbolize the twelve apostles who have lighted the world by faith in Christ.

The second ceremony and its meaning are set forth in the following passage:

To consecrate the altar, four crosses are described with holy water on the four corners; then the circuit of the altar is made seven times; then it is sprinkled seven times with holy water mixed with hyssop; then incense is burned; then follows an anointing with holy chrism; finally it is covered with a clean cloth. These seven operations symbolize the virtues required of those who approach the altar. (1) They should possess the four sorts of love sanctioned by the Cross of Christ — love of God, love of self, love of friends and love of enemies. And the four crosses signify the salvation of the four quarters of the world by the cross. (2) The seven circuits of the altar symbolize the vigilance that God demands of his priests. And they may also recall the seven journeys of Christ, from Heaven into the womb of the Virgin, from her womb to the manger, from the manger into the world, from the world to the Cross, from the Cross to the tomb, from the tomb to Hell, from Hell to Heaven. (3) The seven sprinklings of holy water symbolize the seven times that

Christ's blood was spilled — in the circumcision, in the Garden of Olives, in the flagellation, in the crowning with thorns, in the piercing of His hands, in the piercing of His feet, in the piercing of His side. (4) The smoke of the incense symbolizes prayer which should rise to Heaven with fervour and devotion. (5) The anointing with the holy chrism signifies that the priest should have a pure conscience and the odour of a good reputation. (6) Finally the clean clothes symbolize the purity of good works which hide the nudity of the soul and beautify it.

Graphic as these passages are, giving us a picture of two related ceremonies pervaded with symbolism, they fail to touch upon those features of the rite which lend it a peculiarly dramatic significance. One of these is a symbolic burial, the other is a partial re-enactment of the apocryphal drama of the Harrowing of Hell.

The altar since early days has been seen as a tomb. It houses relics of saints, which are concealed within it on the day of dedication. Durandus tells how the relics are stored away, together with three grains of frankincense. And a very solemn, hieratic burial this, in the most hallowed of places. It is, moreover, a burial which serves as a reminder of the burial of the Lord. Indeed, in the absence of other relics, it is the Host which is sealed within the altar, so that thereafter this is a tomb, not of any mere saint but of the Redeemer.

In the general dedication of the church, the priest who conceals himself within its doors impersonates Satan, asking the question: 'Who is this King of Glory?' in the words put into the mouth of the personified Hades in the apocryphal account. And the bishop who knocks on the door, crying, 'Lift up, O Princes, your gates,' plays the part of the angels in that same narrative, speaking words taken from the twenty-fourth psalm. Impersonation, dialogue, the elements of plot — all these then are present. The ceremony, which involves all the further ritual within the church, is in its earlier portions a dramatic representation of the opening of

the portals to permit the entrance of the King of Glory, with an accompanying expulsion of the king of the nether world.

Of less dramatic character are the sacraments of ordination, marriage, and extreme unction, but all three are invested with symbolic meaning. Ordination, like baptism, and to an even more serious degree, is a death to this world and entrance into the community of saints. It involves anointing, investiture with symbols of office, and other rites. Marriage is the sanctification of a union of man and woman for a perpetuating of the human race. In each instance it is doomed to involve pain and sorrow, but these are the legacy of the sin of the first parents, whose state of wedlock after the expulsion was the prototype of all later marriages. Extreme unction involves the last anointing with the material element of consecrated oil, together with the last confession to an earthly priest. It constitutes the final effort on the part of the Church to facilitate the departure of a wracked soul and its blissful reception into Heaven.

Especially significant in the rites of ordination and extreme unction, as in those of baptism and confirmation, is the use of holy oils. Even in Old Testament days it was oil that was employed for the consecration of kings and priests. This element has then deeply grounded associations, both royal and sacerdotal. Moreover, by reason of its natural healing properties, it suggests not only a regeneration of the body, but, symbolically, a healing of the soul. It is then with peculiar appropriateness employed in the rite of anointing those who, at the point of death, are presumably beyond earthly aid and curable by nothing less than a divine miracle. The explicit Biblical sanctioning of this rite is found in the words of James:

Is any among you sick? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

And the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the

Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, it shall be forgiven him.

The oil thereafter used in this rite was usually unmixed with any other elements, though in the East there developed the practice of blending with it a little water or wine, or, as among the Nestorians, ashes or dust from the sepulchre of a saint. It was likewise unmixed oil that was employed in the anointing of a neophyte before baptism. But in addition to this simple element for use in anointings there is also chrism, pure olive oil mixed with sweet balsam. It is this that comes to be used in the sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and ordination, as likewise in the consecration of churches, altars, bells, and the chalices and patens of the Mass.

As for the sacrament of penance, this in its ordinary form, even in the early centuries, involved no public ceremony. It consisted of confession of sins to a consecrated priest by those burdened by a sense of guilt and desirous of winning absolution. The power of the Church to grant such absolution was regarded as explicitly declared by Christ, as recorded by John:

... he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit:

Whosoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.

In the early period there was, however, in addition to simple private penance a more solemn variety obligatory in the case of grave transgressions involving the capital sins of adultery, idolatry, and murder. Confession was then followed by the imposition of public penance, the ceremony taking place usually on Ash Wednesday. Penitents were excluded for a shorter or longer time from a partaking of the Eucharist, and bidden to undertake certain penitential acts. These included assumption of sackcloth and ashes, fasting, sorrow, and prayer. The public appearance in church of such persons meant a disposing of them in such a manner as

to indicate the stage of purification they had attained. The lowest grade of all, weeping, were compelled to remain outside. The next higher grade stationed themselves behind the catechumens in the narthex, remaining there until the end of the sermon. The next grade knelt between the door and the ambo and received the bishop's blessing; while those of the highest grade were excluded merely from participation in the sacrament of the Mass, and might remain in their places until the celebration was completed.

Thus was presented something like an earthly counterpart of the various regions and spiritual gradations of the supernatural universe. In the world beyond the pale of the church were the heretics, unbelievers and unrepentant, already, so to speak, denizens of Hell. Those who clustered about the church portals, longing to enter, but not yet permitted to do so, represented souls of the lowest order of purgatorial probation. The narthex, sheltering the unbaptized catechumens and the second grade of the repentant, constituted at once Limbo and a higher level of Purgatory. The church proper included the final stages of Purgatory and also Heaven. Within it knelt those who might participate in at least a portion of the service, and those who, still closer to complete fellowship with the elect, might view from afar the mystical ceremony of the communion. Already in Paradise were the communicants. At the moment of consummation of the miracle at the altar and of the reception of the Host, they experienced, at least briefly, something like the Beatific Vision. For in that miracle of the Mass, Christ Himself was in their midst. And with Him, since He was one with God, were God the Father and God the Holy Ghost. All Heaven was indeed there — the Trinity, and assuredly the Virgin, and with her a vast cloud of witnesses, the angels and the saints.

This sacrament by which Heaven is thus brought down to earth remains beyond comparison the supreme sacrament. If a special significance attaches to baptism as the necessary

condition for participation in every other sacramental rite, it is to the miracle of the Mass that the most portentous meanings accrue. All sacraments are of the nature of a miracle, of a mystery; all are symbolic. But the Eucharist is the arch-mystery, the ultimate miracle, a symbol in which the two terms of the relation — the visible object and the invisible meaning — become indissolubly fused. And this not merely by reason of the tendency of the human imagination to identify the symbol with the thing symbolized, but by the doctrines of the Church itself. For here is bread and wine — bread made from the very wheat which all may see growing in the fields, wine extracted from the grapes of the vineyards spread out beneath the sunny sky. And they quite literally cease to be bread and wine, becoming the Body and Blood which a moment before they had merely symbolized. Even mediaeval man with his belief in miraculous transformations, his mystical imagination, and his tendency to interchange the sacred and the profane, sometimes finds the miracle hard to credit. For the learned, the philosophic distinction of substance and accident may be adduced to explain how, though the outward appearance of the elements remains unchanged, their substance can be transmuted into the very substance of flesh and blood. By the unlearned — and indeed in the last analysis by the learned as well — the notion of transubstantiation may be received only through an act of unquestioning faith.

The idea that the transmutation entails a visible taking on of new *qualities* is as misguided as the notion that the *substance* remains unaffected. And yet, while those of little faith fall into the latter error, many believers fall into the former. Under stress of intense emotion, those of vivid imagination seem to behold in the Eucharistic elements the visible presence of Christ in His physical reality. Even saints and churchmen, as well as ordinary people, are subject to such mystical experiences. The *Golden Legend* records that St. Dominic again and again beheld Christ at the moment of the miraculous change.

Like the doctrine of the Trinity and that of the Incarnation, the doctrine underlying this most sacred rite of the Church is fraught with paradox. It involves the mystery of transmutation of substance without change of perceptible qualities. It involves also the difficult notion that Christ is physically present in His entirety in each smallest fraction of bread and least drop of wine, and yet also simultaneously residing in Heaven — that, indeed, He is simultaneously present upon all the altars the world over wherever the miracle of transubstantiation may be taking place.

Because of the deeply sacred character of the elements after transubstantiation, scrupulous care is exercised to preserve them from all contamination. This involves further ceremonial. The vessels containing the sacrament have been previously anointed and blessed, and after being used they are cleaned, to rid them not of impurity, but of their extreme sanctity. The priest, moreover, washes his hands both before and after the ceremony in special basins. Since Christ in His entirety is present in the smallest crumb of what was bread, the least drop of what was wine, these may not be allowed to fall to the ground or be inadvertently carried away. The Thing upon the altar deserves nothing less than the reverence and adoration accorded to God. It is indeed God Himself in the Person of Christ.

The service at which this high mystery is celebrated is the Mass, a name derived from the word *missa*, in the formula *Ite, missa est* — Go, there is dismissal. In the days of the institution of the catechumenate, these words were pronounced by the officiant after the offertory, as a form of dismissal of the unbaptized, who might not remain for the communion. They continue to be used at the conclusion of the rite.

The daily celebration of this most holy sacrament takes place between the services of Terce and Sext, the day being divided into an established sequence of hours. According to Bible narrative, it was at the third hour that the apostles gathered for prayer on the day of Pentecost, at the sixth

hour that Peter went to the roof to pray, and at the ninth hour that Peter and John together repaired to the temple. Very early in the history of the Church these three hours were set apart for collective worship. To them were added others, the entire series consisting of Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline.

Each day a procession of hallowed hours, and day is added to day in the orbit of the year, a round of sacred feasts. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter are the four seasons for natural man, who sows and reaps and gathers in his harvest. Of the liturgical year the two great seasons are the season of Christ's birth and that of His death and resurrection. Forty days after Christmas is the Feast of the Purification; forty days before Easter begins a season of special fasting and prayer. From the date of Easter is in turn derived that of other feasts — of the Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and Corpus Christi. Of fixed feast days there is a multitude — celebrations of each of the four evangelists, of the disciples, of the archangel Michael, and St. Paul, celebrations of holy women, and of St. Martin, St. Christopher, St. Eustache, and St. Stephen, the first martyr. On the first of January falls the feast of the Circumcision, on January sixth, that of the Epiphany, a threefold celebration commemorating the adoration of the Magi, Christ's baptism, and the miracle at Cana — three occasions when Christ revealed Himself as God. Scattered through the year are days set apart for the honouring of the Virgin — December 8, her Conception; September 8, her Nativity; November 21, her Presentation in the Temple; March 25, the Annunciation; July 2, the Visitation; February 2, the Purification; and August 15, her Assumption.

Varied as the occasions are the ceremonies with which they are hailed. On Palm Sunday are processions and casting of palms in a joyous line of march, commemorating Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. At Rogationtide, three days before the Feast of the Ascension, are processions. These recall and in a sense perpetuate those of the ancient

pagan festival of Ambervalia, an annual lustration of the fields. Processions also on the day of Corpus Christi, a feast instituted in the thirteenth century, inspired by the miracle of Bolsena — the bleeding of the Host upon the altar for the miraculous allaying of a young priest's doubts as to the actuality of transubstantiation. On this day the Host is carried through the streets upon a monstrance, protected by a baldaquin. The festival of the Purification of the Virgin again entails processions and ceremonial reminiscent of the fire ritual of pagan cults. For this is a feast of fire. Candles are lighted and left burning during the night of February 1, and those taking part in the processions carry lights.

But how many another day is, among other things, a feast of fire; not only Candlemas, but every day indeed of the liturgical year. There are lighted candles for the Masses for the dead and for baptismal rites — for the celebration of every sacrament with the exception of Penance. On Easter morning there is the rite of blessing new fire, from which the candles are relighted, the old lights having been previously extinguished one by one, leaving the church in total darkness except for a single light left burning on the altar. It is from this darkness that the services of Matins and Lauds on the three days preceding Easter take their name of *Tenebrae*. And this darkness, no less than the ensuing brightness of Easter Day, is symbolic. If light means life and joy, darkness means death and mourning. The interval between Thursday and Sunday of Holy Week is a prolonged obsequy, commemorative of Christ's incarceration in the tomb.

Processions, rites of fire, exhibition of the Host and of sacred relics, song, mourning, and rejoicing — all these contribute to the dramatic character of the established celebrations. More truly of the nature of drama are, however, special forms of ritual developed in connection with the ceremonial of certain feast days.

These were made possible by the introduction into the liturgy of verbal amplifications called tropes. Pope Gregory I

established at the end of the sixth century a fixed form for the Mass. But in the tenth century Notker writes additional words for the melodies sung to the word Alleluia, and others add words for vowel sounds carried through prolonged melodies in other parts of the liturgy. It is in this fashion that hymns, rhymed and rhythmic, known as sequences, came to be incorporated in the service, these as well as other tropes being included in the Graduale, successor to Gregory's Antiphonarium, the song book for the use of the choristers.

Among the interpolations thus introduced by mediaeval writers are sentences consisting sometimes of verses taken from the Scriptures and sung antiphonally, cantors and chorus or chorus and semi-chorus rendering the successive portions. One instance of such antiphonal song is of unique significance as constituting the earliest instance of true liturgical drama. This is a brief dialogue introduced into the Mass for Easter Day. An early version consists of merely four sentences:

Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, Christocolae?
Iesum Nazarenum crucifixum, Coelicolae.
Non est hic, surrexit sicut praedixerat.
Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro.

Whom seek ye in the tomb, O Christians?
Jesus of Nazareth, crucified, O heavenly beings.
He is not here, He is risen as He foretold.
Go, proclaim the tidings, since He has risen from the grave.

Abbreviated drama, this, yet here is dialogue — question and momentous reply — a tomb for the setting, a dramatic situation, an opportunity for impersonation. An angel or angels and three Maries constitute the cast, but to these characters are later added apostles and Christ Himself. Moreover, the tiny fragment becomes dissociated from the Mass and is introduced into the service for Matins, where there is freer scope for elaboration. On the model of this trope another is developed: *Quem quaeritis in praesepe, pastores, dicite?* — Whom seek ye in the manger, say, O shepherds —

a dialogue between shepherds and angels. Used at first in the Mass for Christmas, this too is transferred to Matins, this too undergoes further elaboration with the annexing of other characters and the representation of the star as well as the manger. It gives rise indeed to a diminutive play variously called *Stella*, *Tres Reges*, and *Herode*. Still other pieces of liturgical drama follow, one dealing with the miracle of St. Nicholas, another with the story of Lazarus, another with Daniel. There is a play of prophets, including in the cast not only Old Testament characters but the Erythraean sibyl and Virgil with his seemingly prophetic line, *Iam nova progenies caelo dimittitur alto*. Another play, *Antichristus*, involves allegorical figures foreshadowing those of the later morality plays.

Less properly drama, but dramatic in character, are the rites of the *Depositio* and *Elevatio* of Passion Week. A cross is wrapped in cloths and buried in a tomb constructed upon the altar, remaining there for the period of Christ's incarceration in the grave. On Easter morning it is raised again, symbolizing the resurrected Christ. Sometimes in place of a cross the Host is buried; sometimes the ceremony involves both cross and Host.

A succession of feast days with their processions, their dramatic interludes, their varied significance and individual rites — such, then, is the liturgical year. And always great ceremonial pervaded with the symbolism of fire and incense, bread and wine, with strains of music and wreaths of fragrant smoke rising together toward Heaven, and solemn drama enacted upon an altar that is at once a tomb and the seat of an incarnate Divinity. All this is given daily in parish churches, but most magnificently in great cathedrals in any celebration of Solemn High Mass.

What more could the worshipper in the cathedral desire in the way of splendour? All that he craves of pomp and ceremony, of sensuous allurements and mystic meanings, are here vouchsafed him. He is in the presence of manifold symbols.

But to facilitate his reception of supersensible significance they are incorporated in a ritual that is sacred epic, hieratic opera, sublime drama of cosmic import. Bishop, deacon, subdeacon, acolyte, thurifer, cantors, and chorus — all have their part to play. The deacon reads from the Gospels, the subdeacon from the Epistles, at the appointed moment an acolyte sounds the little bell, the thurifer swings the censer, from which emanate clouds of smoke laden with exotic odours, cantors and chorus respond to one another, to the chanting of the celebrant, to the singing of the people as they raise their voices in prayer and praise. Tall wax candles tipped with flickering fire are uplifted upon the altar, and paten and chalice gleam in their mellow light. And that same light falls upon the bowed head, the kneeling figure, the moving hands of the celebrant, and upon his priestly vestments and the draperies of the altar.

Even the colours of these are symbolic, and they vary according to the character of the occasion. Green, red, white, black, violet, each of these has its appropriate uses, since each typifies a different state of feeling. White, the colour of snow, symbolizes purity. It is therefore the colour for the feast days of the Virgin as well as for the majority of the days dedicated to Christ. It is used for the funerals of children, for the nuptial mass and for the feasts of angels. Red, the colour of fire and blood, lends itself to the feast of martyrs, and of the Pentecost and Passion. Violet, expressive of affliction and sorrow, prevails during Advent and the weeks preceding Easter. Black belongs to occasions of mourning — Good Friday and the Masses for the dead. Green, displayed in springtime vegetation, means hope, and is therefore appropriate for still other periods of the year.

Thus according to the day or season a special emotional quality is imparted to the celebration of the offices by the colours featured in the vestments and about the altar. And according to the day or season other emotional effects due to changing light and colour are also forthcoming. For in the

vast spaces of the cathedral the shadowiness, diminished in seasons of brilliant sunshine, grows deeper in periods of cloud and storm. The gold, crimson, emerald, blue and amber of stained glass windows become sheets of varicoloured flame, or smoulder like dying fires bereft of their fierce heat and radiance.

In the service thus splendidly adorned, the crucial ceremony to which all else is a prelude consists of the consecration of the Elements, the fraction of the bread, the commingling of bread and wine, and the subsequent communion. Toward this climax in a crescendo of suspense the preliminary rites lead up — prayer and praise, chanting of the creed, readings, and a variety of choral renderings. For those susceptible to the hypnotic appeal of the human voice, intoning, whispering, chanting, exhorting, pleading, and declaiming, even the less solemn earlier portions of the liturgy must, quite apart from their hieratic meaning, be always deeply affecting. But more glorious than the voices of readers and celebrant are those of the choristers in their singing of the wonderfully moving, the indescribably beautiful, Gregorian chant.

The Latin texts for which this music was composed furnish a minimum of syllables, but resounding syllables worthy of being prolonged through a succession of tones — syllables that are themselves laden with music. Unrhymed, rhythmic as great prose is rhythmic, the sonorous phrases make a warp upon which is woven a woof of incomparable melodies. Devoid of harmony, devoid of chromatic modulations, rising and falling by small intervals and keeping strictly to the diatonic scheme of one or another of the eight Gregorian modes, these melodies are devoid also of emphatic accents. Like the phrases to which they are fitted, they are borne upon the sustained and infinitely flexible cadences of impassioned speech, cadences expressive of every mood — agony, fear, rapture, despair, wistfulness, sorrow, and exultation. And yet these melodies are all alike pervaded with a deep solemnity, almost a mournfulness. Or perhaps it is only that here is a

holy joy, an unearthly quality of rapture, never the gaiety belonging to the transitory delights of mortal existence.

Among the chants expressive of this sober, meditative sort of beatitude are Alleluia choruses, *Kyrie Eleisons*, Glorias, invocations of the Virgin, of the Lamb of God, of the Holy Spirit. Among those of more sombre mood is the tragic *Tenebrae factae sunt*, wherein the voices make an exceptional ascent of a sixth on the words *Deus meus*, simulating the agonized and imploring voice of Christ on the Cross. Of the number of these deeply melancholy chants is the *Media vita*, composed by Notker, a chant for the dead and for occasions of misfortune. The words like the music are weighted with omen:

Media vita in morte sumus, quem quaerimus adiutorem, nisi te, Domine, qui pro peccatis nostris juste irasceris?

In the midst of life we are in death. Whom should we seek to aid us except thee, O Lord, who art justly angered with us for our sins?

But it is in the *Sanctus* added to Notker's solemn text that the melody becomes expressive of an almost intolerable quality of lyric anguish, epitomizing all the pain and sorrow of desolated humanity:

Sancte Deus, sancte fortis; sancte et misericors Salvator, amarae morti ne tradas nos.

Deliver us not up to bitter death! Here is the cry of mediæval man, deeply sensible of the loveliness of life, and recoiling from the dire prospect of an eternal punishment for his shortcomings. Existence is sweet, and only in his more exalted moments can he bring himself to dwell even upon the spiritual delights destined for those who have lived worthily. Death besets his path, and though it may be long postponed there is no escaping the doom of a last sleep or the dread day of ultimate judgment. Well may he call upon God, upon a holy and compassionate Saviour, for only before the Throne of Grace can he hope to find light to relieve the darkness of despair.

To the collection of unrhymed texts of the earlier liturgical music are added others, rhymed and more regularly rhythmic. The *Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem* is sung, the *Dies Irae* and the *Ave Maris Stella*. For the feast of Corpus Christi Thomas Aquinas writes the *Lauda Sion* and the great *Pange Lingua* which epitomizes the doctrine of the Eucharist:

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Sing, my tongue, the mystery
of the glorious body, the pre-
cious blood
shed for the redeeming of the
world
by our King, born of a noble
womb.

Nobis datus, nobis natus,
Ex intacta virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

Given for us, born for us,
of a pure virgin,
dwelling in the world
He scattered the seed of the
Word,
ending his sojourn here
in a miraculous way.

In supremæ nocte coenæ,
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

Reclining with his brethren
on the night of the Last Supper,
having duly observed the rites
of the ordained repast,
with His own hands He gave
Himself
as food for the company of
twelve.

Verbum caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Etsi sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

Himself the Word made flesh, by
a word
He made actual bread into flesh
and wine into blood.
If this change cannot be per-
ceived by sense,
faith by itself suffices to give as-
surance
to those of sincere heart.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
 Veneremur cernui:
 Et antiquum documentum
 Novo cedat ritui:
 Praestet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui!

Genitori, Genitoque
 Laus et jubilatio!
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio!
 Procedenti ab utroque
 Compar sit laudatio!

Amen

Prostrate let us then revere this
 great sacrament,
 and let ancient precepts make
 way for a new rite,
 faith availing where senses fail.

To Father and to Son be praise,
 glory,
 salvation, honour, and blessing
 and the same to the Spirit that
 proceedeth
 from Father and Son together.

Amen

Into the liturgy of the feast of Pentecost is introduced an invocation of the Holy Spirit, among the most beautiful of mediæval sacred songs.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
 Et emitte coelitus
 Lucis tue radium.
 Veni, pater pauperum.
 Veni, dator munerum,
 Veni, lumen cordium;

Come, Holy Spirit, and shed
 upon us
 the beams of Thy Heavenly radiance.
 Come, father of the poor, come,
 bestower of gifts,
 come, light of our hearts.

Consolator optime,
 Dulcis hospes animae,
 Dulce refrigerium:
 In labore requies,
 In aestu temperies,
 In fletu solatium.

Supreme comforter, sweet so-
 journer within our breasts,
 and sweet refreshment,
 respite from labour, coolness in
 heat,
 solace in our weeping.

O lux beatissima,
 Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium!
 Sine tuo numine
 Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

O Light divine,
 flood the inmost hearts of thy
 faithful.
 Apart from Thee, man is naught
 and there is nothing good.

Lava quod est sordidum,
 Riga quod est aridum,
 Sana quod est saucium;
 Flecte quod est rigidum,
 Fove quod est frigidum,
 Rege quod est devium!

Make thou pure the unclean,
 refresh the thirsty, heal the sick,
 bend the proud, warm the cold,
 give guidance to them that stray.

Da tuis fidelibus
 In te confitentibus
 Sacrum septenarium;
 Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitum,
 Da perenne gaudium!

To Thy faithful, confiding in
 Thee,
 grant Thy sevenfold blessing.
 Grant the reward of right doing,
 an untroubled passage out
 of this world,
 and joy everlasting.

Finally, among the many songs in honour of the Virgin, celebrating her purity, her graciousness, her unique blessedness, there is the *Stabat Mater*, a solemn commemoration of her transcendent sorrows.

By song, the varying emotional significance of the special feast days is added to the changeless significance of the Mass. A daily rite, a rite celebrated with particular pomp on the first day of the week, since every Sabbath is a lesser Easter, or day of resurrection, this supreme sacrament, invested with infinite meaning, acquires also the more limited meanings belonging to its particular celebrations. To these in turn it imparts a shared unity of significance, linking the days in the cycle of the week, in the greater cycle of the year, into an unbroken sequence of dramatizations of the Incarnation.

Outside the walls of the cathedral, life goes on through changing seasons and successions of yearly cycles. Men are born, love, make war, feast, sin and repent, initiate daring adventures, suffer, triumph, grow old and die. But it is from within the cathedral that the impulse comes for many a great undertaking. Within the cathedral crusades are preached, and the holy enterprise of pilgrimages. Within the cathedral ardent souls receive the inspiration to enter upon the consecrated life of monastery or convent. There

they are baptized and confirmed and partake of the first communion, there priests are ordained, marriages sanctified, and Masses for the dead recited.

And to the cathedral men and women, young and old, of noble degree and lowly, take their fears and hopes, their joys and sorrows. That beautiful place is a haven of refuge for the weary and heavy laden and a scene of rejoicing for the glad heart. When plagues and famines devastate the land, when crusades and wars end in disaster, when fires destroy homes, and poverty and misery crush the people, where may they find solace except before the altar? And when fate smiles upon them, when they find existence inexpressibly good, where can they more fitly utter their thanksgivings than before that same altar? For this is housed in no austere retreat, bereft of sensuous loveliness. Sweeter sounds, more splendid colour are here to be found than anywhere without the walls. Those who know no other means of achieving a sense of glory can here feel themselves members of a consecrated company enacting great drama, gorgeous in its accoutrements, matchless in its significance.

Religious ritual is a translation into dramatic terms of the essential beliefs of mediaeval man. Nothing more sumptuous as a theatre for this ritual could have been devised than churches that are vast shadowy spaces framed by walls of translucent glass. But the structure of carved stone and resplendent windows constitutes more than an enclosing shell, sheltering the altar with its recurrent miracle. What more it is we have yet to see.

VIII. WORD MADE FLESH

I

A WORLD of space and time, filled with lovely sounds and shapes and colour. An encompassing spaceless, timeless domain of impalpable spirit, and by metaphor and symbol mediaeval man passes from the one to the other. Romantic, mystical, enamoured of earth and intent on Heaven, he makes the transition from the sensible to the supersensible by means of sacred ritual, a ritual that is the dramatization of the mighty system of theology upon which his church is founded.

That theology is, we have seen, fully set forth in terms of the written word. All sacred literature contributes to its establishment — the Scriptures, Apocryphal books, legend, and the writings of the early fathers and doctors, of the later theologians and philosophers. Even poets lend their eloquence to make it more persuasive — writers of hymns and, above all, the poet of the *Divine Comedy*. For this poem is not only a treatise on ethics and a nightmare of Hell, a vision of Heaven. It is an exposition of all essential doctrine. Like St. Anselm before him and Milton after him, Dante justifies the ways of God to man. Like Boethius and Aquinas, he reconciles human responsibility and divine omniscience.

But only the learned can read and write, and perusal of the Old and New Testaments is not for the laity. Hymns and theological arguments are in Latin, the speech of ecclesiastics and of the university. The *Divine Comedy* is of another land,

written in the alien Tuscan tongue. It belongs, moreover, to the late years of the Gothic era. For the instruction of the humble some other version of sacred knowledge is needed, a graphic version such as pictorial imagination may render in plastic terms. Thus it comes to pass that in the cathedral the invisible is made visible, the impalpable, palpable — word is made flesh. Here, carved in stone, glorious in painted glass, is the entire world, natural and supernatural, of mediaeval man.

After their several fashions, the worlds of earlier generations had already been imaged in their temples. In those of Egypt ceilings were miniature skies, fields of azure strewn with stars, and even adorned with symbols of the hours of day and night and of the months of the year. And if the roof was the heavens above, the pavement was the land beneath. Fields and flowers, rivers and hills painted along the base of the walls, suggested that the earth with all it contained was somehow comprehended within the enclosure. According to Babylonian astronomy that earth was shaped like a step pyramid about which circle spheres bearing round the sun, moon, planets, and distant stars. The ziggurat constructed on that pattern was a little replica of such an earth, and its successive levels might be painted in colours symbolizing the heavenly bodies.

Not only the earth but its inhabitants were represented in ancient temples — victors in their chariots, slaves at their hard labour, hunters with the animals of the chase, priests and kings making libations, offering treasure, or performing funeral rites. In addition to these were the denizens of the spiritual world — gods and goddesses in human form or combining in strange blends attributes of man with those of lower orders of life. Thus an ancient place of worship was a microcosm modelled upon the macrocosm, a simulacrum of the universe, a record of life on earth and a prophecy of the life beyond the grave.

With changing cultures went changing conceptions of life

and God and nature. In mediaeval art it is the unique culture of the Middle Ages that is portrayed.

This culture in its earlier phases produces the Romanesque church with its distinctive imaging of earth and Heaven. Many a tradition its creators hand down to later artists. But the church of the eleventh and early twelfth century, unlike that of the succeeding period in bodily features, differs from it also in spirit. An archaic art we find here, with simplifications and distortions, an art moreover of exceeding solemnity. The elongated figures of Burgundian sculpture at Vézelay and Autun, the stylized figures at Moissac, have the awfulness of cosmic imaginings. They are no creatures of earth but inventions of men spiritually akin to the ancient seers who were vouchsafed a vision of seraphim and cherubim and the Almighty seated upon his throne.

Characteristic of the Romanesque temper is the rendering of the Last Judgment according to Revelation rather than St. Matthew — more mystically, less naturalistically.

In Revelation it is written:

Straightway I was in the Spirit: and behold, there was a throne set in Heaven, and one sitting upon the throne. . . .

And round about the throne were four and twenty thrones: and upon the thrones I saw four and twenty elders sitting, arrayed in white garments; and on their heads crowns of gold.

And out of the throne proceed lightnings and voices and thunders. . . .

And . . . in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four living creatures full of eyes before and behind.

And the first creature was like a lion, and the second creature like a calf, and the third creature had a face as of a man, and the fourth creature was like a flying eagle. . . .

And I saw in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the elders, a Lamb standing as though it had been slain, . . .

In the carved tympanum of Moissac, no thunders nor voices nor lightning, and in place of the Lamb, a man. But here are

great celestial beings whose surging wings might produce the very tumult of the whirlwind, and with them the four creatures, and the elders, like a Greek tragic chorus, at once spectators and themselves part of the spectacle, transfixed by the vision. In its different terms, this grand carving reproduces the spirit of the Book, which tells of the four horsemen and the sea of glass mingled with fire, of the four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, of the great red dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and the woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

In one further interesting respect the rendering at Moissac departs from the original. The four creatures — angel, lion, ox, and eagle — are winged like birds or like the lower orders of the angels, whereas for the ancient seer each had three pairs of wings. And it is as twin-winged that over and over they are represented in Romanesque and early Gothic art. Grouped about the majestic figure of Christ in glory, they are carved upon the tympana of Arles, St. Gilles, and Chartres, of Le Mans, Angers, and the old portal of Bourges. At Angoulême they accompany a glorified Christ who is at the same time the Judge, for in place of the elders are souls of the condemned and the saved.

At Conques, as at Moissac, the four symbolic creatures are introduced into the scene of the Last Judgment, but this time in a setting which is to become the prevailing type. Here are demons as well as angels, the jaws of Hell, the saved and the damned, Gabriel with his scales for the weighing of souls, and Paradise symbolized by little figures sheltered in Abraham's bosom. Similar details occur in other early renderings of the end of the world. At St. Trophime of Arles are two wonderful processions, of the saved and of the condemned, and it is the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who receive into their bosoms the souls of the elect. Upon the great tympanum of Autun souls are weighed in the scales of Gabriel, and anguished and ecstatic figures of resurrected mortals

minge with angels of incomparable majesty and creatures that are the incarnation of fiendishness.

Represented as Judge and as in a state of glory, Christ is also depicted under other aspects. At Vézelay He is to be seen as on the day of Pentecost, showering the Holy Spirit in the form of streams of fire upon the apostles and all the peoples of the earth. At St. Sernin and Souillac He ascends to Heaven accompanied by angels. Repeatedly He is shown in scenes of His earthly life — as a Child newborn and worshipped by the Magi, and on the way to Egypt, and presented in the temple. His baptism by John is reproduced, and His raising of Lazarus, His temptation, entry into Jerusalem, and episodes of the Passion. It is Christ rather than Mary who dominates the minds of men in this earlier period. And yet the figure that is later to engage the imagination of artists, as of all others, plays here a part. Some of the scenes from the life of Christ glorify the Virgin as well as her Son. She is even represented in her own right. At Moissac we see her receiving the *Ave* of the angel Gabriel, and the same event is pictured in sculptured capitals at Cunault and St. Benoît-sur-Loire, in a relief upon the façade of Notre-Dame la Grande of Poitiers, and at Vézelay and St. Trophime.

New Testament characters include the evangelists and the twelve apostles, Herod, and the Maries at the tomb. Of the personages and events told of in the Old Testament, certain ones are singled out for repeated representation. Among these are the story of the Fall, the dream of Joseph, Daniel in the den of lions, Samson and Delilah, David and Goliath, Jacob and Esau, Absalom, the worship of the golden calf, Daniel, Job, and other patriarchs and prophets. Holy men and women of later times are likewise of that company — St. Denis, Martin, Benedict, Julien, Mary of Egypt, Anthony, Eustache, and other saints. Even such profane history as could be interpreted in sacred terms is dealt with. We find Charlemagne as treated of in the legend of his journey to Jerusalem; knights in armour who might be crusaders; battling

soldiers who may represent Christians in their conflict with heretics and infidels.

Of the immediate world of surrounding nature some account is taken. The cycle of the year is symbolized by the signs of the zodiac and the labours of the months; and birds and a variety of animals represent brute creation. But more characteristic of this Romanesque art are creatures that never were on sea or land — strange mongrel forms more terrible and wonderful than anything to be discovered in the natural world.

The main orders of life which may be combined into beings beautiful or monstrous are, obviously, six. And of the blendings of these — fish, reptile, bird, insect, quadruped, and man — of two, or three, or more together, the art and religion of antiquity had been astonishingly prolific. Out of Assyria and Babylonia came not only the winged serpent and man-like beings equipped with wings, but winged as well as wingless man-headed lions and bulls, the winged centaur, eagle-headed winged men, and the man-headed hyena. Egyptian inventions swell the list. In vignettes of the Book of the Dead and in frescoes and reliefs of tombs and temples were depicted the woman-headed serpent, the serpent Sata with human legs, and that pantheon of mongrel figures — gods with a man's body and the head of a hawk, ibis, ram, falcon, crocodile, or jackal. Of Egyptian devising were human-headed birds personifying the souls of the dead — a convention recurring in the art of Greece. To both Greeks and Egyptians belonged the sphinx, a creature exemplified also in the art of the Hittites and in the human-headed winged lion of the Assyrians. Greek hybrids furthermore included satyrs, fauns, sirens, and the winged horse, Pegasus. They included Typhon, Cecrops, and other snake-tailed monsters, as well as the gryphon, compounded of lion and eagle, and the chimaera, a blend of lion, goat, and dragon. Many of these were an inheritance from the art and legend of more ancient cultures which had for their part been enriched by mutual borrowings.

Not always, in fact, is it possible to be quite certain to

whom to ascribe the credit for the original invention of their shared phantasies. To what extent were the Hebrew prophets indebted to the imaginings of other nations for the beings which figured in their visions — Daniel for the lion with eagle's wings, for the beast with ten horns, and the four-winged, four-headed leopard, Zechariah for the women with the wings of a stork? Even the strange forms revealed to the author of Revelation might have been suggested by the creations of some earlier visionary — the locusts shaped like horses but with faces of men, teeth of lions, scorpion's tails, and the long hair of women; or that seven-headed beast like a leopard, with bear's feet and mouth of a lion.

As for the dragon and the unicorn, both of which figure in the Hebrew Scriptures, who shall declare their birthplace? So congenial do they appear to have been to the imagination of countless races that for them at least not a single but a multiple origin must perhaps be postulated. To how many peoples of how many ages were they known — the malignant monster, at once flying thing, beast, and reptile, the gracious one-horned creature, fleet and beautiful and shy, possessed of lunar connotations and of magical power to detect alike the presence of poison and of virginity!

It is such assorted imaginings that the mediaeval artist inherits. Fabulous creatures of earlier days are made known to him by way of Eastern textiles and carvings, Biblical literature, and that book of beasts, the *Physiologus*. Impartially hospitable, like Noah with his ark, to all that comes his way, and unafraid of anachronisms, he blithely introduces into the house of God whatever he finds congenial to his own exuberant fancy. Along with the human-headed locust of the Scriptures, he admits the unicorn, sphinx, and dragon; the gryphon, the winged horse, and the chimaera; and centaurs, harpies, sirens, and satyrs. His sirens are, moreover, of the two varieties, being either bird-women or fish-tailed mermaids; and his sphinx may be either male or female. The basilisk, blended of serpent and bird, is of that company; and

cynocephali — men with the head of a dog; hippopods — men having the fore feet of horses; and one-footed sciapods, and manticores, human-headed monsters. In carved reliefs, as at Vézelay, and in multitudes of sculptured capitals these creatures are represented — at St. Benoît-sur-Loire and Notre-Dame du Port, at St. Eutrope of Saintes and St. Pierre of Chauvigny, at Issoire and St. Nectaire, at Cunault and Fontevrault and Autun.

Among the creatures combining attributes of different orders of life must be counted the angels. The Romanesque artist depicts not only those with the twin wings of birds — beings truly superhuman, more grandiose than men, more beautiful than any earthly flying creature; he also represents angels with six wings as described by Isaiah.

Much, then, of the world of mediæval man is imaged in the Romanesque church. It is left to later artists to amplify the picture, modifying it to accord with the new spirit which inspires the apse of Le Mans, the nave of Bourges, the flaming windows of Chartres.

II

And so at length we return to the Gothic cathedral to view it this time not as a creation of plastic art but as a literary document. Surpassing any illuminated manuscript in beauty of characters and pictorial splendour, it offers a text comparable only with the *Divine Comedy*. Here, indeed, is the *Divine Comedy* of mediæval France — an epic poem that contains the substance of the Scriptures, Apocrypha, and *Golden Legend*, the Canticles to the Virgin, the *Summae* of St. Thomas, and the *Speculum* of Vincent of Beauvais. If the age of the cathedral alone could have given birth to Dante, only the age of Dante could have produced this amazing mirror of nature, of history, of morality, and science, this vision of earth and the works of man, and his divine destiny.

Yet eloquent and lucid as we may discover it to be in the

context of mediaeval thought and emotion, it is only in that context that we possess the key to its symbolic script. What we are thus enabled to decipher is then seen to be recorded in a tongue more universal than the Latin, and more ancient, yet fresh and fragrant as the budding languages which are to be those of Chaucer and Petrarch and François Villon. It is a tongue of untold antiquity and common to every age and culture, and here inscribed in the letters, ashen and ivory, scarlet, emerald, blue, and gold, of sculptured stone and painted glass.

An age of romanticism, and here too at the very threshold of the cathedral that spirit is revealed. For how otherwise than romantic shall we interpret the Gothic artist's version of the things of earth carved about the portals — an abundance of twining vines and upstanding leafy sprays, of delicate tendrils, buds, and blossoms? These are no formalized designs but the lovely yield of meadow and woodland — living plants swollen with the sap of early springtime and unfolding under gentle rain and a maturing sun. Crisp, clear, and sharply etched, the pointed leaves and softly rounded petals are reproduced with such fidelity that they may be identified — fern, hepatica, buttercup and snapdragon, clover, broom, parsley, watercress, and columbine.

Represented with the same feeling for their simple charm are little scenes of everyday life. The cycle of the year that means a round of sacred feast days, means also a sequence of labours and delights, and these too the artist records. Ploughing, sowing, reaping, threshing, gathering in of all the harvest, pressing of grapes, tending of flocks, feasting, rest beside the hearth — here are diminutive rustic calendars translated into stone. Featured in some of the scenes, but even more profusely in the carved capitals, are birds and fishes and four-footed creatures, all seen with eyes entranced by their familiar grace or by their strange attributes. For besides horses, sheep and cattle, squirrel, rabbit, frog, owl, dove, stork, and whale, we find animals of faraway lands —

the ostrich and camel, the elephant, lion, monkey, and crocodile. Here also are some of the hybrid creatures of Romanesque days, creatures of the book of Beasts and popular belief — gryphons, centaurs, sirens, and dragons, and other blends of brute and man or diverse orders of animal life. Of such inventions, as likewise of authentic creatures, there are not only diminutive carvings on capitals and friezes but statues in the round. From the heights of Paris peer fantastic monsters belonging to the company of demons in the scene of the Last Judgment, and here separated from their fellows — demons that recall the ancient divinities of the Nile with human bodies and faces of beasts. At Laon huge stone cattle gaze down from the towers, surveying the valley from which patient oxen long ago hauled the stone for the making of the cathedral at the summit of that Gothic acropolis.

Scenes of earth and its creatures, real and imaginary, and accompanying these a panorama of the sky. Sun, moon, and stars are shown in scenes of the creation, and besides these, the circuit of constellations through which the sun appears to pass in the orbit of the year. Ares, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces — these are represented by the signs of the zodiac; ram, bull, and twins, crab, lion, virgin, scales, and scorpion; archer and goat, water-carrier and fishes. The figures stand not only for groups of stars but for the corresponding months of the year, and associated with them are little vignettes of the labours of the months. At Chartres and Paris we see them, and at Amiens, Sens, St. Denis, Senlis.

These labours, charmingly realistic and particularized, and such as might be engaged in by any single individual in the course of the seasons, have also a wider, more universal import. They are a record of the rustic life of all men, those of the past, of the present, of the future, wherever people draw nourishment from the soil and consume its fruits, resting and rejoicing after their work is done. Not of any single year, but of all years are these human scenes. And the same

is true of the flora and fauna. The enchanting vines and leaves and buds and blossoms, the birds and four-footed creatures, depict the rich yield of earth — vegetable life, animal life, not of mediaeval France only but of many lands of countless generations.

A graphic calendar and a record of peasant life, these labours of the months may also be seen as symbols of the homely arts of the people — all the practical arts by means of which food and drink are derived from the sustaining earth. Here are also the arts studied at the university, the theoretical arts of the trivium and quadrivium. Grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music are represented by noble figures of women and by characters of classic days with the instruments and symbols of their subjects. To them are sometimes added the liberal arts of architecture and medicine; and philosophy and theology, the supreme arts to which all studies lead.

If many representations are to be thus taken at their face value or as easily comprehended metaphors, there are others which involve less obvious symbolism. Lion, asp, owl, and pelican, fish, dove, phoenix, and dragon, are real or imagined forms of life, but they also communicate more esoteric meanings. When Christ treads upon the neck of the dragon this is no mere fanciful creature of romantic legend, but Satan. The asp stands for sin, the basilisk for death, the stag images the soul thirsting for salvation, the owl, the blindness of the Jewish people. Symbolic of Christ are the pelican, lion, lamb, and fish. The group of winged creatures, angel, lion, ox, and eagle, means not only the four evangelists, but the virtues of the elect and likewise Christ — the angel for His incarnation, the ox for His Passion, the lion for His resurrection, the eagle for His ascension.

Double, triple, even quadruple meanings are intended by characters and events of the Old Testament. In addition to their literal significance they are in the first place *allegorical*, a prefigurement of the things of the New Testament. They are

tropological, symbols of moral truths; and *anagogical*, as setting forth the mysteries of future life. Thus Jerusalem, besides being an actual city of Palestine, is the Church Militant, the Christian soul, and the celestial city described in Revelation.

Between Old and New Testaments a mystical concordance is everywhere seen to obtain. Moses with the brazen serpent, Abraham with the child Isaac, Noah with his ark, are all foreshadowings of Christ. Innumerable characters, Adam, Abel, Joseph, Moses, David — a great procession of patriarchs, prophets, kings — are to be interpreted as prototypes of the Man who was also God, bringing salvation to all the world. Melchizedek, the priest, who offered bread and wine to Abraham, prefigures Christ, and the forty years of wandering in the wilderness are the forty days of His temptation, Jonah's three days' sojourn in the belly of the whale, His three days' imprisonment in the tomb.

Of Mary similar prophetic foreshadowings are represented. The immaculate Virgin invoked in mediaeval hymns as star of the sea, rose of Sharon, sealed fountain, and garden enclosed, as a lily, bride of the Holy Spirit and lighted lamp, is these and still other things to those who paint her portrait in glass. She is symbolized by the burning bush seen by Moses, by the fleece of Gideon on which fell dew from Heaven, by the rod of Aaron and the ark of the Covenant. This ark is therefore seen as the dwelling-place of Divinity in more than one fashion. Hallowed by the presence of God before His incarnation, it is the womb of the Virgin in which He became flesh. Mary, no less than her Son, is prefigured by characters of the Old Testament — by Sarah and Deborah and Anne the mother of Samuel, by Jephtha's daughter, and Ruth, Rebecca, Rachel, Judith, Esther.

Any doubt that might be entertained as to the symbolic import of the Old Testament as rendered in the cathedral must be dispelled by the so-called windows of the New Alliance at Chartres and Bourges, at Tours and Le Mans. Here and elsewhere the concordance between the two Testa-

ments may be interpreted not only as involving prophecy of the later by the earlier but in the contrary sense. The Books of Moses and of the Prophets prefigure those of the Evangelists, but these in turn commemorate things and events of the Old Dispensation. The tree of sin foreshadows the tree of the Cross. That tree of salvation is also the instrument by which the fatal work of the tree in the garden of Eden is undone. Adam prefigures Christ, Christ is the new Adam, an actualization in the flesh of what the first man was in his original innocence. The ancient prophets anticipate the evangelists and disciples, in whom in turn they find a new incarnation, and repeatedly the two groups are represented in conjunction. In the great lancets of the south transept of Chartres the four evangelists, Matthew, Luke, John, and Mark, ride astride the shoulders of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel. And we find the major and minor prophets set over against the twelve apostles, and prophets and apostles together matched with the four and twenty elders of the Apocalyptic vision.

Necessarily it is by means of symbols that ethical teachings are rendered in the cathedral in stone and glass. Theologians may order in hierarchical schemes the Christian sins and virtues. Dante may treat them dramatically with all the punishments and rewards they entail, and they may be illustrated in the characters of fiction and legend as well as in the lives of actual men and women. Here they are translated into terms of symbolic figures, or, more picturesquely, depicted in graphic scenes.

Of the more abstract rendering of them there are abundant examples. At Laon two of the theological virtues, faith and charity, are included, and of the deadly sins, four — pride, lust, wrath, and avarice. Generosity is set over against avarice, humility against pride, patience against wrath, and chastity against lust, with violence and gentleness, sloth and sobriety paired as opposites, and idolatry represented as the antithesis of faith. These personifications of good and evil

are engaged in combat with one another, and according to Mâle it is the poem of Prudentius setting forth a battle between the virtues and vices that here serves as model.

In later representations this convention is replaced by another according to which the virtues are symbolized for the most part by serene figures of women, the correlated sins being dramatically portrayed in scenes of action. At Paris, Amiens, and Chartres twelve virtues and the corresponding vices are thus depicted in carved medallions. At Chartres the list is supplemented by renderings of other commendable and condemnable spiritual states.

The list of twelve begins with the theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, and their negations, idolatry, despair and avarice. Of the seven deadly sins we find, besides avarice, the sins of lust, pride, and wrath, and as their antitheses the virtues of chastity, humility, and patience. To chastity is added obedience, which gives two out of the three Franciscan virtues. Rebelliousness is set over against obedience, and the remaining virtues are wisdom and courage — two out of the four cardinal virtues — gentleness, concord, and perseverance, the correlated vices being folly, cowardice, harshness, discord, and inconstancy. The sins are not depicted with precisely the same details in the carvings of the three cathedrals, but certain of the scenes are almost precisely duplicated. Among the renderings we find discord symbolized by a man beating a woman, inconstancy by a monk shedding his monastic dress and fleeing from the cloister, idolatry by a woman gloating over a treasure-box, and lust by a man and woman in an embrace. Despair is symbolized by a reeling figure about to fall, pride by an unhorsed rider pitching into a ditch, and cowardice by a knight dropping his sword and fleeing in panic from a pursuing hare.

At Chartres the twelve virtues and vices are carved on the faces of piers in the south porch. In the north porch the three theological and four cardinal virtues are displayed in conjunction with the antithetical sins: infidelity, despair, and

avarice; and folly, injustice, cowardice, and intemperance. In addition to these we find twelve figures symbolizing the fruits of the spirit as enumerated by St. Paul, and, as earthly graces of those who live worthily, the seven gifts of the body and of the spirit as given by Anselm. Here then are beauty, liberty, joy, pleasure, swiftness, and strength; and concord, friendship, longevity, power, health, security, and wisdom. Here too at Chartres are figures symbolizing the life of action and the life of contemplation, each of which has its place in the Christian scheme.

Not only human figures but various species of animal life impersonate the virtues. In certain contexts the serpent means Satan, and lambs stand for the twelve apostles, but sometimes it is prudence that is betokened by the serpent, while a single lamb may symbolize gentleness. Similarly the lion stands not only for Antichrist but for the cardinal virtue of courage, and the ox means patience, the camel obedience, sheep stand for charity, and the unicorn means chastity. A single dove symbolizes humility, while a group of seven doves indicates the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit named by Isaiah. In his book we read;

And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse,
and a Branch out of his roots shall bear fruit:

And the spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon him, the spirit
of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might,
the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of Jehovah;

And his delight shall be in the fear of Jehovah....

Thus the seven doves encircling the head of Christ in the Jesse window of Chartres represent that Old Testament roll-call of Beatitudes.

But it is not enough to depict sins and virtues and their fruits thus symbolically. For the instruction of the simple and for all those to whom concrete images mean more than mere abstractions, it is necessary to incorporate ethical teaching in allegories as did Christ Himself. Of His parables four are selected for repeated representation — those of the

Prodigal Son, of the Good Samaritan, the evil rich man, and the wise and foolish virgins. The five wise virgins signify those prepared for the coming of Christ; the five foolish, the unprepared. But the meaning of each group is twofold, the former being also interpreted as the concupiscence of the five senses, the latter as the five forms of inner contemplation.

Supplementing the graphic renderings of the parables are all the examples of holy living and dying, carved and painted. Here are saintly characters, martyrs, confessors, good men and women of the Scriptures and sacred legend. Above all here is Christ Himself.

His story makes a great chapter in the cathedral book of ethics. It constitutes also an important section of an amazing volume of theology translated into stone and glass. Without need for argument or explanation all the essential Christian doctrines and dogmas are here made plain in a condensed version of the vast theological edifice erected by St. Paul and the fathers and doctors of the Church.

Cast into narrative form, the book opens with the creation of the world. God in the image of man fashions the sun, moon, and stars, plants and living creatures, and the father of the race. Following the doctrine of creation is that of the fall of man. Adam is tempted, sins, and is driven out of the Garden, carrying with him the taint to be transmitted to his children to the uttermost generation. Of his seed is, however, Mary, destined to become the mother of God incarnate, and her pedigree and that of her Son is represented in statues of the kings and queens of Judah which flank the portals of the great cathedrals. In symbolic fashion the tree of Jesse also gives an abbreviated version of her long genealogy. This convention, inaugurated at St. Denis by Abbé Suger, has its supreme rendering at Chartres, the cathedral of that Abbé Fulbert who wrote

The tree of Jesse sent forth a branch
the branch, a flower,
and over that flower broods the life-giving Spirit.

In a miraculous window that faces the setting sun is the metaphor of Isaiah, so beautifully paraphrased in the Latin hymn, retranslated into the radiance of glass. In a field of azure lies Jesse in scarlet robe on a golden couch, and above him, tier upon tier, the generations, fruit of the symbolic tree — four kings, Mary, and finally Christ, surrounded by the doves of the Holy Spirit.

Christ is, then, made flesh. We read here not only of His genealogy, but witness the episodes of His early life — the coming of the shepherds and Magi to worship Him in the manger, and His circumcision in the temple, and thereafter His baptism, miracle at Cana, resurrecting of Lazarus, temptation, participation in the Last Supper, betrayal, crucifixion, death, and burial. There is even His descent into Limbo, a pictorial version of the Apocryphal story of the Harrowing of Hell.

The supreme scene is the Crucifixion. Depicted again and again, it is given in all its tragedy and sublimity in the great east window of the cathedral of Poitiers. Designed in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, this window is one of the rare instances of a Gothic creation saturated with Romanesque feeling and spiritually allied with the grandiose tympana of the earlier period. But neither in sculptural terms nor in those of painted glass is to be found a comparable rendering of the scene in which is set forth the doctrine of the Redemption. Here is colour, such colour as only the greatest of Gothic glass provides, and form, such form as Romanesque sculptors achieved in only their most splendid works, with simplification, stylization, the grandeur of the archaic. The colour is, moreover, so employed that it is itself symbolic. Crimson and blue, the tones of fire and blood and of the starlit sky — crimson for the field of Calvary, as though Heaven and earth were rent and bleeding, crimson for the gigantic Cross, so that it, too, the instrument of death, appears to participate in the pain of the divine Oblation. Upon it is stretched Christ, emaciated and contorted,

with eyes of agony. And as if the marks of the Passion were to be carried by the Sacrificial Victim even to Heaven, the nimbus which frames the figure of Christ soaring skyward in the scene above is again crimson, flaming against a sky deep blue and filled with stars.

God, and His creation of the world; man, his original innocence, temptation, and fall; Christ, His incarnation, death, and resurrection for the redemption of all the children of Adam. These are free to accept or to reject the divine sacrifice as angels were free to choose good or to rebel, and their choice, with its eternal consequences of damnation or salvation, will be revealed on the last day at the awful tribunal where souls shall be weighed in the balance. That culminating chapter of the human story which has to do, not with the past, but with the future, that doctrine of most solemn import for all humanity, has in its turn its representation in the cathedral. It calls, moreover, for the position of maximum prominence above the principal portal. Here it will be seen by all — by those who pass by, refusing to confess their sins, as by those who enter to seek absolution before the altar.

In Romanesque churches it had been the glorified Christ surrounded by the four creatures of the Apocalypse that occupied this place at the very threshold, or, as at St. Sernin and Cahors and the cathedral of Angoulême, the scene of Christ's ascension. Still again as at Vézelay, the subject chosen was the Christ of Pentecost with the Holy Spirit descending upon all the peoples of the earth. But at St. Nectaire and Conques and Notre-Dame du Port of Clermont-Ferrand, and again at Autun, it was the awful reminder of human mortality and the coming of the Judgment Day that confronted those who approached. And so it is in many a great cathedral — at Bourges and Meaux, at Auxerre and Amiens. Needing no words to make its import clear, the scene is as grim as the warning which confronted Dante inscribed above the gates of Hell. Only here it is without

instead of within that the way leads to desolation and despair. Not for those who press forward but for those who linger is the warning to relinquish all hope. The implacable Judge, the King enthroned in glory, gazes out upon the unrepentant world. There and not in the shelter of the church is situated the woful city of eternal sorrow and lost souls.

The scene is not only a prophecy of the day of doom but a resumé of important tenets of faith. Just as the Crucifixion symbolizes the doctrine of redemption, so the Last Judgment as depicted in the cathedral epitomizes the doctrines of the resurrection of the body, of the freedom of man, of the eternal consequences of unrepentance and the omnipotence of God.

The act of Judgment is symbolized by the scales of St. Michael in which are weighed the souls of the resurrected dead. And part of its meaning is the complex doctrine of free will. God has no need to be informed as to the original quality of any soul He has created, nor as to its taint as inheritor of the sin of Adam, its purity as saved by Christ. But by its own choice each soul has become a candidate for Hell or Heaven, and it is this free choice which the scales determine. They are just scales, the scales of a righteous Judge. Yet justice is tempered by mercy, and repentance even at the last may win forgiveness for a life of evil. The intercessory Madonna and saints and angels are at hand, carrying assurance that their prayers mingle with those of men for the compassion of high Heaven.

After the Judgment, what? Saints and sinners will have arisen together from their tombs; for rich and poor alike, for great and lowly, that event lies in store. But for all eternity there is to be a separation of the lost from the elect; and so in addition to its prophecy of the supreme Tribunal, the cathedral also prophesies Hell and Heaven.

Very abbreviated pictures are these of the state of everlasting torment, of unending blessedness, appended to the scene of the Judgment itself. But here are Hell's jaws, smoking cauldrons, and fiendish monsters tormenting their an-

guished victims. Here are souls wrapt in ecstatic contemplation or joyfully greeting their loved ones with whom they are reunited for all eternity. And besides these, a literal rendering of the touching metaphor of St. Luke who had said of a dead man that he was carried away by angels into Abraham's bosom. As in Romanesque churches, so here we find the seated patriarch sheltering on his knees little figures that stand for the multitude of the saved.

Here, then, are the doctrines that must be believed by those who would win salvation, as well as the virtues which they must cultivate, the sins they must overcome. Here are the people themselves, inhabitants of the natural world with their flocks and hard-won harvests, and the encompassing supernatural world of God and the angels. But what of those holy rites, the seven sacraments, which constitute a Jacob's ladder from earth to Heaven? Celebrated as a sacred drama by clergy and people, these too have their counterfeit presentment in carved stone and painted glass. And like ethical teachings, like theological doctrine, they must needs be rendered in terms of symbols, or in little graphic scenes.

Baptism, the sacrament initiating the Christian life, the Eucharist the supreme sacrament, are symbolized by the water and blood gushing from the pierced side of the crucified Christ. Furthermore, every portrayal of the incarnate Christ is a portrayal of the divine Bread and Wine given freely to men for the remission of sins. But the Mass and the rite of baptism are also otherwise represented. The first, and greatest, Christian baptism was that of Christ by John the Baptist; the first, and greatest, communion was that shared by Christ and the Twelve.

Thus the two scenes as treated in the cathedral constitute not only episodes from the life of Jesus and items of doctrine, but illustrations of two liturgical rites. Again it is as the first, and holiest, Christian marriage — one never consummated — that we must see the marriage of Mary and Joseph; as the holiest of sanctified deaths, her death and that of her

Son. Thus the sacrament of marriage and in some sense that of extreme unction are pictorially set forth. As for ordination, this is implied as having already taken place in every portrayal of priest and mitred bishop; while penance is implied by every kneeling figure of all the great company of patriarchs, evangelists, apostles, repentant sinners, and saints. The scene of the Last Supper signifies not only the sacrament of the Eucharist but also that of confirmation. For that sacramental meal was the supreme instance of First Communion, not merely in the life of an individual but in the life of the Church. A further symbolizing of the indwelling grace promised by Christ to all who enter into His fellowship occurs in the scene of Pentecost, where the Holy Spirit descends as fire upon the dwellers on earth.

All the elements involved in the celebration of the sacred rites are represented. We see not only the bread and wine of the Eucharist, and the water of baptism, but the oil of anointing, the incense whose smoke and fragrance carries prayers to Heaven, jars of oil and chrism, pictured candle flames, and sacred lamps. Here are altars and priests and symbolic versions of the Hebrew tabernacle, of the Christian Church. The laying on of hands of sacramental usage is figured not only by the blessings of earthly priests but by benedictions conferred by celestial beings. And processions and song, these are not merely of mortal men and women but of the blessed in Paradise accompanied by angels.

The sacraments in their actual celebration are for all days in the round of the seasons. In their pictured rendering they reach beyond the limits of all seasons, all years, all ages, eternal in their mystic import. But the human measures of ecclesiastical time are also given. In graphic fashion the round of the liturgical year is imaged, even as the natural year is portrayed by the signs of the zodiac and labours of the months.

For here are the saints themselves, to whom the days are dedicated; here are the episodes drawn from sacred history

and commemorated by the Church at their appointed seasons. In the Scriptures and Apocrypha and *Golden Legend* may be read the lives of these beatified men and women, their deeds and their words. In the stained-glass windows and sculptured stone of the cathedral they become visible presences more convincing than in any verbal narrative.

A graphic calendar, this, consisting of a gallery of portraits each one of which will hold the place of honour, with the return of that day in the cycle of the year honoured as the special feast day of the character represented. Of many a character there is, moreover, not only the portrait but the story, related in little scenes. These are sacred stories, but every poetical detail of mediaeval literature may be employed for their adornment — sailing ships and glamorous white horses, feasting and hunting scenes and deeds of valour, kings and queens, beggars and knights, flowers and birds and castles, dragons and ivory swords. What the poet tells of in his songs and the romantic chronicler in the tale of Aucassin and Nicolette and the episodes of the Arthurian legend, the poet and chronicler of the cathedral renders in little vignettes of iridescent glass.

The saints who thus attend their own festivals belong to all the categories of the beatified — apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, hermits, and fathers and doctors of the Church. Among holy women there is St. Anne, the mother of Mary, St. Agnes, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, St. Mary of Egypt, and the penitent Mary Magdalene. There is St. John the Baptist, and Stephen the first martyr, and the two great performers of miracles, St. Nicholas and St. Martin. Three other saints of wide popular appeal are here, St. Eustache, St. George, and St. Christopher, and of the heavenly hierarchy, the archangel Michael.

Of the days dedicated to Christ all are recorded in this sacred calendar by representations of the episodes they commemorate. Christmas Day is proclaimed in every rendering of the Nativity, and the day of Circumcision by the scene

in the temple. Epiphany is imaged in the three events celebrated on that date — the Adoration of the Magi, the Baptism, and the Marriage Feast at Cana. Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Ascension Day, and the Day of Pentecost are represented in every crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, and appearance of Christ in glory. Trinity Sunday, dedicated to the first and third Persons of the Trinity together with the second, is acclaimed by every rendering of the Triune God, and the feast of Corpus Christi, in honour of the Eucharist, which is in turn the sacrificial Christ, has its pictorial counterpart in the scene of the Last Supper, and indeed in every representation of the Man Christ.

As for the feasts of the Madonna, not one but is heralded. Here is the complete narrative of her life as recorded in the New Testament, *Protoevangelium*, and *Golden Legend*. And among the events depicted are those singled out for commemoration on her feast days. We see the meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate, where, according to legend, Mary was miraculously conceived by their holy kiss. We see the birth of the Virgin, her presentation in the temple, the annunciation by the angel Gabriel, the meeting with Elizabeth, the flight into Egypt, the scene of the manger, the purification, the sorrowing mother at the cross, and finally her death and translation into Heaven.

Thus are specifically hailed the days of February 2 and March 25, of August 15 and September and December 8, and in addition to these all the days in the round of the year which are anniversaries of the undated events of her life.

But in the cathedral which is her shrine, every day is a day of Mary. God reigns above, and to satisfy divine justice Christ has become flesh, died for the sins of the world, and ascended again to Heaven. Between man and an omnipotent Judge stand saints and angels, interceding on behalf of the penitent. But saints are only beatified men and women; angels are celestial beings having no part in humanity. Mary alone is a woman among women and herself a mother, yet miracu-

lously virgin and exalted above the angels. She alone possesses complete human understanding of hearts that are merely human, and at the same time a unique right of intercession accruing to her as mother of God. What wonder that her name should be invoked every day, every hour, and that the feasts of saints and angels, of Christ, of the very Trinity, should be seen as occasions for honouring her as well?

Each day in the round of the liturgical year her faithful look for her, and find her even as they approach the cathedral. At Paris, Laon, and Senlis the principal portal is dedicated to her. At Rheims it is she who stands against the pier dividing the central bay, and the subject of the sculptured gable above is her coronation. At Chartres, Amiens, Sens, and Bourges one of the western portals is devoted to her, and in all these façades innumerable carvings depict the incidents of her life. In the great tympanum of Senlis she is shown crowned, seated beside her Son, and in the lintel below is the scene of her death and the incomparable rendering of her resurrection. At Auxerre the three tympana treat of other subjects, but even there she is commemorated in sculptured reliefs.

Within as without it is she who reigns, above all at Chartres. Here, from western lancets to the central high light of the apse she sheds her benign radiance. In the beautiful Jesse window she is the flower of the symbolic tree, in that eastern window, the triumphant queen. In the central lancet of the north transept she is a child on the knees of St. Anne, and in the corresponding lancet of the south transept, and in the blue window of the choir aisle — *La Belle Verrière* — and again in the northern rose, she is the mother with her divine Child. Again and again she is thus depicted, in windows of the aisles, of the clerestory. But all her life is displayed, not only as according to the evangelists, but in the appended episodes of her death, burial, assumption, and coronation. Even her miracles are included — here and in windows of other cathedrals.

And in how many a window she is glorified — at Rouen,

Beauvais, Bourges, Le Mans, Sens, Paris, and the Sainte Chapelle! In glass as in sculptured stone she appears in all her rôles, the virgin mother of St. Matthew and St. Luke, the sorrowing mother of the *Stabat Mater*, the resurrected woman of the *Golden Legend*, the Queen of Heaven of the hymns. All her symbols, all her lovely names, are turned into shapes of delicate carving or miraculous glass — rod of Aaron, fleece of Gideon, burning bush, ark and censer and rose of Sharon. She is the Judæan maiden of the house of Jesse, the deliverer foreshadowed by the great women of the Old Testament, the timid girl hailed by the angel Gabriel, the bride of Canticles. She is Eve, eternal woman, with all the loveliness that is a snare to men, but more than Helen or Guinevere, more than Francesca or Iseult, more than Beatrice, for in her, womanhood is beatified, made seraphic, celestial. She is the Great Mother — Cybele, Demeter. She is even the goddess of love. In her person the profane love of Astarte, of Aphrodite, is transmuted into the sacred love of one who carried in her womb the Redeemer of the world. She is Isis, from whom she takes her title *Stella Maris*. And at Laon we see her in the midst of angels with those most glamorous of all her emblems, the legendary unicorn and crescent moon.

If every individual feast day is in some measure shared by Mary, she and every saint depicted in the cathedral are jointly honoured in a single feast dedicated to all the beatified, the solemn feast of All Saints.

Here are the saintly of all the ages, a great congregation of the Elect — martyrs and apostles, angels and holy women, and that throng of patriarchs, prophets, kings and queens, heroes and heroines of the Old Testament whom Christ delivered out of Hell and conducted to Paradise. The whole year round this cloud of witnesses look on, many of them recipients of petitions for their intercession, many exalted in individual festivals. But on the first day of November all are collectively acclaimed. And on the following day, the

second of November, they join in turn with the people in prayer for those souls detained in Purgatory on whose behalf petitions are rendered at the feast of All Souls.

And again it is a portion of that vast company of those as yet unbeatified who witness in person their annual celebration. For in the cathedral, in addition to those already participating in the Beatific Vision are sinners who have not yet accomplished their Purgatorial probation. Among the pictured throngs are even some individuals who by reason of their unbaptized state are in Limbo, or, as a consequence of deadly sinfulness and unrepentance, in Hell; great pagans — Cicero, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Euclid, Pythagoras — and the famous unrighteous of past ages, and representatives of the unlauded and nameless of the company of the unredeemed. For them no day is set apart for individual honour. But admitted within the cathedral portals, may it not be that even they are touched by some divine effluence from the prayers of the pitiful?

Thus, of the multitude of the dead and of the deathless — mortal men and women, Mary who died and rose again like Christ, angels and the Divine Trinity — all play multiple rôles. Featured in scenes that tell their story, rendered in great portraits in glass or in heroic fashion in statues that guard the portals, they have also their symbolic meanings, illustrate ethical teachings, represent doctrine and dogma, depict the liturgical year and all its sacramental celebrations. How many a cathedral contributes to that vast encyclopaedia of sacred knowledge — Bourges and Chartres, Le Mans and Amiens and Rheims, Rouen and Paris, St. Denis and Poitiers, and Sens and Auxerre, Metz and Strasbourg, Senlis, Troyes, and Soissons.

Among the multitude of renderings are a few of supreme distinction for grandeur of conception, epic splendour, or pure lyric quality. Of these must be counted the window of the Crucifixion of Poitiers, the western rose and lancets and portals of Chartres, the carved lintel of Senlis, the tympanum of

the Last Judgment of Bourges, the coronation of the Virgin of Rheims. But of scarcely second rank is many another creation — the majestic figures of the north porch of Chartres, statues and reliefs at Paris, Rheims and Amiens, and again at Chartres and Bourges, a galaxy of incomparable windows.

But every relief, every statue, every vignette of flaming glass, contributes its verse or chapter to the carved and painted Book of the Cathedral, that amazing paraphrase of ethics and theology, of history and legend, of hymns and sacraments and feast days, of earth and Hell and Heaven.

III

With Dante's *Paradiso* the little representations of the redeemed accompanying the scene of the Last Judgment are not to be compared. And it might seem that the poet had the easier way — that indeed only by speech would it be possible to intimate the inexpressible. How depict celestial rapture in the fixed and limited terms of visible forms? How suggest thereby glories not to be communicated even by descriptive phrases but only by supreme metaphor? But if the naïve depiction of souls in Abraham's bosom and of resurrected men and women received by angels into the company of the Elect is a feeble transcription of the great visions of prophets and mystic poets, the cathedral too has its *Paradiso*, and one worthy of the age of the Canticles to the Virgin and the mystic pilgrimage of the Tuscan poet.

All items included in this great Gothic compendium have already been accounted for as moral or theological instruction, as history or prophecy or other symbolism. But for its creators, double, triple, quadruple meanings are everywhere to be found. Jerusalem, a city of earth, is also, we have seen, the Church Militant, the Christian soul, and a city of the skies. Ample precedent we have then for reading yet one more meaning into the syllables and phrases of the *Divine Comedy* of the Gothic artist.

Here is a vast concourse of people, protagonists of little dramas, representatives of all degrees of worldly estate, but these souls are not of time but of eternity — the eternity of the saints. Outside the walls are a few upon whom have descended the agonies of Hell. Within, bathed in the luminous colours of painted glass, even such souls as would belong to the company of the lost are glorified as if touched from afar by heavenly light. They, and those others who would be still climbing the mountain of Purgatory, mingle here by special privilege with the blest. It is in Paradise that these abide. The ultimate theme of the Book of the Cathedral is Paradise.

All the citizens of the celestial city are congregated — not only the saints to whom feast days are dedicated, but the worthies of the Old Testament — Patriarchs, Prophets, Kings and Queens of Judah, and Melchizedek the high priest. And here are angels, nine choirs of the heavenly hierarchy — angels with the throbbing wings of birds, and multi-pinioned beings that are as much more than the twin-winged as these are more than men. Christ is here, not only in his mortal semblance as revealed on earth, but in His divine partnership in the Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Above all, in this shrine dedicated to the Virgin, she herself is here, she too not only in her mortal character as a woman among women, but in her unearthly state, exalted above the angels and crowned by her Son.

It is the heavenly court that the picture represents, God, the King of Kings, surrounded by His retinue of messengers and ministers, Mary enthroned, and the company of those already admitted to the Beatific Vision. Into the picture enter even such things as appeared to the seer of the Apocalypse — the four and twenty elders, the four winged creatures and the dragon, symbol of Satan.

But what of the attributes of Paradise which make it far more than a place where the redeemed will all be finally gathered together? What of the celestial glories to be adum-

brated only by metaphor — glories communicated by Dante in images of blinding light, of dizzy whirling movement, of the smile of seraphic ecstasy, of music, thunderous yet sublimely sweet, of the myriad voices of the heavenly host?

Radiance there is assuredly — all the radiance of dazzling glass, with the glitter of precious stones, the glow of flame and colours that are the quintessence of every flower that ever bloomed. Flowers themselves are here, lilies and roses, as in the *Paradiso*, lilies with the whiteness of saintly purity, roses that are the very flower of the Virgin. Not only roses in their earthly semblance, but those transcendent blooms that are as the celestial rose of Dante's vision — vast circles of light with petals of flame, the dazzling rose windows. From these are exhaled the perfume of praise from the prayers of the beatified. For like Dante's rose, some of these roses are the seat of the heavenly throne. In the southern rose of Chartres is Christ Glorified, surrounded by angels and the four creatures and four and twenty elders as in the Apocalyptic vision. In the western rose of Auxerre is God the Father surrounded by apostles and a multitude of heavenly beings — seraphim and a throng of other angels — making music. In the eastern rose of Laon is the Madonna enthroned, and about her angels, apostles, the four and twenty elders, and in her hand the mystic flower itself. The cathedral has its roses — great iridescent windows that appear not only as the transfigured royal flower of the Virgin, but as the blazing image of the sun.

For Dante there is the smile of Beatrice, of the Virgin, the smiling of the very grasses, of the saints who repent not but smile, and that smile which pervades the universe to the uttermost reaches of space. A smile that is of the essence of a still rapture, descending upon souls absorbed in contemplation of eternal things, is shadowed forth by Dante's words. Here we have, not its symbol, but its visible presentment, in the eyes and lips of angels, of saints, of the Madonna. For it is a smile of no mere earthly gladness which hovers like a

benediction over the countenance of these seraphic beings. It is an inward radiance welling from deep sources of divine beatitude. Such a smile, nebulous, unearthly, rests upon the features of the queens on the façade of Chartres, of Christ in the coronation of the Virgin at Paris, of the Madonna with her Child in the central portal of Rheims. Such a smile, touched with a more human tenderness and joy, irradiates the *Vierge Dorée* of Amiens, and the angel Gabriel of Bourges. And is it not an all-comprehensive smile, as of earth and Heaven, that pervades the cathedral whose vanishing walls, metamorphosed into translucent glass, shine with the light of the stars, and moon, in the colours of dawn and sunset and luminous rainbow?

Silent to mortal ears except for earthly song, this place is full of omens of celestial music — of choruses of saints, of harpers playing upon their harps, of angels with the instruments of the heavenly orchestra. All the wordless hum and thunder of vibrating wings is here — the soft flutter of doves' wings, the rhythmic throb of angel pinions. The roses, aflame, and emitting sparks as of wheels in ceaseless whirling, participate in that unearthly symphony, while unseen from within, flying buttresses encompass the cathedral like pulsing sails, like vast resounding wheels such as propelled the cherubim of Ezekiel's vision.

Still other rhythms are here, other harmonies as of the music of the spheres and of all things into which enters the sublime orchestration of eternal number. Double towers, triple portals, arches and windows in groups of three, of four, of five; twin lancets united by a single rose; thundering lines of piers that make the threefold or fivefold division of nave and aisles; a threefold ordering — ground arcade, triforium, and above, a range of windows; chapels in a ring of three or five or seven — here are the elements out of which is developed a grand counterpoint. In that fugue of many voices is hailed the Trinity of Three Persons in One God, the quartet of the winds and the four rivers of Paradise, the five virgins

with their lamps ready for the coming of the Lord, the seven days of creation, the seven virtues of the saintly, the seven sacraments by which man climbs from earth to Heaven.

Like the *Divine Comedy*, the cathedral is a thing of many meanings. It too is a treatise on morality, a resumé of theology, an epic of the spiritual pilgrimage of man, and a tissue of symbols. In it we behold a panorama of the past, a mirroring of the present, a foreshadowing of the future and of eternity. A shrine to the Madonna, it is an ecstatic *Ave Maria*, a summary of all creation, it is a vast *Credo*, a prayer and the soul's magnificat, it intones a *Te Deum* and a *Jubilate Deo*. Proclaiming all the feasts and holy rites, it is itself clothed in the liturgical colours — the white, purple, black, green and crimson of the sacred days and seasons. And these, rendered in luminous glass, are more gloriously displayed than in the garments worn by the clergy or in the cloths draped upon the altar. Here, moreover, are not only the colours chosen to symbolize the various occasions of mourning and of rejoicing but all the colours revealed on earth, the colours, not of the church militant, but of the church triumphant.

Thus arrayed, the cathedral is above all else the celestial city of hymns and mystic visions, that city of which the seer related that it

was pure gold like unto pure glass.

The foundations of the walls of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth chrysoprase; the eleventh, jacinth; the twelfth, amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each one of the several gates was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass . . .

her light was like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal . . .

In the verbal rendering these are names only, names of substances whose lights — golden, crimson, violet, amber, azure — are the very lights of shimmering glass. Not by the eloquence of words but in the cathedral alone is revealed the blinding radiance of the *Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem*, city of the skies, where there is no need for the shining of sun or moon or stars, in the land of Paradise.

Part III

THE INCORRUPTIBLE

IX. ENDURING SYMBOLS

WITHIN the cathedral is still enacted the great Christian drama of which we may witness one by one the solemn scenes — commemorations, initiations, consecrations, the varied rites of the sacraments, ceremonials of mourning, ceremonials of rejoicing. Processions still take place, and pilgrimages, and the cycle of the year still brings round the feast days with their accompanying ritual observances. From burning incense is wafted smoke and fragrance, and lamps and candles illumine with their flickering light the shadowy chapels and high altar. Priestly vestments, sacred vessels, liturgical colours, and praise and prayer, song and invocations — essentially these are unaltered since mediaeval days. If the ancient Gregorian chant is seldom to be heard in its original perfection, the cathedral resounds with a later music of comparable solemnity. For us as not for mediaeval men there sweep through its vast spaces the thunderous harmonies of the chorales and fugues of Bach.

Already venerable in the thirteenth century, the rites and doctrines of the Church have become still older with the passing of added generations; but our legacy of Christian symbolism has a significance even more hoary than that of the now nearly two-thousand-year-old religion. Its meanings are funded meanings, some of them reaching back to the world of the ancient empires, and beyond this to the dim

ages of primordial man. Its sanctity is, moreover, increased rather than diminished by these reverberations of remote cultures. Seen as affiliated with pagan and even savage customs and beliefs, and so as seemingly rooted in the deepest soil of human emotions, Christian mysteries acquire an absolute and timeless value lacking in what is local, uniquely dated, and expressive of merely some particular phase of human experience.

It is to quite specifically Christian saints that the festivals of the liturgical year are dedicated. But this round of feast days perpetuates many a more antique observance, and incorporates level upon level of the deposit of changing faiths. Holy Trinity, Virgin Mary, archangels, evangelists, apostles, martyrs, souls of the beatified dead, are the objects of the recurrent cycle of celebrations. But back of the worship of a Triune Divinity, back of the adoration of the Virgin Mother, back of the sacred events commemorated on their appointed days, what multitudes of mortals lived and died, what throngs of strange divinities exacted sacrifice, what fearful and beautiful rites dramatized the desires and hopes and fears which are the age-old provocation to religion! All these still play their ghostly part. Memories of vanished generations haunt us, muffled footsteps and murmur of voices, glimmerings of long extinguished sacrificial fires and aroma of burnt offerings to alien gods of rivers, storm and wind and vegetation, of sun and moon and stars.

The day of All Souls, the day of All Saints — these, instituted in the ninth and tenth centuries, represented even for the devout a double attempt to translate into Christian terms a very ancient and wide-spread feast of the dead. In their new context they are by no means purged of their pagan associations from the land of the Nile and the cold regions of the North. With the return of the first days of November in the cycle of the revolving seasons, it is not merely Christian souls who are commemorated but all the shadowy hordes of forgotten generations, all the shades thronging the limbo

of the past even to its farthest reaches. Again the twenty-fourth of June, day of John the Baptist, is more than the anniversary of one who ate locusts and wild honey in the wilderness and declared himself herald of the Messiah. Dedicated to the first celebrant of the rite of Christian baptism, the day also recalls a different kind of lustral water — the moisture that falls from the skies at nightfall to anoint the sleeping earth. For the new Christian meaning was superimposed upon a more ancient tradition — that of the pagan custom of midsummer bathing in dew.

Still other feast days superseded older celebrations without entirely obliterating their values. The day of Pentecost, rededicated in memory of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, not only retains associations of a Hebrew feast established centuries before but serves as a reminder of other epiphanies by fire. August 15, day of the Assumption, honours the Virgin Mother, but it also preserves memories of another virgin, the chaste huntress Diana, whose cult had established a feast for a neighbouring date. Of still greater significance, December 25 had been a day of a divine nativity before ever it was adopted as the natal day of the Christian God. Underlying its connotations of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness are therefore those of a primordial sun worship of which the cult of Mithra was but one of a multitude of expressions.

As for the twenty-ninth of September, day of the archangel Michael, how much besides that great figure of the angelic hierarchy the feast recalls! Not only other dragon slayers — Marduk who vanquished Tiamat, Indra who overcame Vritra — but all the spirits of light in conflict with the powers of darkness — Osiris and Set, Ahriman and Ormuzd, Baldur and Loki. As a being in the semblance of a man with the pinions of a flying creature, St. Michael is moreover affiliated with the entire assemblage of winged forms with which human imagination has peopled the earth — sphinx, chimaera and gryphon, winged horses, bulls and lions.

And his prey, the Prince of Darkness in the guise of a dragon, arch-progeny of the serpent mated with alien orders of life — what manifold things, sinister and terrible, are numbered among his kindred; all the dragons of all the ages, and snake-tailed giants, snake-tailed monsters, Cecrops and the Erinyes and Zeus Melichios. Thunders and lightnings, reverberations of old world conflicts, exhalations of Hell and the darkness and the cold of the grave — all these enter into the larger meaning of the feast dedicated to that member of the heavenly host who bears the banner of Christ and ushers the elect into Paradise.

If associations of the goddess Diana still linger in the feast of the Assumption, there are other ghostly presences that haunt the several feast days of Mary. Virgin mothers whose sons were gods or heroes — all the great mothers, indeed, of legend and history — Cybèle and Demeter, Rachel and Rebekah, Isis, Astarte, Eve — these are of the vast shadowy assemblage claiming our recognition. Every mother who suckled her child is in some sense the prototype of the immaculate maiden of Judaea, and with many of their number she is affiliated by her sharing with them of attributes other than maternity. From Isis in her character of patron saint of mariners came undoubtedly her title *Stella Maris*, and from that same goddess, consort of the sun, something of her lunar symbolism. And with many more — divinities of love of very different connotations — she is allied, by the fact that there accrue to her associations with the crescent moon and morning star, with flowers and lighted tapers, and the fabulous unicorn. Nor are such associations unconsonant with her meaning for mediaeval man. Mortal woman, immaculate in her conception, sinless, virginal, yet a mother — she was an infinitely compassionate mediator between Heaven and earth but also the recipient of all the pent-up emotions of those who had eschewed every earthly gratification of sensuous love. Invoked as Mother of God, and hailed as queen of the skies, she was called a rose of

Sharon, and ivory tower, a sealed fountain, and garden enclosed — names laden with associations from the passionate poetry of the Song of Songs

As for Christ, whose nativity is celebrated on the reputed natal day of Mithra, He has as pagan prototypes many a deity of different name but similar fate. God made flesh, and dying for the atonement of the sins of the world, He is a new and greater incarnation of all the dying gods whose death epitomized universal mortality and whose resuscitation was a guarantee of recovered life — Osiris, Orpheus and Aleion, Tammuz and Adonis, Zagreus, Attis and Dionysus. The very dating of the Passion season preserves associations with a multitude of sacred traditions — not only the ancient Hebrew feasts of Lambs and of Unleavened Bread, fused in the feast of the Passover, but pagan observances, dated, like the Christian Easter, by reference to the vernal equinox and the full moon. For it was at this period of the year when vegetation revives under a strengthening sun that in the Syrian cult of Adonis there was rejoicing over a divine resurrection, and that the Phrygian and Gallic worshippers of Attis mourned his death and hailed his return. The observance of the day when the risen Lord appeared to the sorrowing Maries at the tomb is not profaned but rather invested with a more poignant significance by the memory of disconsolate women of all the ages -- women weeping for Tammuz, for Adonis, for Dionysus, and the solitary Isis seeking up and down the land for the fragments of the broken body of Osiris. Sorrow — all the sorrow of the world for which the Redeemer promised healing, sacrifice — all the sacrifice ever offered by suppliant men and accepted by divinity, hope — all the hope of fertility and renewal of life for the pregnant earth, for flocks and humankind — make part of the meaning of the Christian Easter.

They make part of the meaning indeed of every feast day of the incarnate God, and certain of those feasts are reminders of other ancient things. The feast of Corpus Christi honours

specifically the mystery of the Eucharist, but on every day of the year this sacrament is celebrated, and the rite, commemorating a particular partaking of the Passover — the final one shared by Christ and His twelve disciples — possesses a more universal significance than accrues to it even by reason of that solemn episode. A sacramental meal of bread and wine miraculously transformed into the flesh and blood of the Divine Sacrifice — and what multitudes of other sacred feasts contribute to its meaning! Those of Attis, Orpheus, Mithra, and of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the ritual consumption of the sacred fish by Syrian priests — above all *omophagia*, the Dionysian rite of eating the raw flesh of a victim regarded as impersonating the dead god. Reverberations of even more primitive ceremonial we may discern there. A far cry from the practice of consuming the sacred animal to the mystery of the Mass, but can there be any question that even so mystical a rite is enriched by echoes of far-off savageries?

And so with all the other sacraments, each one of which has its approximate analogue in more ancient ceremonial. Birth, mating, and final death are as old as the human family, and of an untold antiquity the practices designed to sanctify these universal events. Through a vast procession of ages such rites had been practised before ever the Christian sacraments were instituted — not only rites of purification, of marriage and of death, but of initiation, consecration, and propitiatory sacrifice. Ordination, penance, first communion — these were no innovations in a world where priesthood was an institution more ancient perhaps than kingship, where gods from time immemorial had exacted restitution for iniquity, and where novitiates underwent tests of endurance and purificatory preparation for admission to sacred mysteries. As for baptism, with its significance of an entrance into the community of the elect, how many a more primitive baptism it recalls, baptisms not only by water, but by fire, and blood — multitudes of strange initiations, pagan, barbaric, savage.

Implying in some instances no more than acquirement of tribal fellowship, or a semi-magical therapeutic removal of the contamination of birth, often they connoted, like Christian baptism, entrance into a new life.

The farther reaches of that life lay, not in this world, but beyond the grave. Survival after death, no monopoly of Christian doctrine, this, but a hope more ancient than any historical religion. A hope, and also a fear. For though the spirit world might prove to hold in store only the twilight existence of the land of Sheol, it might be a place either of torment, or of rewards meted out according to individual merit. Hell and Paradise have thus their manifold pagan prototypes, as likewise Purgatory. In the Orphic version of the soul's survival, there were successive stages of purification to be accomplished after death, and according to Virgil's account of the world of disembodied souls, not all who entered Avernus were doomed to remain there. Some, after long expiation, passed on to the joys of the Elysian Fields.

Variously named, hells and heavens were items of belief that supplied the incentive for a large proportion of ritual observance. And associated with this belief went other beliefs that anticipated in an amazing way doctrines later to become essential articles of Christian faith — the resurrection of the body preached by Mithraism, the doctrine of a last judgment featured in this variant of sun worship as in that established on the banks of the Nile. Monstrous gods of the nether regions were the prototypes of Beelzebub, Prince of the devils; guardian spirits, prototypes of the angels. The scales of St. Michael, a later version of the scales employed for the weighing of souls in the Egyptian Book of the Dead, call to mind also very different devices for identifying the unworthy. And reading in Dante's *Inferno* that even the virtuous unbaptized were committed to a mournful Limbo, we are reminded of Virgil's encounter with the souls of the unburied, for whom likewise there could be no fellowship with either the damned or the saved.

Feast days, sacraments, rites, and doctrines — not one but acquires a deeper meaning viewed against the background of its ancient ancestry. Thus viewed, it receives the validation of whatever is the issue of the most basic impulses of man finding over and over again their symbolic expression.

Of nothing is this more true than of the doctrine of the Trinity. Three Persons, co-equal and co-eternal, yet of whom the Second was begotten of the First, and the Third proceeded from First and Second together. No mystery comparable with this Mystery in the annals of mystic thought, unless it be the three hypostases of Plotinus, that sublime trinity of the One, the Mind, and the Soul. But other trinities antedated those of Neo-Platonism and Christianity — groups of male divinities of which the third member functioned as a mediator between god and man, trinities of mother goddesses, and of god, goddess, and their son. And so on the feast day of the Triune God as on the days dedicated to God Incarnate, a vast assemblage of ancient divinities constitutes a ghostly chorus of memories. From the ancient East they come, and the pagan North; from Greece, and Egypt, and all the Asiatic kingdoms. India offers Varuna, Indra and Agni, Brahma, Siva and Vishnu, and Babylonia gives its divinities of the heavens, the earth and the waters, Anu, Bel and Ea. Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades are here, and Odin, Thor, and Freya, and of Egyptian deities not only the trinity of Osiris, Isis, and Horus but Amun, Mut, and Khons, and many more. Appearing as lesser members of that company are even groups of legendary beings not included in the great pantheons — the three norns of Celtic myth and a huge progeny of Greek imagination, the three judges of the underworld, Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus, and Gorgons, Horae, and Graiae, Semnae, Moirae, and Charities. A strange assortment of trios; and only this characteristic do they possess in common: each group exemplifies the mystic number three.

Prior to the appearance of any recorded trinity this number must have been regarded as fraught with magical potency.

Each new divine trio added to its sanctity, but would the number of their ordering have been so omnipresently the number three had this not appeared to be proclaimed in the very ordering of the universe? Not only was the visible world tripartite, consisting of earth and sea and sky, but male, female, and their offspring made a triad of peculiar significance. In a world where a vast proportion of magical rites were designed to promote fertility — for man himself as well as for flocks and vegetation — the number exemplified in the basic biological group could not but present itself as a key to the ultimate mysteries. Quite naturally, then, it came to be the number not only of the groupings of supernatural powers but of all manner of sacred and profane practices — of curses, charms, and incantations, of prophylactic rites and funeral ceremonial.

In Christian contexts, triple formulae have their sanction in the trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. But though the triune character of God is the reason for threefold benedictions and threefold confessions of faith, such sacred rites as these carry omens of vastly more ancient things.

The same is true of the occurrences of the number seven in Christian doctrine and ritual. According to the Book of Genesis, seven was the number of the days of creation, and this would amply account for the prevalence of sevenfold orderings in the Old Testament, where in every conceivable context the number is exalted as mystical, magical, possessed of beneficent or dire portent. It is emphasized in accounts of dreams, of prescribed ritual, of recurrent feasts, of military manoeuvres. Plagues, punishments, rewards, priests, periods of probation, of famine, and of good fortune, all exemplify it. And when we turn to Revelation we find seven repeated as a kind of refrain: seven churches of Asia, seven spirits before the throne, seven golden candlesticks and lamps of fire, the book sealed with seven seals, the seven horns and seven eyes of the lamb, the seven-headed dragon, the seven plagues and seven mountains, the seven angels

with their seven trumpets, the seven thunders and seven diadems and seven stars.

In view of such precedents, small wonder that seven like, three, should have figured prominently in the doctrines and practices of the Church, and that even such instances of it as may have been inadvertent should have been regarded as intentionally symbolic. But what of the Mosaic account of creation as the source of this far-reaching tradition? In that invention of the week may we not find evidence of influences less tribal and local than the speculations of the Jewish people?

For the week is easily derivable by quartering the lunar month — an operation that must have been performed by multitudes of pastoral tribes and nations of the most distant periods. Continuously aware of the phenomena of the heavens, and in need of units of temporal measurement more extended than the day, they would have noted the phases of the moon, and from them have deduced by a simple calculation the sabbatical period. Further sanction of seven as a number of cosmic import must have come from the recognition that it is inscribed upon the firmament in blazing letters of fire. The stars of Orion are seven, and those of the Pleiades, and the sun, moon, and five nearer planets make an all-important group of seven. The same number is proclaimed by the greater Bear as well as by the lesser, from which fact indeed later came the word *septentrion* as the name for the North. Perhaps only such universally observable and impressive instances of seven could have determined its wide-spread significance, not only for the Hebrews, but in Babylonian, Assyrian, and other cultures. Out of these came temples in seven stages, seven hells, and seven heavens, and groups of seven dragons and seven spirits of the storm. Sevenfold magical rites, charms, and incantations similarly testify to the mysterious virtue attributed to the number.

Three, the number of the Trinity, and seven, the number of the sacraments, are thus loaded with meanings amassed in

the course of countless generations. And so with other numbers of sacerdotal import. Four points of the compass, four winds, four elements, a fourfold division of the year, constitute natural groupings that must be very ancient. Twelve, the product of the mystic number three and of four, the first square, would have suggested itself for important classifications and divisions to any people for whom mathematical quantities and relations were an absorbing preoccupation.

That this was the case with many an ancient people needs no proving. To those capable of counting, every small aggregate necessarily exemplifies some number, but a proneness to read symbolic and mystical meanings into numbers of frequent occurrence, and to multiply artificially their instances, betokens veritable intoxication over numerical ideas. Such an intoxication was that of the Greek Pythagoreans, who offered moreover some reasoned defence of the mystical cult of number drawn from their study of music and astronomy.

To the simple divisions of a string corresponded, they observed, the concordant intervals of the scale. Moreover the four stationary notes of the Greek lyre were produced, Pythagoras discovered, by strings of lengths expressible by the numbers 6-8-9-12, of which the second and third are related as means to the first and fourth as extremes, 8 being the harmonic, 9 the arithmetic mean of 6 and 12. Thus music appeared to be based on number, to be indeed in its essence number translated into sensuous forms. Similarly the movements of the heavenly bodies, cyclic, recurrent, involved spatial and temporal rhythms describable in numerical terms. The spheres conceived of as revolving, bearing round in their diurnal course the sun, moon, planets, and all the stars, were furthermore thought to be separated by intervals corresponding with those of the scale, so that in their turning they emitted music. The science of the heavens was thus another science or art of harmony; and Plato, Pythagorean in temper, appropriately associated astronomy with music and included

them, together with arithmetic and geometry, in the curriculum of his ideal Republic.

Mediaeval man, with all his indebtedness to classic culture, inherited among other things the mystic cult of numbers. *Énivré d'arithmétique mystique et tout pythagoricien*, in the words of Mâle, he exploited to the utmost all the number symbolism of his manifold legacy. This included not only groups of seven and three, but of four, the number of the Evangelists, of the major prophets and of the rivers of Paradise; of twelve, the number of the disciples, of the tribes of Israel, of major and minor prophets together; of nine, the number of the Heavenly Hierarchy — three times three, the total of the ancient muses; and of eight, the number exemplified repeatedly in octagonal baptismal fonts. For this was the number of a life beyond this life, or resurrection, as being the number next after seven, which pertains to man as mortal. And is not seven, despite its sacred associations, the very symbol of man with his seven sins and seven periods of life, his seven planets and seven arts and sciences, seven gifts of body and spirit, and seven openings in the head — ears, eyes, nostrils and mouth?

This mediaeval Pythagorean mysticism acquires a greater significance in the context of its ancient analogues. And so with other mystical symbolism exemplified in the hieratic art and ritual of the Middle Ages.

The tree of the Garden of Eden, that tree of knowledge which was the instrument of the fall, was inherited from the ancient Hebrews. Representation of the genealogy of Mary and of Christ by the tree of Jesse was likewise derived from the Scriptures — from the very words of Isaiah. But these trees are invested with memories of many another tree of other lands and cultures — the Ygdrasil tree of the Norse Eddas, the Chaldaean tree of life; all the trees of Assyrian and Babylonian art which might be the very model of the tree of Jesse in the window of Chartres. And there is the gigantic tree of Paradise seen by Mohammed in his legendary visit to the other

world, and the trees of the Druids, the trees used as maypoles in the spring cults of Northern peoples.

Above all it is the elements employed in Christian ritual, water, wine, fire, the drink of milk and honey of early baptismal ceremonial, that are invested with the richest legacy of varied associations. That drink symbolized entrance into the Promised Land, but it preserves also other funded meanings, of the milk offered by savage tribes to serpents, of the libations of milk poured upon graves by the ancient Greeks, of the honey of embalming, of mead, drink of the Olympian gods, and of all the wineless sacrifices, *nephalia*, to Mnemosyne, Eos, Helios and Selene and Aphrodite Ourania. Wine, the element transmuted into blood in the miracle of the Mass, is also the drink of Dionysus, but what multitudes of profane associations also underlie its sacerdotal meanings — of pledgings and feastings of all the ages, manifold intoxications, of Noah, and pagan gods and kings and heroes, of countless generations desiring joy and good fellowship and exaltation of body and spirit, or seeking to drown their senses in lethargy and sleep.

Similarly of water, the pure element of Christian baptism and of the multitude of other baptisms, pre-Christian, pagan, savage. This is also the element of symbolic baths — of the knight before his initiation, of the Mother of the Gods celebrated on the sixth day of the Kalends of April. It is with water that the Mohammedan performs his ritual ablutions, and that in the early Church, Christians likewise purified themselves at the fountain in the atrium. Water is the cup of symbolic potations, mystic refreshments. Osiris gave to thirsty souls to drink of living water, and Fiji islanders have their well of solace where the sorrows of life are forgotten. For the ancient Greeks there were the waters of Lethe, the well of oblivion in the world of shades, and the Orphic worshipper drank of Mnemosyne, the well of remembrance.

As for fire — the fire of Candlemas and dedication ceremonial, of Pentecost and of the lighted lamps and candles of

every sacred rite — to this element no age, no culture but contributes enriching meanings. Fire recalls the Vestal Virgins and the Eleusinian Mysteries and the religion of Persia, where its sanctity might not be polluted by contact with the bodies of the dead. It was fire that was the instrument of strange immolations for the recovery of lost youth and of immortality, that was chosen by kings as the means of death and employed for the destruction even of the gods in effigy. The world has seen ordeals by fire, and terrible conflagrations for the punishment of heretics, funeral pyres of heroes, and a myriad of burnt sacrifices — of slaughtered animals, of anguished human victims offered to Moloch and all his grim fellowship. Fire in its guise of sun and moon and stars was the symbol of many an ancient divinity. The sun, source of light and life, had its personification in the great figures of Mithra, of Ra, of Apollo. And under the semblance of a burning bush Moses beheld God.

If the rites and symbols of the mediaeval cathedral incorporate a multitude of meanings drawn from the religions of the ancient world, the cathedral itself is the dwelling-place of a divinity whose earlier earthly abodes were all the temples ever raised by man. It is the glorious descendant of the temple of Solomon described in the second Book of Chronicles:

... and he overlaid it within with pure gold.

And the greater house he ceiled with fir tree, which he overlaid with fine gold, and wrought thereon palm trees and chains.

And he garnished the house with precious stones for beauty; and the gold was gold of Parvaim.

And he made the veil of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen, and wrought cherubims thereon.

The cathedral is the Gothic realization of Justinian's Byzantine dream of creating a church 'such as had never existed since the time of Adam, and such as will never be equalled,' for the accomplishment of which the temple of the sun at

Heliopolis was pillaged, and the temple of Diana of the Ephesians. Inheriting traits of its distant progenitors, the cathedral preserves the memory of many an ancient faith in its sublime adornment, in carved and painted images and symbols that carry reminders of vanished gods and long-dead priests. And through its vast spaces resound echoes of the praise and prayer of unnumbered generations who worshipped in their various wise the creator of Heaven and earth.

X. THE ESSENTIAL CATHEDRAL

IN THE ceaseless flux of time the great ages of history, like the great moments in the life of an individual, retreat into that limbo of the past where all things big and little endure imperishably together. Of these vanished periods there remain in the world of space and change only such imprints as they have left upon crumbling matter. These records undergo gradual alteration, becoming blurred and faded yet acquiring an added beauty with the passing of the years. And superimposed upon the earlier writing are more recent inscriptions, not to be erased without peril of obliterating the older hieroglyphics hidden beneath.

Such a document is the cathedral. Part of the original record is illegible, and later additions alter the meaning of those passages that we are able to decipher. But much as we may desire to recover the authentic version, what we achieve instead is something actually richer and more significant. In the perspective of the centuries that intervene between us and the Middle Ages, and of the far larger background of the centuries that went before, the cathedral acquires a timeless quality of universal experience that it could not have possessed for those who saw it as an expression of merely their own particular vision of life.

Very unlike our own the *weltanschauung* of mediaeval man, yet much of it elicits a thrill of recognition as if bonds of spiritual affinity related us to that vanished age. No culture,

however distinctive, is entirely unique. Human nature, if it changes at all, changes more gradually and imperceptibly than the scenery of earth. But something more than a recognition of the essential stability of human traits gives assurance of a genuine kinship between the age of the Gothic cathedral and the age of the skyscraper. Visibly, dramatically, such kinship is affirmed by those two triumphs of dizzy and daring construction. For surely nothing is so symptomatic of the quality of a civilization as the style of building which it originates. Like the dreams of a single dreamer the architecture of a people betrays their secret preoccupations and desires, their ruling motives and passions.

In such terms and not in terms merely practical is the specific quality of an architecture to be finally explained. Engineering difficulties, compulsion of ritual, climate and spatial limitation of sites all played a significant part. But consider once again the case of Greece and that of the ancient kingdoms. An acropolis would have lent itself superbly to a style of building very different from the recumbent Doric temple, while the ample plains and deserts out of which rose the great pyramids and giant ziggurats would have permitted extravagant lateral spread of their mass in place of an audacious skyward extension. We may well question whether the Greek spirit, supposedly more nearly related than the mediæval to the spirit of the modern age, was not actually more dissimilar. We may indeed feel that a peculiar affinity obtains not only between ourselves and mediæval man but also between us and the far-off builders of the pyramids. For is it not the same strange urge that has asserted itself in the three widely separated periods — an urge experienced by puny and earth-bound man, causing him to seek vicarious aggrandizement by constructing away from earth and loftily toward the sky?

No more violent exhibition of this impulse has ever been forthcoming than in these latter days, and of its expressions none is so amazing as that Titanic feat: the conversion of a

little island of the West into something that even a Nineveh or a Babylon could have only feebly foreshadowed. Concentration within narrow limits of a trade of vast proportions helped to produce the myriad-towered pile that is Manhattan. But commercial motives alone cannot account for the thing it has become. Religion had no part in its making, or if any cult inspired its creation it was the cruel and selfish cult of Mammon. Yet grandiose, fabulous, upon the dazzled sight of the voyager approaching its shores it bursts as a vision, unmatched by anything encountered in all his wanderings of far seas, all his ranging of the hills and plains of the old world. Not history but only legend tells of a comparable achievement — that of the giants who, defiant of heaven's thunderbolts and lightning, piled Pelion upon Ossa to scale Olympus.

Of non-legendary feats of engineering it was the Egyptian pyramids which, in sheer bulk and vastness, most nearly anticipated our modern works. Yet the hill-like tombs beside the Nile have about them a different quality, suggestive of a Roman stolidity, a Roman arrogance, rather than romantic impulsiveness and wildness. And so, after all, perhaps it is the Gothic cathedral alone, out of the entire history of art, which furnishes a genuine analogue of our American architecture. No need any longer for flying buttresses, for gigantic stone piers to support perilously high-flung vaults. Modern invention has provided a substitute for these, making possible a more audacious climbing toward the clouds. But new materials and technique cannot disguise the affinity between the twentieth-century edifice of steel and concrete and the apse of Le Mans, the nave of Bourges, the soaring heights of Beauvais.

And it is as anticipations of yet other things which were yet to come that we may see those miracles of stone and glass. All the passion for speed which in these latter days goes hand in hand with passion for immensity and power is incipient in Gothic construction — in the swift uplift of arch and vault, in the surging ascent and dizzy swing of narrowed ambulatory

and aisles, in rose windows emitting sparks as though their motionlessness masked a wild whirling too swift for sight. For us, as not for its builders, the cathedral gives intimations of ships of the sky and man-made monsters of the deep and racing vehicles of steel that course in fury over land and sea. Fettered to the earth yet winged as for flight, the apse is the prow of such a vessel as none but the present-day mariner ever piloted. Flying buttresses are a lever by which the inert mass is uplifted as truly as though it were hurled bodily into the air. No change, no sound, no movement, no pounding pistons or straining belts or thrashing levers; but in the ceaseless interchange of thrust and counterthrust is stored sufficient energy to drive a fast machine. Springing arches that are segments of wheels perform their silent work, such wheels as only the age of steam and electricity has set in motion, earthly counterparts of those, thunderous and terrible, that propelled the four-winged cherubim of Ezekiel's vision.

If for us as not for its builders the cathedral possesses a forward-looking quality, it is also retrospective, a repository of memories. We of this later age, seeing it as expressive of something of our own spirit, can recognize its affinities with older things of very different mood. In it as in its predecessors, Romanesque and Byzantine, Greek and Egyptian, is also repose — the slumberous quality of enduring hills whose contour it too in its own terms reproduces. And so we see it as reminiscent of a far-off time before the beginnings of human architecture when the earth's folding crust created mountains, precursors of man-made monuments. Every mountain and hill we have ever known contributes to its meaning, and especially all the glamorous and legend-laden hills of our experience. The cathedral possesses richer significance if we have already sighted the hills of Argolis and Umbria and Castile and the island peaks of the Aegean, trodden the little hills of Rome and of Jerusalem, and stood in the shadow of those eagle-haunted summits above Delphi that guard the sacred precincts of the ancient oracle.

If memories of mountains thus underlie our appreciation of the huge cathedral structure as seen from without, it is a cave that its interior recalls. Very different from the sombre cavern of the Romanesque church or the Egyptian temple these lofty illuminated spaces enclosed by glass. Yet this radiant place is a retreat shut off from the outer world and overarched by cloven stone like any primitive cave that was the theatre of strange savage ritual. And it too is a hiding place for treasure, for sacred relics, and a shelter for the dead.

Incorporating such associations with *primaeval* things, every cathedral acquires an intensified suggestion of age, with all the emotional enhancement that this imparts. In comparison with the antiquity of the oldest monuments, its antiquity is not considerable. But fragmentary, marred, repeatedly restored, it too, like more ancient works, bears the marks of its progressive ageing. It too is a legacy from the past with the signature of time everywhere engraved upon it. Thus we win from it what it is the privilege of architecture above all other arts to bestow — a sense of a vanished age, miraculously imprisoned in a figure of stone. Antiquity like a cloak lies about it, and its countenance, faded and worn as if participating spiritually in the tragedies and disillusionments of humankind, bears visible testimony to a long mellowing through the centuries. If we could have known it in its unfaded youth we should undoubtedly have found it fair and gracious. Yet what we possess instead is a greater thing, for with the loss of virgin freshness and the incursions of decay, it has acquired the more inward beauty of maturity.

As we journey from place to place in the land of the Gothic, it is only particular cathedrals that we anywhere encounter. One by one we make their acquaintance, sparing a few brief hours or many days — returning perhaps after a long interval and receiving the reward of closer intimacy as they reveal themselves more fully under winter skies or in summer radiance, in times of storm or sunshine or on the high occasions of special feastdays. One by one we add to the gallery of

portraits where certain individuals emerge as giants among their fellows and others are remembered for some single loveliness which makes their sole claim to greatness. In the end what these memories yield is more than a vision of many particular cathedrals that remain distinct. From the realization of that multitude of individual shapes there emerges the meaning of a timeless thing having no dwelling-place anywhere in the world of contingency and change. And this essence, this archetypal cathedral, is no imageless abstraction. As imaginatively and emotionally experienced it possesses a richer content, a more reverberant meaning, than belongs to any member of that proud assemblage.

From these the Essential Cathedral derives its form and lineaments, distillate of all their varied perfections. Not one but makes its unique contribution — cathedrals of Anjou, Poitou, Touraine, Provence and Burgundy, of Normandy and the Île de France, cathedrals enthroned on hills or whose empire is cities of the plain or of river valleys, or little towns set among vineyards or beside the sea.

Only so much of the rich content will be revealed to us as we ourselves can match from our store of memories. Nor can we know what important items are lacking from the composite picture owing to the incompleteness of our experience. All the unvisited cathedrals avenge themselves for our neglect. It is not, however, only those to which we have devoted long hours and days of communion that make their gift to our fund of memories. How many, of which we have caught but a half glimpse in passing, have left their ineffaceable mark upon our minds — only a distant apse, perhaps, reared upon a hillside, a great rose window seen against the sunset, a slender pointing steeple or the dark contour of a tower. Such unforgotten things may even possess a special poignancy as representing a vanished opportunity never to be repeated under precisely the same conditions again.

By no possibility can the meaning of any single church be for any two of us the same. If by some strange chance we

are similarly endowed and have accomplished as nearly as possible an identical novitiate, what the memory of each particular instance will signify must depend on the very particular circumstances of our individual encounter. It may make all the difference whether we have first sought it out at summer dawn or winter twilight, in noonday brightness or by the light of the moon. It may make all the difference what our mood has been and how it has been altered by the solitude and silence of a deserted place or by the different quality of loneliness by which one is sometimes overtaken in the midst of a throng of worshippers. Such contingencies as these decree how rich and vivid will be the memory that we shall carry with us to the end. Happy they to whom the superlative experiences have been vouchsafed — for whom the propitious mood and hour has crystallized, in memories of unearthly beauty, the images slowly accumulated along the pilgrim way.

According to our temperament and the circumstances of our several encounters it is one or another cathedral, one or another group of cathedrals, that will dominate in the image that is their joint creation. This image, unlike existent things to which the laws of logic pertain, transcends contradictions in its all-inclusive richness. Aisles and a galaxy of chapels it will surely possess, and the prolonged vista of a nave uninterrupted by a crossing. But wide-flung transepts are also of its glories, and above a nave arcade of majestic height is room for arcaded galleries and a range of upper lights. The beauty of spires belongs to it, but it owns also the rugged grandeur of towers that are spireless. In its western wall are displayed great portals with ranks of sculptured kings and queens set straightly in their niches, and angels and monsters, scenes of terror and ecstasy, and the delicate loveliness of carved tendrils and flowers. And rising above these that special gift of Chartres, a trinity of slender lancet windows crowned by a rose.

A rose to the west, to the north and the south, and tiers of other flaming windows — of such are the Cathedral's walls

composed. Here are noonday brightness and sunset splendours and other, soberer effects — the moonlight glimmer of grisaille, the gray light, as of sunless days, shed by panes of uncoloured glass. For the Cathedral is of all hours, all seasons. It is pervaded by the radiance of southern springtime, bedecked with the flowers of the month of Mary. But autumn rains of the North also enshroud it, and it is chill under the sleet and snow of harsh winter in the Puy de Dôme. It is a thing of every personality and mood, proud and also gracious, sumptuous and sober. Impervious to decay, it enjoys the perennial youth of what is beyond time and change. Yet for us, as not for those who built the churches which are its earthly manifestation, it has the peculiar allurements of things that are old.

Thus the memories which are the reward of all our journeying make not only an incorruptible harvest garnered through the years for our continual nourishment. They are seeds that yield fruit. But from memories unshared and not even to be communicated in all their splendour, it is a different fruit — a different final meaning comprehending many lesser meanings — that will fall to each one who sets forth upon the Gothic quest.

Even the impalpable may bear a name, and so the Cathedral that is the essence of a multitude of cathedrals has no less than they its dedication. Not, like Troyes, to the apostles Peter and Paul, not, like Le Mans, to St. Julien, nor yet to St. Andrew like Bordeaux, nor the Holy Cross like Orleans. Not even St. Stephen is honoured here, for all that great fellowship of churches sharing the noble title St. Etienne — Metz and Limoges, Meaux and Toulouse and Sens, Auxerre, Châlons-sur-Marne and Bourges. For there are still those others — Strasbourg, Bayeux, Verdun, Rodez and Coutances; Soissons, Clermont-Ferrand and Rouen; and Rheims, Amiens, Laon, Senlis and Paris; and Chartres. It is in common with these that the Cathedral has its dedication — its only possible dedication — to Our Lady, Notre-Dame.

For who else but she of all the saints, of members of the angelic hierarchy, of the very Trinity, so epitomizes what the Cathedral meant to those for whom it was a living reality? For us that meaning is most nearly evoked in the naming of her who was a human Eve yet immaculate, celestial, and who had as her earthly dwelling-place the Gothic creation wherein her spirit was enshrined: enshrined not by rites of consecration only, nor by mere reason of the recurrent celebration there of all her festivals. In more eloquent and enduring fashion the Cathedral proclaims that radiant presence. Over and over her image is repeated — in stone figures with the frosty pallor of shapes carved from an unmelting snow, in painted glass of colours that are the unfading essence of all the flowers that ever bloomed. Of her special flower, the rose, vast windows are the glorified representatives. Flame-like spires are as the unsullied lighted tapers of her service — as her very self, a consecrated candle of the Lord, kindled by the fire of the Holy Spirit. Flying buttresses — by these, as by great wings, the huge edifice is upborne even as she herself was wafted heavenward on angel pinions.

And that vessel, an edifice of symbols, is an actualization of every epithet ever bestowed on Mary. It is another Ark of the Covenant, sheltering Divinity as Mary sheltered God in her womb. It is a lamp, fragrant with burning oil, like the lamp of the Virgin — like the lamp of all the waiting virgins of whose sisterhood Mary was the supreme pattern of purity. And if she was seen as the fragrant rose of Sharon, as an ivory tower, a walled garden, a fountain enclosed, if she was *Stella Maris*, star of hope to storm-tossed mariners on troubled seas and on the more perilous sea of life, the Cathedral was all this and more, by the same deep truth of metaphor, to those who found there refreshment and solace and divine beatitude. Not one of Mary's lovely names but was thereby invested with more abundant meaning — not least a name culled from Isaiah, echoed in Fulbert's song, and made at length visible in the Jesse window of Chartres. And that window, or its

ethereal replica, has surely its appointed place in the Cathedral's walls of glass — a seraphic window, blue as for the Madonna, who is herself pictured there as a flowering branch of the great tree of her human lineage.

The theme of Mary, more infallibly than any other, leads us back to the Cathedral. But whatever theme, whatever shining symbol may light our way through the mists of intervening centuries, it is the Cathedral that is our journey's end. Attaining that haven we find ourselves ushered into the innermost secret recesses of the mediaeval spirit, a region of mingled brightness and darkness, and thunderous with the tumult of fierce passions yet hushed with the stillness of prayer. Filled with uncouth shapes of sin and sorrow and despair, with dim figures of hope, and luminous phantasmagoria of peace and joy and purity, it is such a landscape as that through which Dante's pilgrim journey lay — an Inferno, a Purgatorio and a Paradiso, fused into one.

Of all this the picturesque pageant of mediaeval life was the dramatization — a pageant of earth amid the feudal scene, a pageant of the unearthly within the confines of the encompassing dominion of the Church. And in the midst rose the Cathedral, marking at once the centre and the circumference of the vast orbit of the emotions and imaginings of mediaeval man, the focus of his life, the utmost expression of his dreams. For the making of its glorious body all the fairest things of earth were brought as offerings. Of that earth the visible Cathedral was indeed the transfigured image with its renderings of fruits and blossoms and living creatures, in colours that are the distillation of the verdure of the land, of the cerulean blue of the sea, of all the rainbow hues of dawn and sunset and light of the stars. Fashioned of the stuff of earth and suggesting by its form the contour of a mountain, the Cathedral gave intimations of primordial brute creation. And with an altar that looks toward the rising sun, with portals that face the region of sunset, it carried omens of the recurrent cycle of day and night in the greater cycle of the year,

and beyond this of the more momentous human cycle of birth and death between which intervenes a little day of life that is as a brief candle, vanishing in flame.

If even in its physical aspect the Cathedral thus shadowed forth a more than bodily significance, in yet more graphic fashion it spoke of unearthly things. Peopled with throngs belonging to a world beyond time and space, it was a simulacrum not only of the human scene but of the celestial city where dwell Mary and all the saints and the myriad host of angels, and where, from everlasting to everlasting, God abides.

Nor was even this its utmost meaning for mediaeval man. For if, with its paintings and carvings of the beatified, it simulated nothing less than the Heavenly Jerusalem, it was also something still more momentous — a sanctuary for the performance of hieratic rites by means of which man, while still in the flesh, might ascend to the very gates of Paradise. A sacred drama of symbolic deaths and births and miraculous transmutation of physical elements into the impalpable substance of spirit — by this mystic way the contrite of heart, kneeling before the altar, might experience a brief foretaste of the Beatific Vision. Into that vision entered omens of celestial harmonies, of blinding radiance, of ineffable sweet odours and dizzy flights through non-terrestrial spheres. For all these had their counterpart in the Cathedral, a place of candle flame and fragrant incense, of flowing currents of light and shadow within dissolving walls of glass, a place of music that carried intimations of the song of angelic choruses and of the throb and thunder of their wings.

For us, too, the Cathedral must be even more than the creation of men's hands. For us, as for mediaeval man, there is the visible Cathedral, and the invisible, and that impalpable fabric of symbols fuses with the physical body which is its dwelling-place, as spirit fuses with flesh. No mere corruptible figure of rock and glass is the goal of our Gothic journey. What in the end after far seeking we dimly descry is something

that no storms of war or ravages of time or decay of faiths can alter.

Nowhere in all the land is the Cathedral of our vision, but each actual cathedral in turn is its temporary abode, transfigured by that visitation as by a brief harbouring of an ethereal presence. And from each mystic union with the visible and ponderable the Cathedral draws new life. For such is its mode of being — the incorruptible essence of a multitude of shapes and shadows, of wheeling spaces and slow rhythms stolen one by one from all the cathedrals of France.

THE END

	ARCHITECTURE	RULERS OF EGYPT	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
4th millennium B.C.	Neolithic village near Persepolis of c. 4000	<i>Ancient Empire</i> c. 3200-2270 <i>First Dynasty</i> Menes, c. 3200 (Upper and lower Egypt united)	First historic dynasty of Ur
3d millennium B.C.	Step pyramid, Saqqara	<i>Third Dynasty</i> 2780-2720 Djoser	Sumerians settle in Babylonia, between 4000 and 3000
	Pyramid of Meidum Great pyramid, Gizeh Second pyramid, Gizeh, and Sphinx Third pyramid, Gizeh	<i>Fourth Dynasty</i> 2720-2560 Snofru Cheops Kephren Mykerinus	Assyrian conquests
	Pyramids at Abusir Pyramids at Saqqara	<i>Fifth Dynasty</i> 2560-2420	Sargon of Kish, 2637-2581
2d millennium B.C.	Stonehenge in England	<i>Middle Empire</i> 2100-1700	Earliest writings discovered Hebrews in Egypt
	Temple of Knossus, Crete	<i>Twelfth Dynasty</i> 2000-1790 <i>New Empire</i> 1555-712 <i>Eighteenth Dynasty</i> 1555-1350 Amenophis I Thutmose I Thutmose II Khemare-Hatshepsut (queen) Thutmose III Amenophis II Thutmose IV Amenophis III (Memnon) 1411-1375 Amenophis IV (Akhaton) m. Nefretete Tutankhamun, c. 1358	The horse appears in Babylonia, c. 2000 Hammurabi of Babylon, 1947-05
	Mortuary temple, Thebes Mortuary temple, Thebes Temple of Deir el-Bahari		
	Temple at Luxor Hypostyle hall, Karnak, begun Colossi of Memnon Medinet Habu		Phoenicians invent alphabet, 15th c. Beehive tombs at Mycenae
	Mortuary temple at Qurna Hypostyle Hall, Karnak Abydos Abu Simbel Ramesseum	<i>Nineteenth Dynasty</i> Haremhab, 1350-15 Ramses I Seti I, 1313-1292 Ramses II, 1292-25	Moses, 14th c. Trojan War
	Medinet Habu Temples of Khons and Amun, Karnak	<i>Twentieth Dynasty</i> Ramses III, 1198-67	Dorian invasion of Greece after 1100

1st millen- nium B.C.	ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
10th c.	Temple of Jerusalem Nineveh Ziggurats of Babylon Palace of Nimrod, Khorsabad	Homer, 10th c.
9th c.		Hesiod, <i>c.</i> 850
8th c.		
7th c.		Sappho, <i>c.</i> 610-565 Empedocles
	Basilica, Paestum	Thales of Miletus, ?640-550
6th c.		Heracleitus, 576-480 Aesop, <i>fl. c.</i> 550 Pythagoras, 552-472? Anacreon, <i>fl. c.</i> 536- Aeschylus, 525-456 Pindar, 522-472?
5th c.	Temple of Segesta Temples of Girgenti and Sunium Theatre of Epidaurus Parthenon, 447-32 Temple of Wingless Victory Erechtheum, 415	Sophocles, 495-06 Pheidias, ?460-? Democritus, 490-380 Herodotus, 484-? Euripides, 480-06 Thucydides, 471-01 Socrates, 469-399 Hippocrates, 460-370 Euclid, <i>c.</i> 450-374 Aristophanes, <i>c.</i> 448-385 Xenophon, 443-359 Plato, ?429-348?

RULERS AND LEADERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
David, 999-59? Solomon, 959-29	Elijah
	Carthage, founded c. 800
Sargon, 722-05 Sennacherib, 705-681	First Olympiad, 776 Chaldaeian conquests
Esarhaddon, 681-69 Ashurbanipal, 669-26	Babylon rebuilt Library of cuneiform tablets, Nineveh Isaiah
Nebuchadnezzar, 604	Jeremiah, 650 Draco, 621
	Solon, 594 Cyrus conquers Babylon, 539
Cyrus Cambyses	
Darius, 521-486	Cambyses conquers Egypt, 525
Pericles, ?494-29 Xerxes I, 486-65 Hiero of Syracuse, 478-66 Artaxerxes I, 465-25	Battle of Marathon, 490 Salamis, 480 Thermopylae, 480
	Law of the Twelve Tables, Rome, 451
Darius II, 424-04	Sicilian expedition, 415

CHART OF DATES

	ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
4th c.	<p>Monument of Lysicrates</p> <p>Mausoleum of Halicarnasus</p>	<p>Demosthenes, 385-22</p> <p>Aristotle, 384-22</p> <p>Praxiteles, 360-280</p> <p>Apelles, <i>c.</i> 356</p> <p>Lysippus</p> <p>Epicurus, ?270</p> <p>Theocritus, <i>c.</i> 312-288?</p> <p>Zeno, ?-264?</p>
3d c.	<p>Temple of Edfu</p>	<p>Archimedes, 287-12</p> <p>Bion, <i>c.</i> 280</p> <p>Eratosthenes, <i>c.</i> 276-194</p> <p>Moschus</p> <p>Theocritus</p>
2d c.		<p>Terence, 116-28</p> <p>Cicero, 106-43</p>
1st c.	<p>Temple of Kom Ombo</p> <p>Temple of Dendera</p>	<p>Lucretius, 95-55</p> <p>Sallust, 86-35</p> <p>Catullus, 84-54</p> <p>Virgil, 70-19</p> <p>Horace, 65-8 A.D.</p> <p>Tibullus, <i>c.</i> 54-19</p> <p>Livy, 59-17 A.D.</p> <p>Propertius, <i>c.</i> 50-<i>c.</i> 15</p> <p>Ovid, 43-17 A.D.?</p> <p>Vitruvius</p> <p>Seneca, 4-65 A.D.</p>

RULERS AND LEADERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
	Rome sacked by Gauls, 390
Philip of Macedon, 359-36	
Alexander, 336-323	Egypt conquered by Alexander, 323
Ptolemy I, 323-285	Founding of museum and library at Alexandria
	Romans defeated by Pyrrhus at Heraclea, 280
	First Punic War, 264-241
Hannibal, 247-183	Second Punic War, 219-201
	Third Punic War, 149-146
Caesar, 100-44	
	Battle of Actium, 31
	Death of Antony and Cleopatra, 30
Augustus, 27-14 A.D.	

CHART OF DATES

	ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
1st c. A.D.	Temple of Baalbec	Pliny the Elder, 23-79 Plutarch, 50-120 Tacitus, 55-117 Statius, 61-98?
2d c.	Pantheon rebuilt, 110-125	Epictetus, <i>fl.</i> c. 100 Galen, 130-200 Origen, 185-c. 253
3d c.	Temple of the Sun, Palmyra Arena at Verona Colisseum, completed after 217	Diogenes Laertius, 200-50 Plotinus, 205-270? Porphyry, 233-c. 303 Moschus, <i>fl.</i> c. 250 Bion, c. 280
4th c.	Basilica of Constantine St. Paul without the Walls	Hypatia, 370-415

CHART OF DATES

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ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS	RULERS AND LEADERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
St. Peter, ?-67? St. Paul St. Clement St. Ignatius St. Polycarp	Tiberius, 14 Caligula, 37 Claudius, 41 Nero, 54-68 Vespasian, 69 Titus, 79 Domitian, 81 Nerva, 96 Trajan, 98	Jerusalem taken by Romans, 71
Tertullian, c. 160	Hadrian, 117 Antoninus Pius, 138 Marcus Aurelius, 161 Commodus, 180 Pertinax, 193 Didius Julianus, 193 Septimius Severus, 193	
St. Anthony of Egypt, c. 251- St. Athanasius, c. 296-373	Caracalla, 211 Macrinus, 217 Elagabalus, 218 Alexander Severus, 222 Maximinus, 235-238 Diocletian, 284-305	
St. Martin of Tours, 316-96 1st Oecumenical Council, Nicaea, 325 (divinity of Christ vs. Arius) Ulfilas, c. 311-383 St. Jerome, 331-420 St. Ambrose, 340-97 St. Augustine, 353-429 St. Chrysostom, c. 347-407 St. Basil 2d Oecumenical Council— 1st General Council of Constantinople, 381 (di- vinity of Holy Ghost) Cyril of Alexandria, 444	Constantine the Great, sole ruler, 324-37	Edict of Milan, 313 New Capital at Byzantium

CHART OF DATES

	ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
5th c.	Tomb of Galla Placidia	Boethius, 470-524
6th c.	Mausoleum of Theodoric, Ravenna, 520 St. Apollinare Nuova, c. 526 Santa Sophia, ded. 537 San Vitale, ded. 547 S. Apollinare in Classe, ded. 549 Dome of Santa Sophia rebuilt, 563 S. Demetrius, Salonike, c. 585	
7th c.	Aksa Mosque of Jerusalem	Caedmon, 650-80? Bede, 674-735
8th c.	Great Mosque of Damascus Great Mosque of Cordova, 785 Church of Aachen, 796	Alcuin, 735 c. -804
9th c.	Germigny-des-Près, ded. 806	Notker, 840-912 Rhazes, 860-932 Cynewulf
10th c.	Tournus, 960-1090	Avicenna, 980-1037

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS	RULERS AND LEADERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
3d Oecumenical Council, Ephesus, 431 (Mary <i>theotokos</i>)	Valentinian III, 423-55 Attila, <i>d.</i> 453 Theodoric King of Italy, 489	Sack of Rome by Alaric, 410 Battle of Chalons, 451 Fall of Rome, 476 Clovis defeats Romans at Soissons, 486
4th Oecumenical Council, Chalcedon, 451 (Two natures of Christ. Mary <i>'aēl παρθένος</i>) Conversion of the Franks	Justinian, 527-565	
St. Columba, 543-597? Pope Gregory the Great, 540-604		
5th Oecumenical Council, 2d of Constantinople, 553		
St. Isidore, 560-636		Mohammed, ?570-633
Conversion of Ireland and England		
6th Oecumenical Council, 3d of Constantinople, 680-81 (definition of the two wills in Christ)		Hegira, 622 Council of Whitby, 664
St. Boniface, ?-755 Iconoclastic edict, 726		
7th Oecumenical Council, 2d of Nicaea, 787 (ratification of use of images)	Duke Pepin King of the Franks, 751 Charlemagne, 768-814 Harun-al-Raschid, 786- 809	Arab conquest of Spain, 711 Ravenna taken by Lom- bards, 727 Battle of Tours, 732 Bagdad founded, 762 Lombard Kingdom de- stroyed by Charle- magne, 774
Pippin donation to Pope, 756		
8th Oecumenical Council, 4th of Constantinople, 869	Charlemagne crowned emperor, 800 Egbert, King of united England, 802-839 Alfred the Great, 871-901	Treaty of Verdun, 843
St. Dunstan, 909-88 Cluniac Order founded, <i>c.</i> 920	<i>Capetian Dynasty</i>	
Abbé Fulbert, <i>c.</i> 960- 1028?	<i>France</i> Hugh, 987 Robert II, 996	
Gerbert, after 940-1003? Evangelization of Russia		Conquest of Egypt by Fatimids, 969, and founding of Cairo

CHART OF DATES

	FRENCH ARCHITECTURE	OTHER ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
11th c.	<p>St. Remi, Rheims, 1015-40</p> <p>St. Benoît-sur-Loire, 1026-1218</p> <p>Angers, ded. 1025</p> <p>Conques, 1035-1107</p> <p>Jumièges, 1040; ded. 1077</p> <p>St. Hilaire, Poitiers, 1045</p> <p>Le Mans, 1060-1120</p> <p>Mont St. Michel, nave, 1063</p> <p>Tournus vaults, 1066- 1107</p> <p>St. Savin, 1050</p> <p>Autun, 1060</p> <p>Moissac, 1050</p> <p>Elne and Arles, mid- century</p> <p>Elne, ded. 1069</p> <p>Lessay, 1085</p> <p>St. Etienne, Caen, 1064-79</p> <p>La Trinité, Caen, 1062</p> <p>Cluny choir, ded. 1095</p> <p>St. Sernin, Toulouse, 1075; ded. 1096</p> <p>St. Étienne, Nevers, ded. 1097</p> <p>Cunault</p> <p>Le Puy, 11th and 12th c.</p>	<p>St. Ambrogio, Milan</p> <p>Pisa Cathedral, 1063</p> <p>Westminster Abbey, ded. 1065</p> <p>Canterbury, ded. 1077</p> <p>St. Iago of Campo- stella, begun c. 1080</p> <p>St. Marks, ded. 1094</p> <p>Ely, ded. 1093</p> <p>Norwich, 1096</p> <p>Gloucester, east end, 1089</p>	<p>Beowulf</p> <p>Omar Khayyam, 1123</p> <p>William of Malmes- bury, 1080?-1142?</p> <p>Song of Roland</p>

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS AND PERSONS	RULERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
Lanfranc, 1005-89	<i>France</i>	
Camaldolese Order, 1012	Henry I, 1031	
Anselm, 1033-1109	Philip I, 1060	
Carthusian Order, 1040		Truce of God, 1041
St. Leo IX, 1049-54		
Roscellinus, 1050-1120	<i>England (Normans)</i>	
St. Bruno, c. 1040-?	William I, 1066	Battle of Hastings, 1066
Schism between East and West, 1054	William II, 1087	Conquest of Sicily
		Robert Guiscard, 1061
	<i>Emperors</i>	
William of Champeaux, 1070-1121	Henry of Bavaria, 1002	Henry IV at Canossa, 1077
	Conrad II, 1024	
St. Gregory VII, 1073-85	Henry III, 1039	Death of the Cid
	Henry IV, 1056	
Urban II, 1088-99		
Peter the Hermit		
First Crusade, 1096-99		
Capture of Jerusalem, 1099		
Abélard, 1079-1142		
Abbé Suger, 1081-1151		
Bernard of Clairvaux, 1090?-1153		
Cistercian Order, c. 1092		Order of Hospitallers, 1092
Bernard of Chartres, d. 1126		

CHART OF DATES

	FRENCH ARCHITECTURE	OTHER ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
12th c.	<p>Notre-Dame du Port, Issoire</p> <p>St. Nectaire</p> <p>Vézelay, ded. 1104; fire, 1120 narthex, 1132</p> <p>Paray-le Monial east end and tower, c. 1100</p> <p>Morienvall, 1100-20</p> <p>Cahors, ded. 1119</p> <p>Fontevrault, ded. 1119</p> <p>Perigueux, rebuilt 1120</p> <p>St. Benoît-sur-Loire, ded. 1108</p> <p>Angoulême, ded. 1130</p> <p>St. Étienne, Beauvais buttresses, 1120</p> <p>Cluny, ded. 1131</p> <p>Autun, ded. 1132</p> <p>St. Denis, begun 1137; ded. 1144</p> <p>Chartres, west portals, 1135 south tower, 1140- 70</p> <p>Sens, 1144-68</p> <p>Clocher, St. Jean, Auxerre before 1150</p> <p>Senlis, 1155</p> <p>Laon, 1160</p> <p>Paris, c. 1162-c. 1225</p> <p>Lisieux, c. 1160</p> <p>Chartres fire, 1194 rebuilding begun</p> <p>Meaux end of 12-16th</p> <p>Angers nave</p>	<p>St. Ambrogio, Milan</p> <p>Cefalu, 1132</p> <p>San Zeno, Verona, 1138</p> <p>Tintern Abbey, 1138</p> <p>Peterborough, 1117</p> <p>Capella Palatina, ded. 1140</p> <p>Fountains Abbey be- fore 1150</p> <p>Canterbury, 1174</p> <p>Monreale, 1174-82</p> <p>Palermo cathedral, 1185</p> <p>La Martorana, Paler- mo, 1184-1221</p> <p>Lincoln, late century</p>	<p>Wace, c. 1100-75</p> <p>Geoffrey of Mon- mouth, ?-1155</p> <p>Averroes, 1126-98</p> <p>Maimon, 1135-1204</p> <p>Adam of St. Victor, 1130-92?</p> <p>John of Salisbury, c. 1115-1180</p> <p>Walter Map, 1140- 1208?</p> <p>Héloise, d. 1164</p> <p>Chrétien de Troyes at court of Marie, 1160-72</p> <p>Wolfram von Eschen- bach, c. 1170</p> <p>Walther von der Vogel- weide, c. 1170- c. 1228</p> <p>Eilhart's Tristan, c. 1180</p> <p>Marie de France, fl. c. 1175</p> <p>Layamon</p> <p>Snorre Sturleson, c. 1178-?</p> <p>The Cid</p> <p>Nibelungenlied</p> <p>Volsunga Saga</p> <p>Adam of Lille, d. 1202</p> <p>Peire Vidal, fl. 1175- 1200</p> <p>Alexander of Hales, 1175-1245</p> <p>Robert Grosseteste, c. 1175-1253</p>

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS AND PERSONS	RULERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
Clairvaux founded, 1115 9th Oecumenical Council, 1st Lateran, 1123 (crusades) 10th Oecumenical Coun- cil, 2d Lateran, 1139 Second Crusade, 1147-49	<i>France</i> Louis VI, 1108 Louis VII, 1137 Philip II, 1180 <i>England</i> Henry I, 1100 Stephen, 1135	Order of Templars, 1119 Concordat of Worms, 1122 University of Bologna, 1116? University of Paris, 1150 ³ University of Oxford University of Cambridge
Thomas à Becket, 1118- 70	<i>Plantagenet</i> Henry II, 1154 Richard I, 1189 John, 1199	Saladin captures Jeru- salem, 1187
11th Oecumenical Coun- cil, 3d Lateran, 1179 (condemnation of Al- bigenses and Wal- denses) Third Crusade, 1189-92 St. Francis, 1182-1226 St. Dominic, 1170-1221 Innocent III, 1198-1216 St. Hugh of Lincoln	<i>Emperors</i> Henry V, 1106 Conrad III, 1138 Frederick Barbarossa, 1152 Henry VI, 1190 Philip and Otho, 1198 Eleanor of Aquitaine, c. 1122-1204	

CHART OF DATES

	FRENCH ARCHITECTURE	OTHER ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
13th c.	<p>Great fire at Rouen, 1200</p> <p>Mantes, 1200</p> <p>Bourges choir, 1200-09</p> <p>Auxerre, begun c. 1213</p> <p>Rheims, begun c. 1211</p> <p>Troyes, begun 1208</p> <p>Coutances, after 1215-1300</p> <p>Great fire at Amiens, 1218</p> <p>Chartres rebuilding finished, 1220</p> <p>Paris finished, c. 1225</p> <p>Auxerre, begun before 1225</p> <p>Rouen choir, done before 1225</p> <p>Senlis spire, 1240</p> <p>Rheims choir, 1241</p> <p>Poitiers Cathedral and Angers east end, early 13th c.</p> <p>Sainte-Chapelle, 1240-48</p> <p>Beauvais choir, 1247-73, fell, 1284</p> <p>Narbonne, 1273-1319</p> <p>Limoges, 1273-1320</p> <p>Toulouse Cathedral</p> <p>Albi, 1282-15th c.</p>	<p>Salisbury, 1220</p> <p>Burgos, 1221-16th c.</p> <p>San Francesco, Assisi, 1228</p> <p>Siena Cathedral, 1245</p> <p>Cologne, 1248</p> <p>Leon, 1250-14th c.</p> <p>Santa Maria Novella, 1278</p> <p>Exeter, 1280-1394</p> <p>Orvieto, 1290</p> <p>Florence Cathedral, 1296</p> <p>Palazzo Vecchio, 1298</p>	<p>Roger Bacon, 1210?-1292</p> <p>Gottfried von Strasbourg, c. 1210</p> <p>Salimbene, 1221-c. 1288</p> <p>Walter Map, d. 1208</p> <p>Joinville, 1224-1319</p> <p>Jacobus de Voragine, c. 1230-98</p> <p>Vincent of Beauvais, d. c. 1264</p> <p>Sordello, 1224-69</p> <p>Cimabue, 1240-1302</p> <p>Marco Polo, 1254-1324</p> <p>Rutebeuf, fl. 1245-1285</p> <p>Duccio, 126?-1339</p> <p>Giovanni Pisano, 1250-1328</p> <p>Meister Eckhart, c. 1260-1327</p> <p>Villars de Honnecourt</p> <p>Dante, 1265-1321</p> <p>Giotto, 1266-1337</p> <p>William of Lorris</p> <p><i>Romance of the Rose</i></p> <p>Guiraut Requier, 1294</p>

CHART OF DATES

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ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS AND PERSONS	RULERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
St. Elizabeth of Hungary, 1207-31	<i>France</i> Louis VIII, 1223	University of Paris
12th Oecumenical Coun- cil, 4th Lateran, 1215	Louis IX, 1226	Magna Carta, 1215
(Reforms. Angels de- clared created)	Philip III, 1270	Ghenghis Khan, 1206-27
Franciscan Order, 1210	Philp IV, 1285	University of Padua
Dominican Order, 1215	<i>England</i> Henry III, 1216	University of Salamanca
Crusades against Albigenses, 1209-29	Edward I, 1272	
Bonaventura, 1221-74	<i>Emperors</i> Frederick II, 1212	
Albertus Magnus, 1206?- 80	William, 1247	
Fourth Crusade, 1202-04	Richard, 1257	
Capture of Constantinople by Latins, 1204	Alphonso, 1257	Hanseatic League, 1241
Children's Crusade, 1212	Rodolph, 1273	
Fifth Crusade, 1216-20	Adolph, 1291	
Sixth Crusade, 1227-29	Albert I, 1298	Kubla Khan, 1259-94
Thomas Aquinas, 1225?- 74	<i>Popes</i> Innocent III, 1198-16	Simon de Montfort's Par- liament, 1265
13th Oecumenical Coun- cil, 1st General of Lyons, 1245	Honorius III, 1216-18	
(Frederick II excom- municated. New cru- sades discussed)	Gregory IX, 1227-41	
Seventh Crusade, 1249-54	Celestine IV, 1241	
Eighth Crusade, 1270-72	Innocent IV, 1243	
14th Oecumenical Coun- cil, 2d of Lyons, 1274	Alexander IV, 1254	
(temporary union with Greek church. <i>Filioque</i> added to Constanti- nopolitan creed)	Urban IV, 1261	Travels of Marco Polo, 1271-95
Durandus, 1237-96	Clement IV, 1265	
Duns Scotus, 1266?-1308	St. Gregory X, 1271	Sicilian Vespers
	Innocent V, 1276	French driven from Sicily
	Adrian V, 1276	
	John XXI, 1276	
	Nicholas III, 1277-80	
	Martin IV, 1281	
	Honorius IV, 1285	
	Nicholas IV, 1288	
	St. Celestine V, 1294	
	Boniface VIII, 1294	

CHART OF DATES

	FRENCH ARCHITECTURE	OTHER ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
14th c.	St. Ouen, 1319-39 Auxerre nave and transepts Le Mans south transept Beauvais choir finished St. Nazaire, Carcassonne Bordeaux, choir and transepts Tours Quimper St. Pol de Leon Kreisker spire, St. Pol de Leon Spire, St. Pierre, Caen	Windsor Castle Warwick Castle, 14th and 15th c. Madrasa of Sultan Hasan, Cairo, 1356-63 Gloucester, 1351-1412 Hotel de Ville, Bruges, 1376-14th c. New College, Oxford, 1379-14th c. Melrose Abbey	William of Ockam, 1300-49 Petrarch, 1304-74 Boccaccio, 1313-75 Chaucer, 1328-1400 Froissart, c. 1337-1410 Brunelleschi, 1377-1446 Pisanello, 1380-1456 Wyclif's translation of Bible, 1383 Donatello, 1386-1466 Jan Van Eyck, 1387-1440 Uccello, 1397-1475

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS	RULERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
'Babylonian Captivity,' 1309-76	<i>France</i> Louis X, 1314 Philip V, 1316 Charles IV, 1322 <i>Capetian Valois</i> Philip VI, 1328 John II, 1350 Charles V, 1364 Charles VI, 1380	Suppression of Knights Templars, 1311 Wyclife, 1324?-1384 Beginning of Hundred Years' War, 1338 First use of cannon, 1343 Battle of Crécy, 1346 Black Death, 1347-49 Battle of Poitiers, 1356 Rienzi tribune of Rome, 1347
15th Oecumenical Coun- cil, Vienne, 1311-13 (discussion of Knights Templars and new cru- sade)	<i>England</i> Edward II, 1307 Edward III, 1327 Richard II, 1377 <i>Lancaster</i> Henry IV, 1399	Tamerlane, 1369-1405 Huss, 1369-1415
Great Schism, 1378-1417	<i>Popes</i> Boniface VIII, 1294- 1303 Benedict XI, 1303-04 Clement V, 1305-14 John XXII, 1316-34 Benedict XII, 1334 Clement VI, 1342 Innocent VI, 1352 Urban V, 1362 Gregory XI, 1370 Urban VI, 1378 Boniface IX, 1389 <i>Emperors</i> Henry VII, 1308 Louis IV, 1314 Frederick III, 1314 Charles IV, 1347 Wenceslas, 1378	Union of Colmar, 1397 Jacques Coeur, c. 1395- 1456

CHART OF DATES

	FRENCH ARCHITECTURE	OTHER ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
15th c.	<p>Rheims about finished, 1400</p> <p>St. Maclou, 1432</p> <p>Caudebec, 1426</p> <p>Choir of Mont St. Michel restored, 1448</p> <p>Le Mans north transept</p> <p>Beauvais transepts</p> <p>St. Savin spire</p> <p>Autun spire</p>	<p>Green mosque of Brusa, 1414</p> <p>Riccardi Palace</p> <p>Palace of the Doges, 1424-38</p> <p>Kings College, Cambridge, 1440-16th c.</p>	<p>Masaccio, 1401-28</p> <p>Foucquet, 1411-80</p> <p>Giovanni Bellini, 1428-1507</p> <p>Mantegna, 1431-1506</p> <p>Villon, 1431</p> <p>Piero della Francesca, 1416-92</p> <p>Memling, 1430-94</p> <p>Verrocchio, 1435-88</p> <p>Bramante, 1444-1514</p> <p>Perugino, 1446-1523</p> <p>Botticelli, 1447-1510</p> <p>Signorelli, 1450-1523</p> <p>Leonardo, 1452-1519</p> <p>Aldus, 1450-1515</p> <p>Dürer, 1471-1528</p> <p>Cranach, 1472-1553</p> <p>Erasmus, 1467?-1536</p> <p>Ariosto, 1474-1533</p> <p>Michelangelo, 1475-1564</p> <p>Giorgione, 1477-1510</p> <p>Titian, 1477-1576</p> <p>Thomas More, 1478-1535</p> <p>Raphael, 1483-1520</p> <p>Rabelais, 1483-1553</p> <p>Paracelsus, 1493-1541</p> <p>Aretino, 1492-1556</p>

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS AND PERSONS	RULERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
16th Oecumenical Council, Constance, 1414-18 (Wyclif and Huss denounced)	<i>France</i> Charles VII, 1422 Louis XI, 1461 Charles VIII, 1483 Louis XII, 1498	Joan of Arc, 1412-31 Columbus, 1446?-1506? Lorenzo dei Medici, 1449-1527?
17th Oecumenical Council, Basle, 1431 (pacification of Bohemia)	<i>England</i> Henry V, 1413 Henry VI, 1422	Fall of Constantinople, 1453
Savonarola, 1452-98	<i>York</i>	End of Hundred Years' War, 1453
<i>Popes</i> Innocent VII, 1404 Gregory XII, 1406 Alexander V, 1409 John XXIII, 1410 Martin V, 1417 Eugene IV, 1431 Nicholas V, 1447 Callistus III, 1455 Pius II, 1458 Paul II, 1464 Sixtus IV, 1471 Innocent VIII, 1484 Alexander VI, 1492	<i>Edward IV</i> , 1461 <i>Edward V</i> , 1483 <i>Richard III</i> , 1483 <i>Tudor</i> Henry VII, 1485	First printing by Gutenberg, 1454 Wars of the Roses, 1455
	<i>Emperors</i> Rupert, 1400	Caxton, 1421?-1491 Macchiavelli, 1469-1527
	Jossus, 1410 Sigismund, 1410 Albert II, 1438 Frederick IV, 1440 Maximilian I, 1493	Ivan the Great, 1462-1505 Luther, 1483-1546 Cape of Good Hope rounded, 1486
	<i>Spain</i> Castile and Aragon united under Ferdinand and Isabella, 1479	Conquest of the Moors Granada, 1492 Discovery of America, 1492 Cabot reaches St. Lawrence, 1497 Vasco da Gama reaches West Indies, 1498 Copernicus, 1473-1543 Melanchthon, 1497-1560

CHART OF DATES

	FRENCH ARCHITECTURE	OTHER ARCHITECTURE	ARTS AND SCIENCES
16th c.	<p>Rouen flèche, 1507</p> <p>Chartres, south spire, 1506</p> <p>Church of Brou, 1511- 36</p> <p>Fontainebleau, 1528- 1609</p> <p>Founding of Louvre, 1543</p> <p>Rodez tower</p> <p>Beauvais spire fell, 1573</p> <p>Château Amboise</p>	<p>Salamanca</p> <p>Segovia, 1525-77</p> <p>St. John's College, Cambridge</p> <p>St. John's College, Oxford</p> <p>Hampton Court Pal- ace</p> <p>Trinity College, Cam- bridge</p>	<p>Clouet, 1500-72</p> <p>Cellini, 1500-71</p> <p>Lescot, 1510-71</p> <p>Vasari, 1511-74</p> <p>Philibert Delorme, 1515-70</p> <p>Palestrina, c. 1524-94</p> <p>Ronsard, 1524-85</p> <p>P. Breughel, 1525-69</p> <p>Veronese, 1528-98</p> <p>Pillon, 1530-90</p> <p>Montaigne, 1533-92</p> <p>Tasso, 1544-95</p> <p>Tycho Brahe, 1546- 1601</p> <p>Cervantes, 1547-1616</p> <p>El Greco, 1548-1625</p> <p>Bruno, 1550-1600</p> <p>Spenser, 1552-99</p> <p>Sidney, 1554-86</p> <p>Thomas Morley, 1557- 1604</p> <p>Bacon, 1561-1626</p> <p>Marlowe, 1564-93</p> <p>Shakespeare, 1564- 1616</p> <p>Campanella, 1568- 1639</p> <p>Rubens, 1577-1640</p> <p>Harvey, 1578-1657</p> <p>Gassendi, 1592-1655</p> <p>Hobbes, 1588-1679</p> <p>Descartes, 1596-1650</p> <p>Velasquez, 1599-1660</p>

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS	RULERS	OTHER PERSONS AND EVENTS
18th Oecumenical Council, 5th Lateran, 1512-17 St. Theresa, 1515-82 Diet of Worms, 1521 (condemnation of Luther) Society of Jesuits founded by Loyola, 1534	<i>France</i> Francis I, 1515 Henry II, 1547 Francis II, 1559 Charles IX, 1560 Henry III, 1574 <i>Bourbon</i> Henry IV, 1589	John Knox, 1505-43 Calvin, 1509-63 Balboa discovers the Pacific, 1513 Pizarro and Cortez conquests, 1519-31 Magellan circumnavigates globe, 1520-21
19th Oecumenical Council, Trent, 1545-63	<i>England</i> Henry VIII, 1509 Edward VI, 1547 Mary, 1553 Elizabeth, 1558	England separates from Rome, 1533 Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552-1618
<i>Popes</i> Alexander VI, 1492-1503 Pius III, 1503 Julius II, 1503 Leo X, 1513 Adrian VI, 1522 Clement VII, 1523 Paul III, 1534 Julius III, 1550 Marcellus II, 1555 Paul IV, 1555 Pius IV, 1559 St. Pius V, 1566 Gregory XIII, 1572 Sixtus V, 1585 Urban VII, 1590 Gregory XIV, 1590 Innocent IX, 1591 Clement VIII, 1592	<i>Emperors</i> Charles V, 1519 Ferdinand I, 1558 Maximilian II, 1564 Rudolph II, 1576 <i>Spain</i> Philip II, 1556 Philip III, 1598	Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572 Spanish Armada, 1588 Jansen discovers microscope, 1590 Edict of Nantes, 1598

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE INTENDING TRAVELLER

FOR those whose pilgrimage must lie through the realm of books the appended list of readings may be useful. Those so fortunate as to be planning an actual journey among mediaeval churches and more ancient things may welcome a few recommendations based on the writer's own experience. Such recommendations cannot fail to be biased, but if they are put forward as expressions of personal preference there should be no ground for complaint.

First, then, let me state my conviction that, unless one has found the perfect companion, solitary wandering brings the greatest reward. Let me admit my liking for simple accommodations and humble modes of conveyance, but also my belief that if one economizes by travelling third class whenever possible (in Italy and France as well as England) one should indulge occasionally in important pieces of extravagance. Of such would be a twenty-four hour stay at the Mena House at the time of full moon, with a night trip over the sands to the Sphinx and a view, by day and by night, of the pyramids from one's window.

In Greece one cannot do better than put oneself in the hands of Ghiolman Brothers. In Egypt one may make arrangements with the Sudan Government boat line for a wonderful trip from Assouan to Wadi Halfa which allows for two stops at Abu Simbel, at midnight and again at sunrise, and a two-day stay in a hotel resembling a houseboat stranded on the bank

of the Nile. For prolonged wanderings in France all one needs is a copy of the *Indicateur* giving all train connections between the several independent railroad lines. Finally, let me add that, if one can contrive an itinerary that brings one everywhere out of season to the places one wishes to visit, this will mean not only reduced expense but also avoidance of tourist crowds.

For some it is time, for some it is expense, that must be saved. Occasionally one can economize in both ways at once, as by going by train from Cairo to Luxor and making this the centre for one-day excursions to Edfu and Kom Ombo, Dendera and Abydos. In many countries motoring by private car is the ideal method. But even those who can afford a car should not miss the twelve-hour mule-back journey from Olympia to Andritsaena and the shorter trip the following day to Bassae. Nor should anyone miss the incomparable night journey from Delphi to the Peloponnesus which gives a wild motor ride down to the harbour and a sail to Aigion across the Gulf of Corinth under waning stars and the coming of dawn. For the adventurous there is another excursion that must be taken — from Istanbul over the Sea of Marmora to Mudania for the Green Mosque of Brusa, and back by motor-bus through the Anatolian mountains to Yalava and boat to Istanbul again.

There is no occasion to enumerate the usual objectives of tourists. A brief list of those places that one should on no account omit will be more to the purpose.

In Greece don't miss the motor trip to Sunium from Athens, or that from Tripolitza through Sparta to Mistra, or a night or two at Nauplia and the excursion from there to Epidaurus. If possible go to Istanbul from the Piraeus by a ship making a stop at Saloniki. Also if possible leave Egypt by steamer from Port Said to Malta and sail thence for Syracuse by another boat. In Sicily don't miss Segesta and Cefalu, both accessible from Palermo. In Italy don't miss Ravenna, easily reached from Venice, and if you visit only a few of the little hill towns,

don't omit Perugia. In England it is the great Norman cathedrals that must above all be seen, among them Peterborough and Ely, Southwell and Durham. In Spain if you must choose between Zaragoza and Barcelona choose the latter, and surely visit Toledo and Avila and Segovia.

As for France the recommendations here are more numerous. Don't miss Moissac or Toulouse, Autun, Vendôme or Paray-le-Monial. Don't miss Poitiers, or fail to motor from there to Chauvigny and St. Savin. Only by car can one see some of the marvellous little churches of the Central West. But even by train one may visit at least a few of these, as well as some of the cupolaed churches such as Cahors and Souillac. Conques may be reached by car from Rodez, and neither should be missed. If you approach Clermont-Ferrand from the south, stop off at Issoire and go by car or motor-bus to St. Nectaire.

Of the great Gothic cathedrals it is Le Mans and Bourges which are most frequently neglected, and if one must choose between them and some of the more traditional objectives it is the latter that one can more wisely forego. For Chartres don't content yourself with a day's visit from Paris. Stay as many days as you can spare. On the other hand, Amiens, Beauvais, Senlis, and Mantes, as well as Morienvall, can be visited from Paris as headquarters. In Normandy don't miss Coutances, and don't fail to motor from there to Lessay. Assuredly you must go to Jumièges and Caen, and if possible see Cunault and St. Georges-de-Boscherville.

Some justification for the above advice will be found in this book. For those who disagree with it, there is always the adage: each according to his taste.

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Also works by Sir J. G. Frazer, Gilbert Murray, Charles Diehl, Franz Cumont, Louis Bréhier, and the *Dictionnaire raisonné* of Viollet-le-Duc. Many of the mediaeval romances may be found in translation in the Everyman Library, and for the *Song of Roland* and *Tristan and Iseult*, there are the great versions by Joseph Bédier.

PLATES

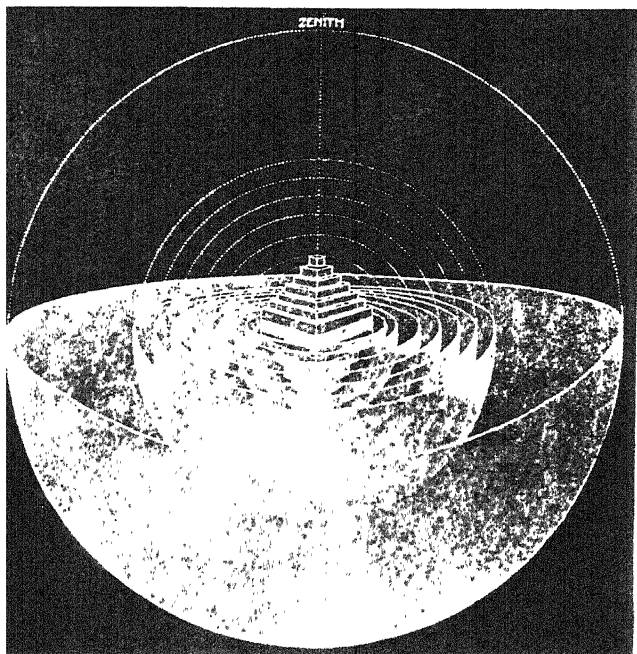


PLATE I

THE
BABYLONIAN
UNIVERSE

PYRAMIDS
OF GIZEH

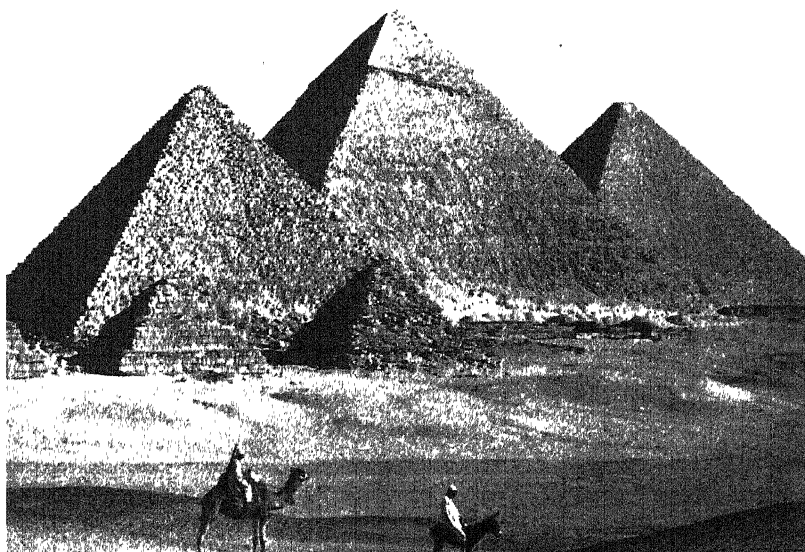




PLATE II

ABU SIMBEL: GREAT TEMPLE, FIRST HALL



PLATE III
KARNAK: TEMPLE OF KHONSU



PLATE IV
SEGESTA

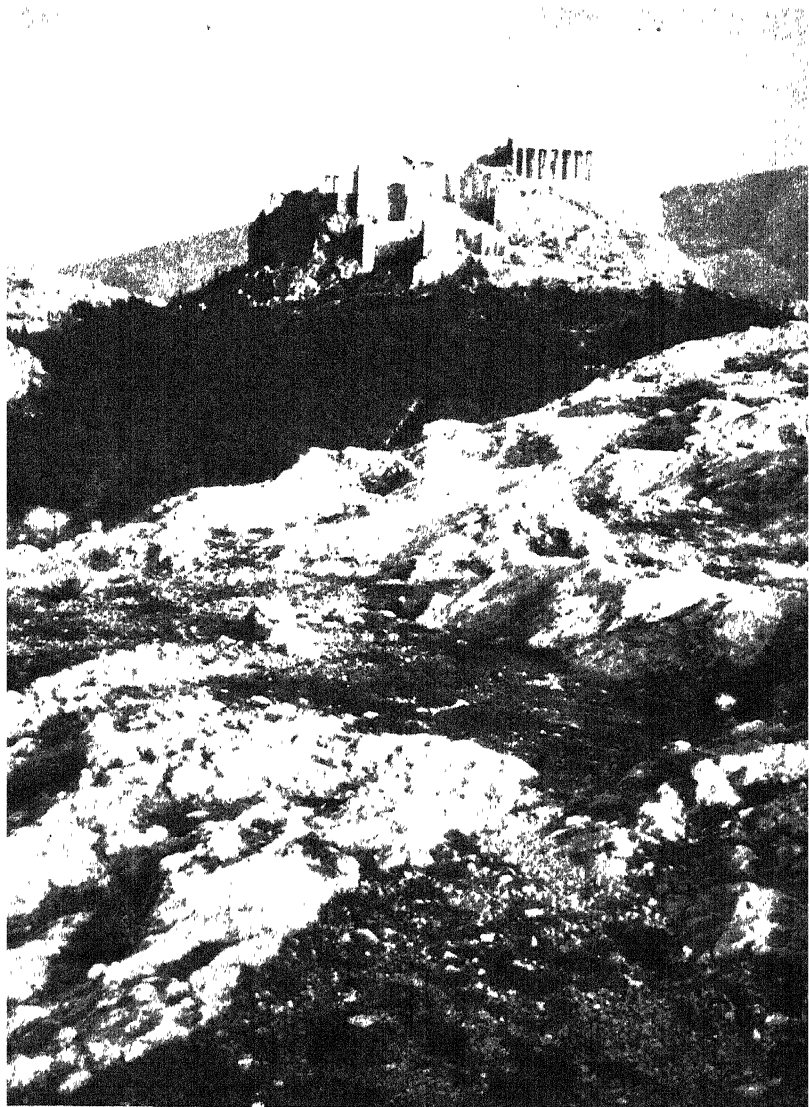
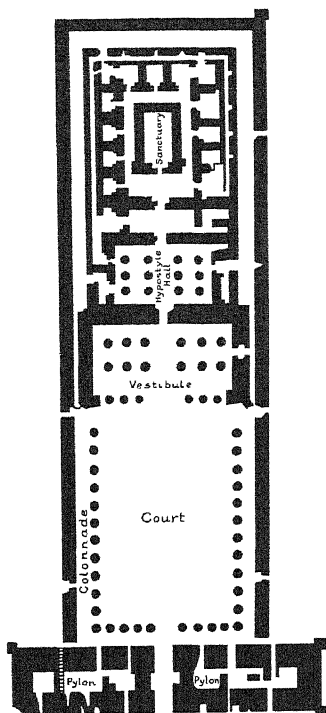
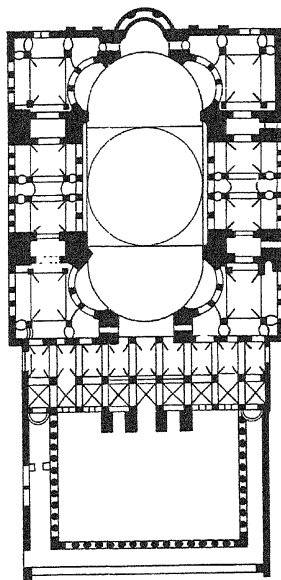


PLATE V
ATHENS: THE ACROPOLIS

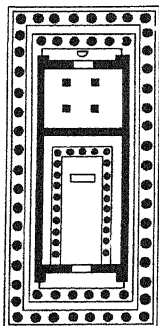
PLATE VI
GROUND PLANS



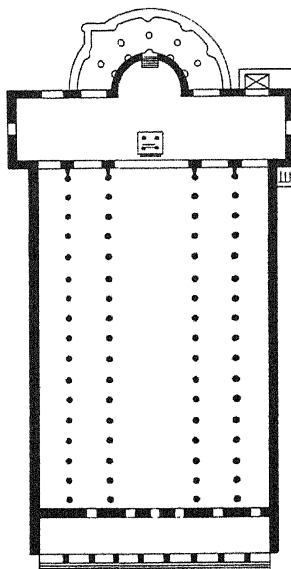
Temple of Horus at Edfu



Santa Sophia



Parthenon



Basilica of
St. John Lateran



PLATE VII

RAVENNA: S. APOLLINARE NUOVO

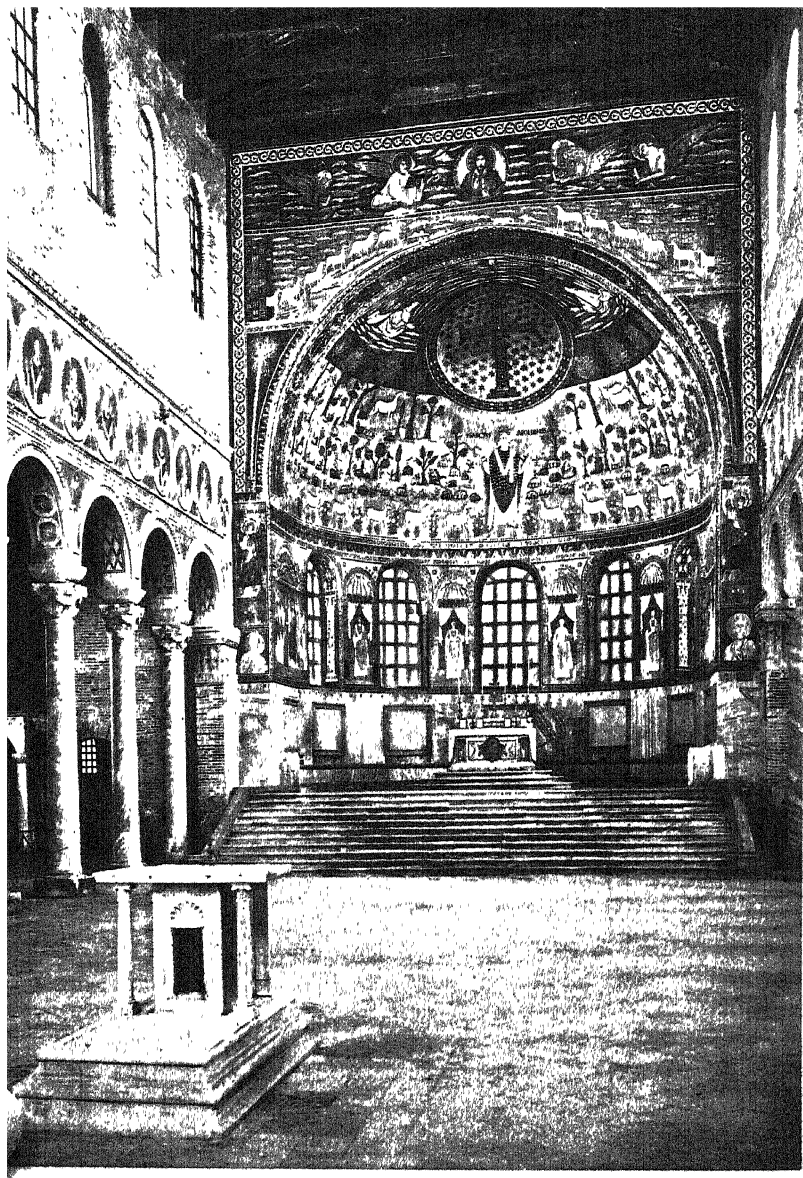


PLATE VIII

RAVENNA: S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE



PLATE IX
CEFALU: CATHEDRAL

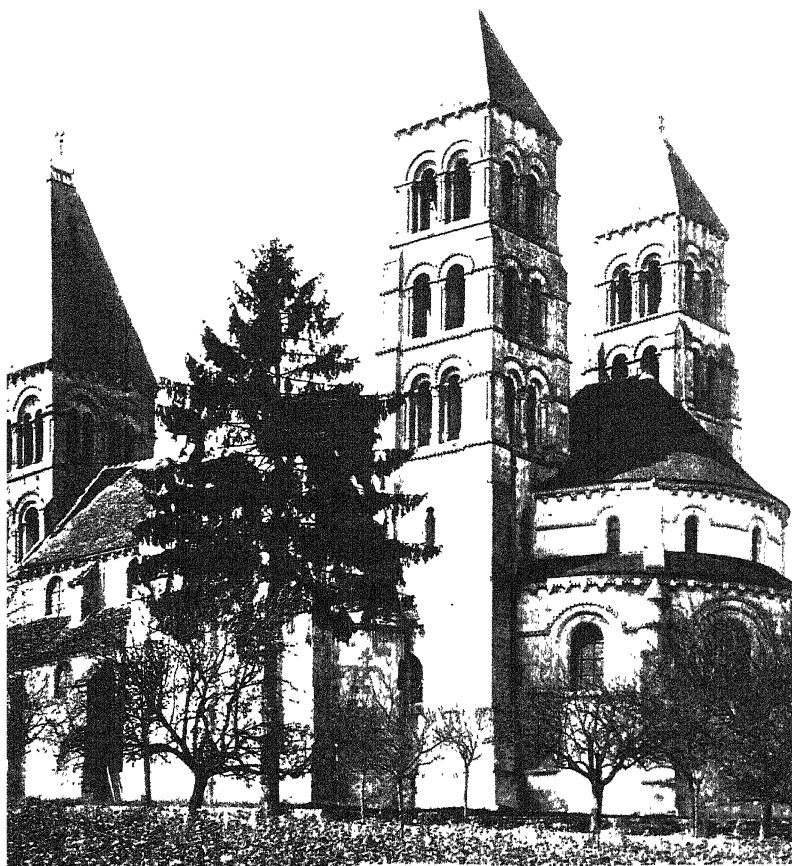


PLATE X
MORIENVAL

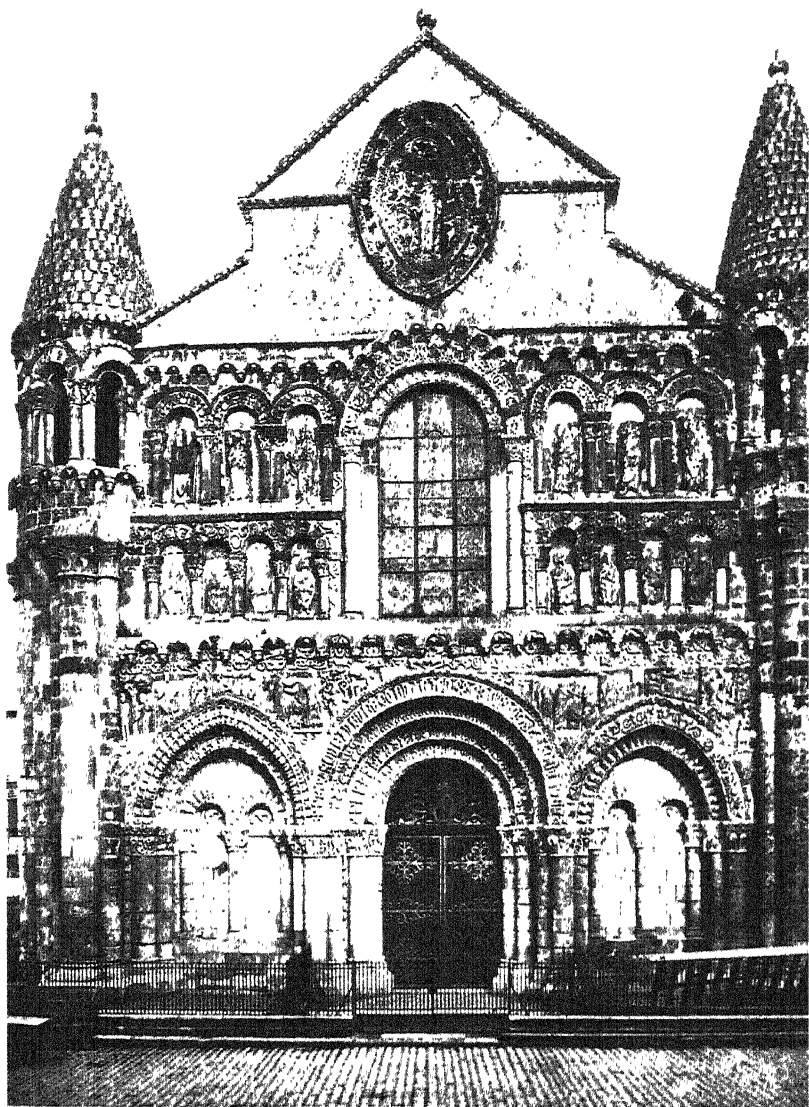


PLATE XI

POITIERS: NOTRE-DAME LA GRANDE, FAÇADE



PLATE XII
PARAY-LE-MONIAL

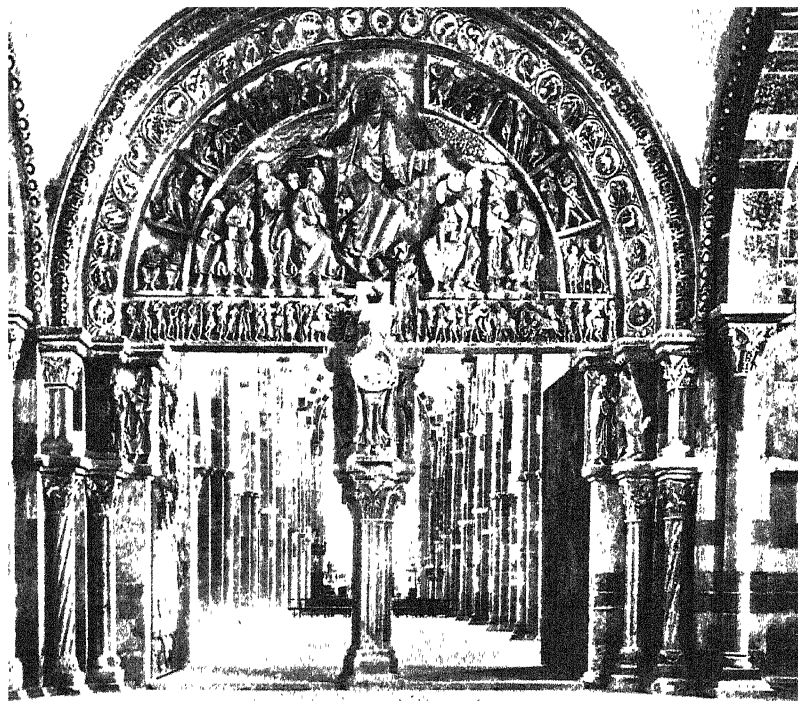


PLATE XIII

VÉZELAY: CHURCH OF THE MAGDALEN, NARTHEX



Transverse arch

Barrel vault

Groined vault

Lateral arch

Clerestory of apse

Stilted arch

Ambulatory

Entrance into nave from narthex

Nave



PLATE XIV



Ribbed vault

Rose window

Pier with engaged colonnettes

Lancet window

Clerestory of ambulatory

Pointed arch

Capital of column

Arcade

Triforium of ambulatory

Chapel

Choir aisle and beginning of turn of ambulatory

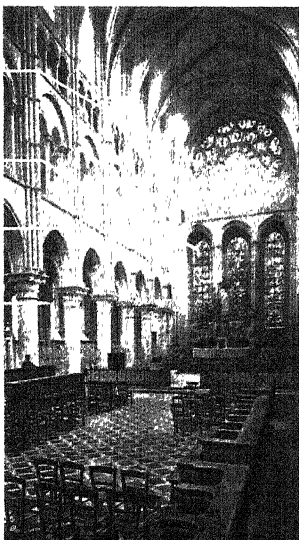
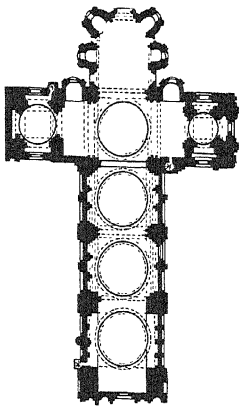
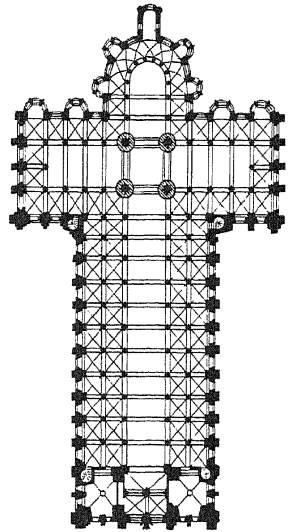


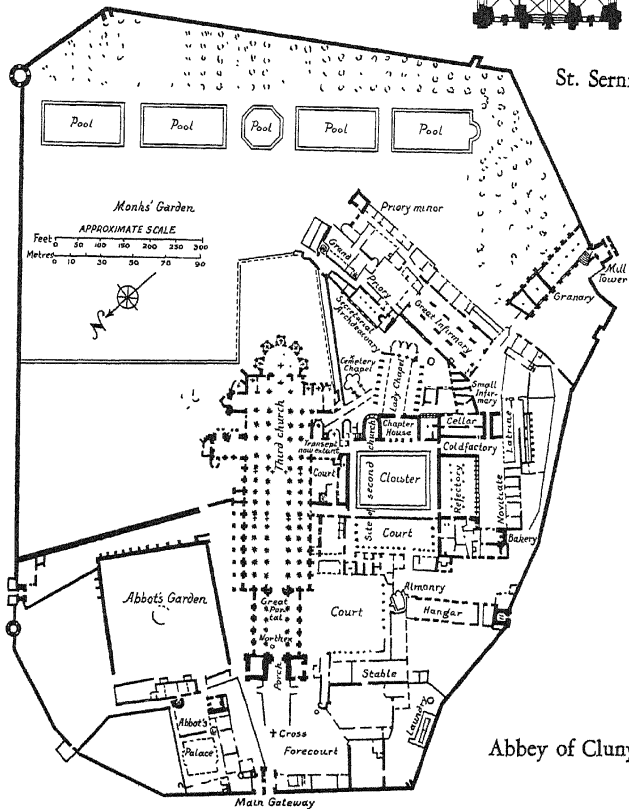
PLATE XV
GROUND PLANS



Cathedral of Angoulême



St. Sernin



Abbey of Cluny

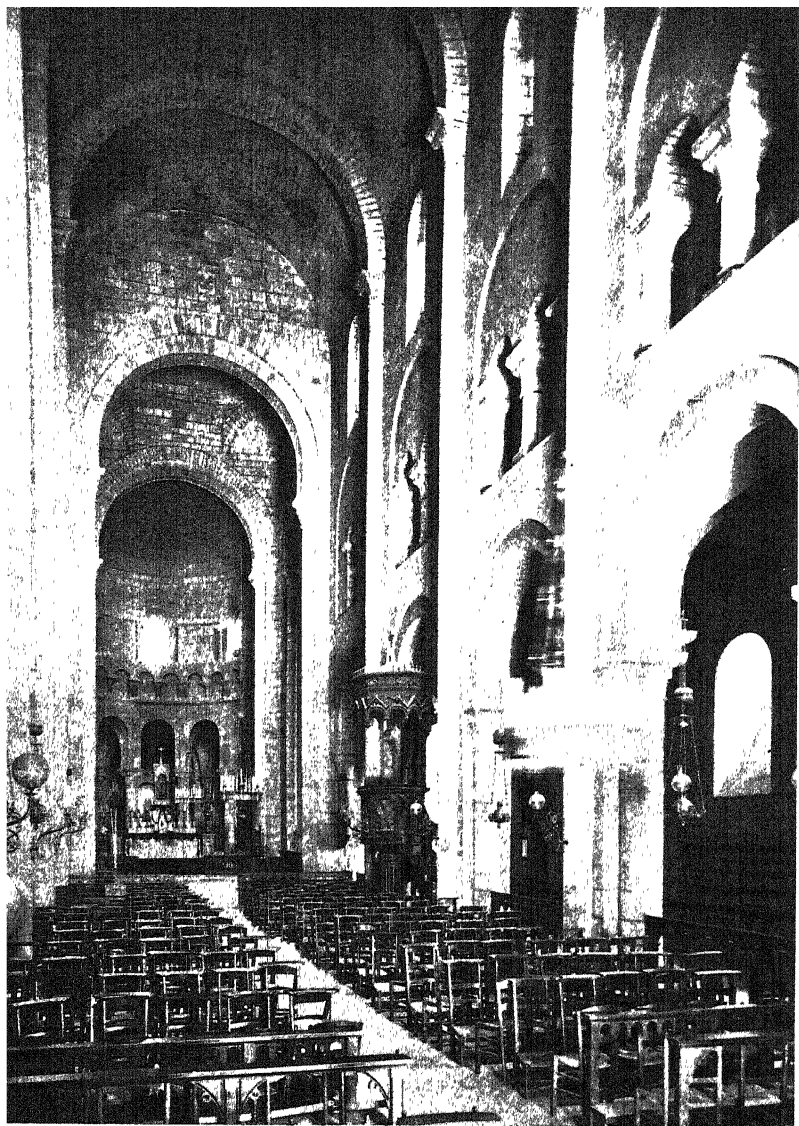


PLATE XVI

NEVERS: ST. ÉTIENNE, NAVE

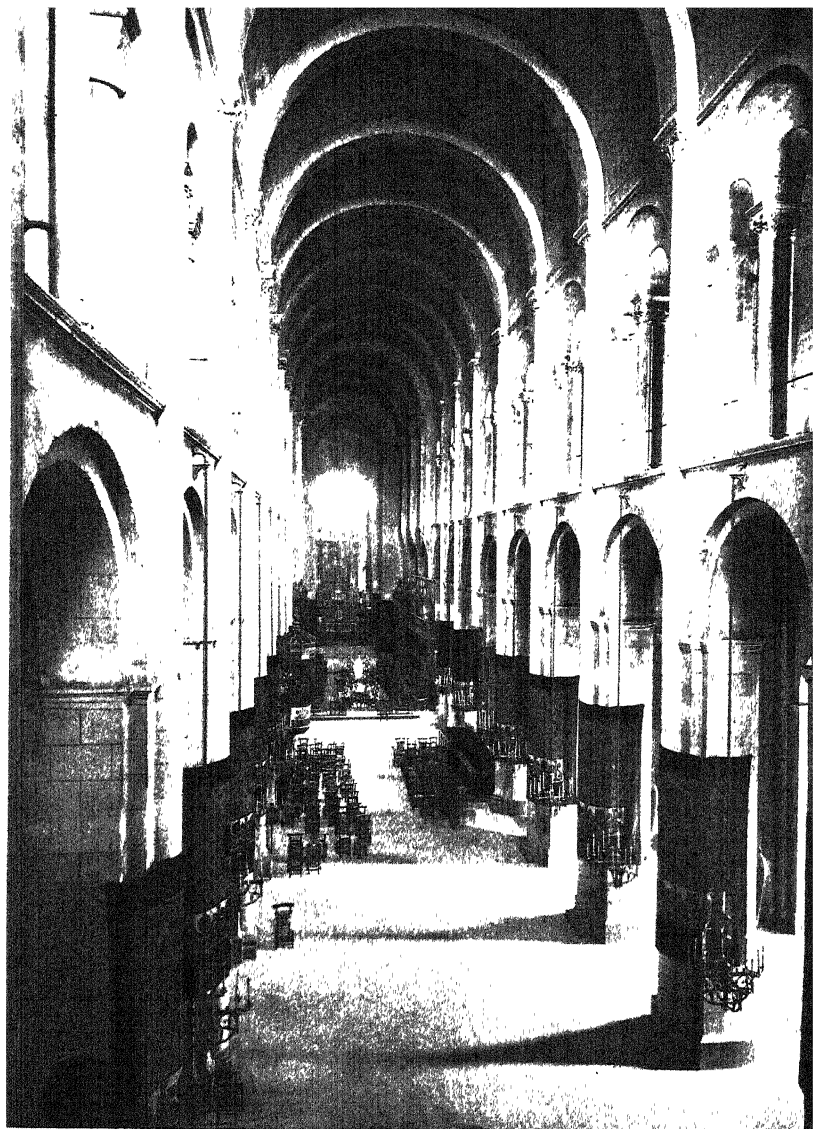


PLATE XVII
TOULOUSE: ST. SERVIN, NAVE

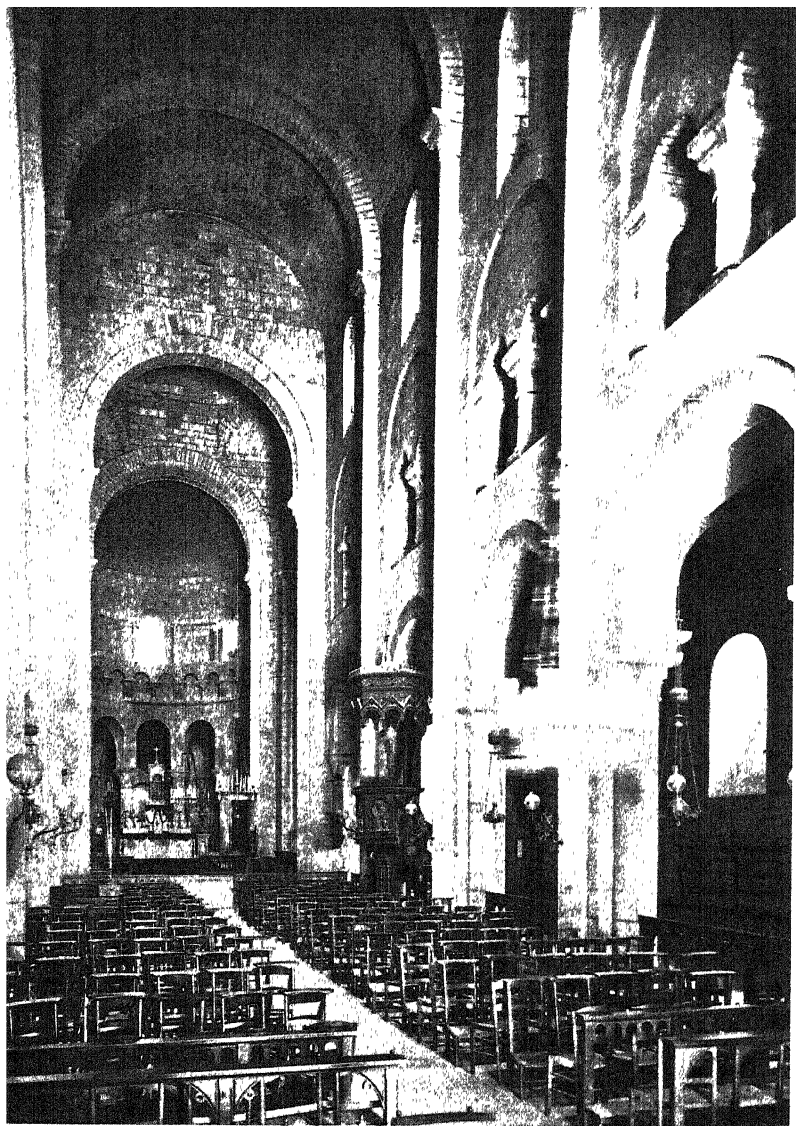


PLATE XVI

NEVERS: ST. ÉTIENNE, NAVE

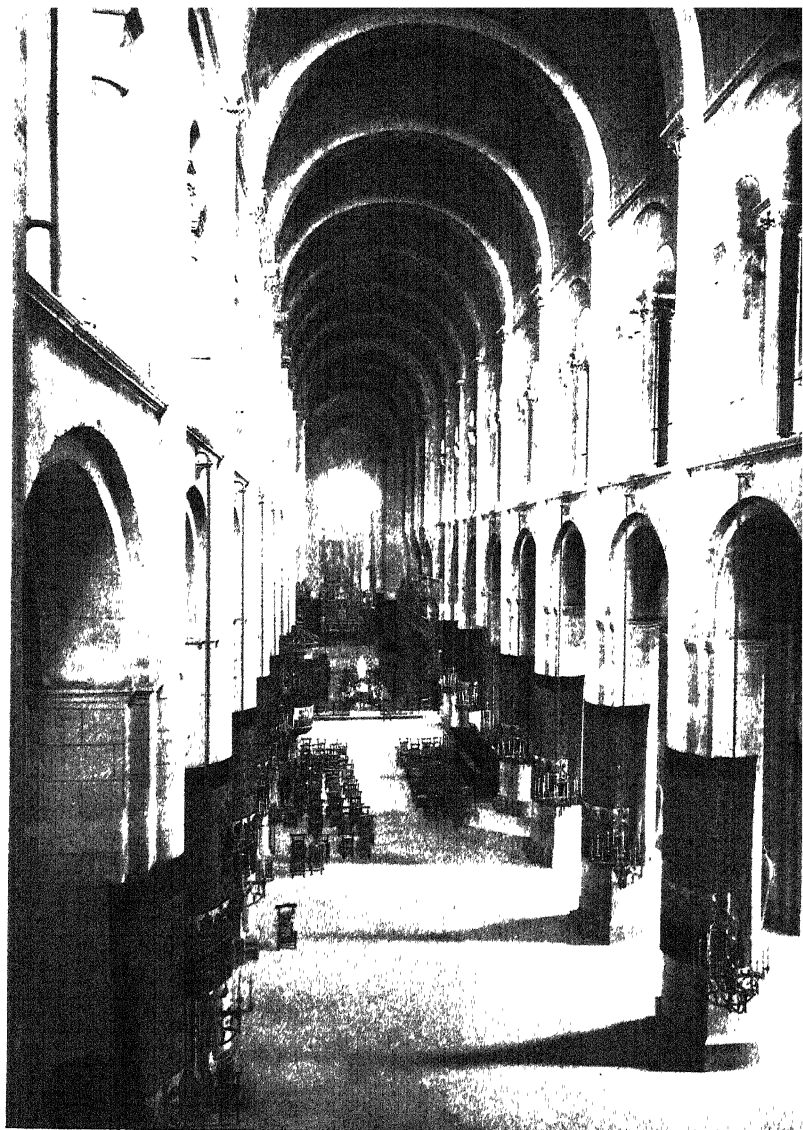


PLATE XVII
TOULOUSE: ST. SERVIN, NAVE



PLATE XVIII

ISSOIRE: ST. PAUL, CRYPT

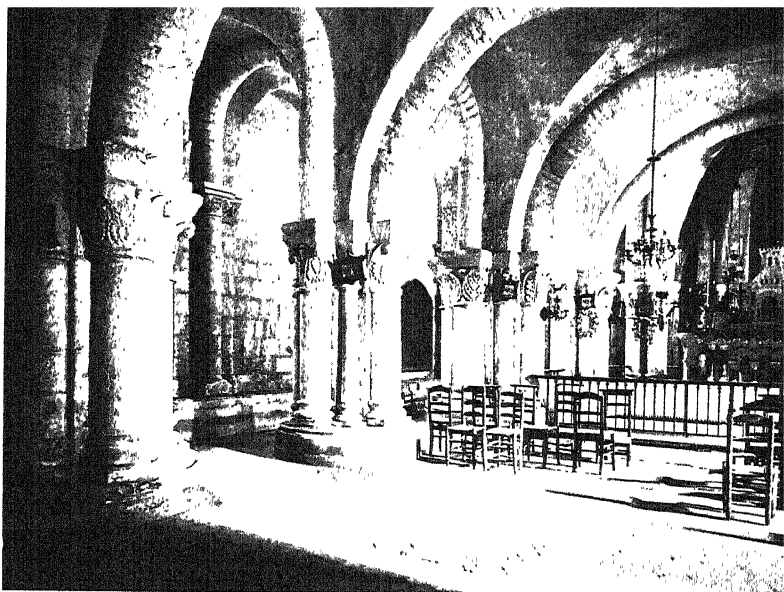


PLATE XIX

SAINTES :
 SAINT EUTROPE,
 CRYPT



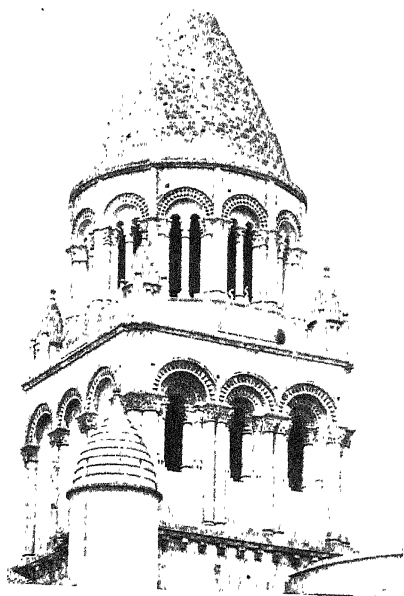


PLATE XX

SAINTES:
ABBAYE DES DAMES



CUNAUT

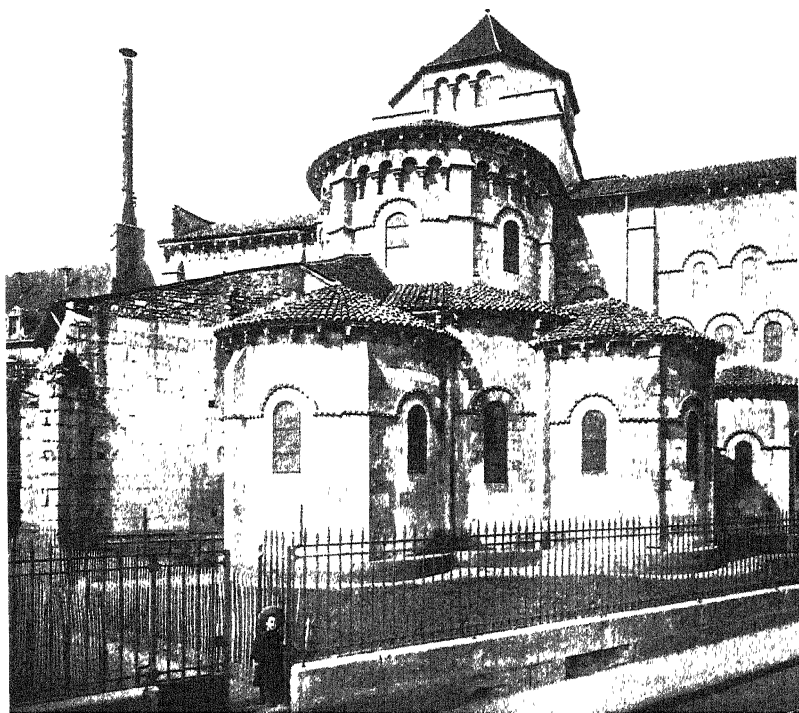


PLATE XXI
NEVERS: ST. ÉTIENNE, APSE



PLATE XXII

CLERMONT-FERRAND: NOTRE-DAME DU PORT, APSE



PLATE XXIII
PARAY-LE-MONIAL: APSE



PLATE XXIV
CHARTRES: FAÇADE



PLATE XXV
CHARTRES: WEST PORTALS

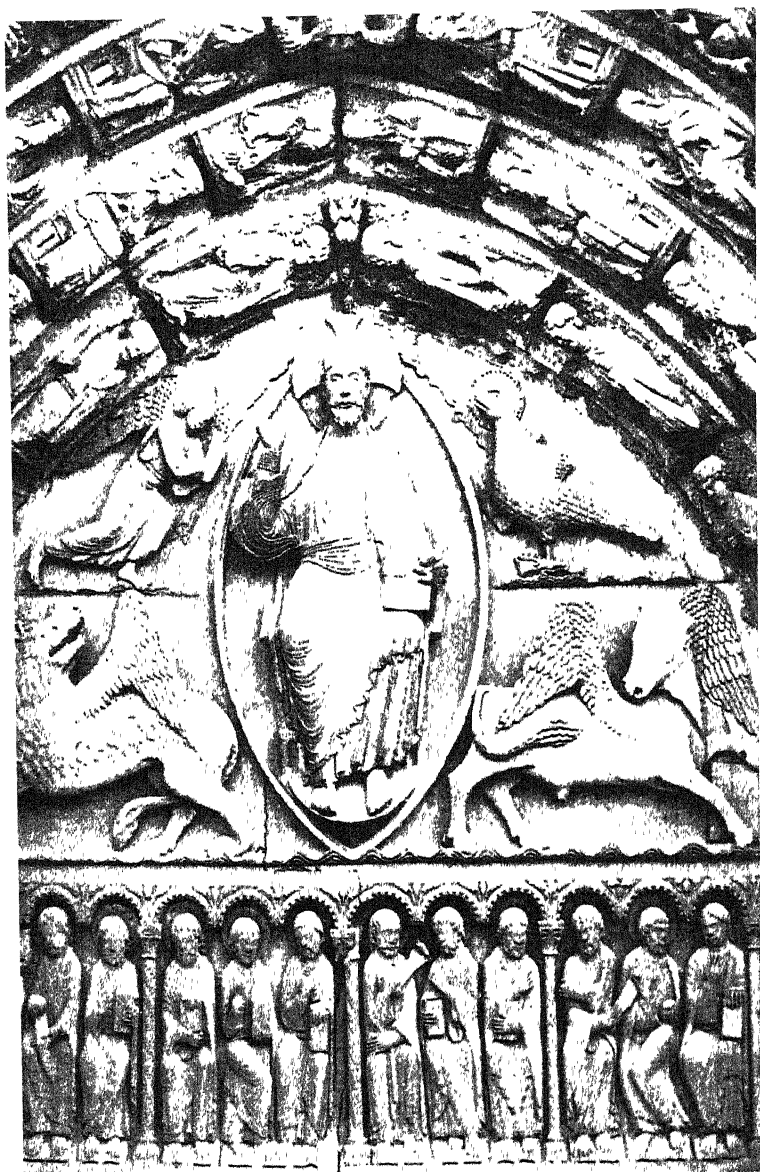


PLATE XXVI

CHARTRES: PORTAIL ROYAL, TYMPANUM



PLATE XXVII

AUXERRE: ST. ROMAIN, SPIRE

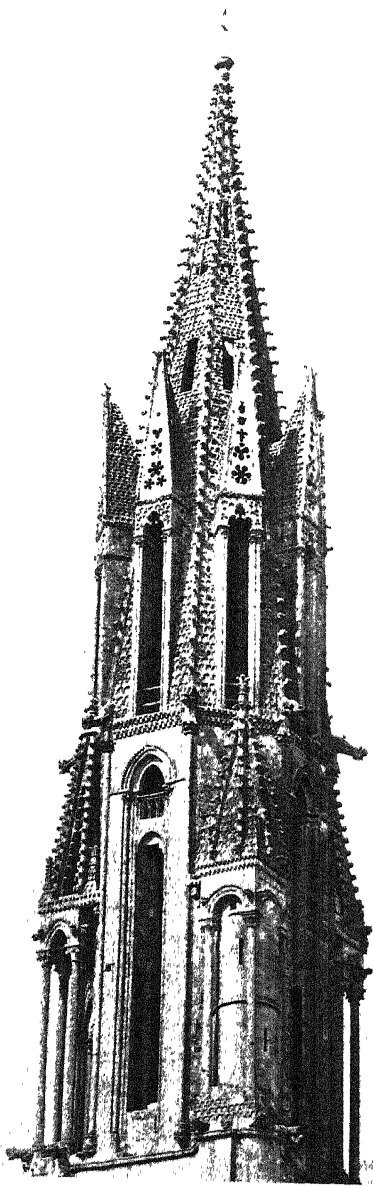


PLATE XXVIII
SENLIS: SPIRE

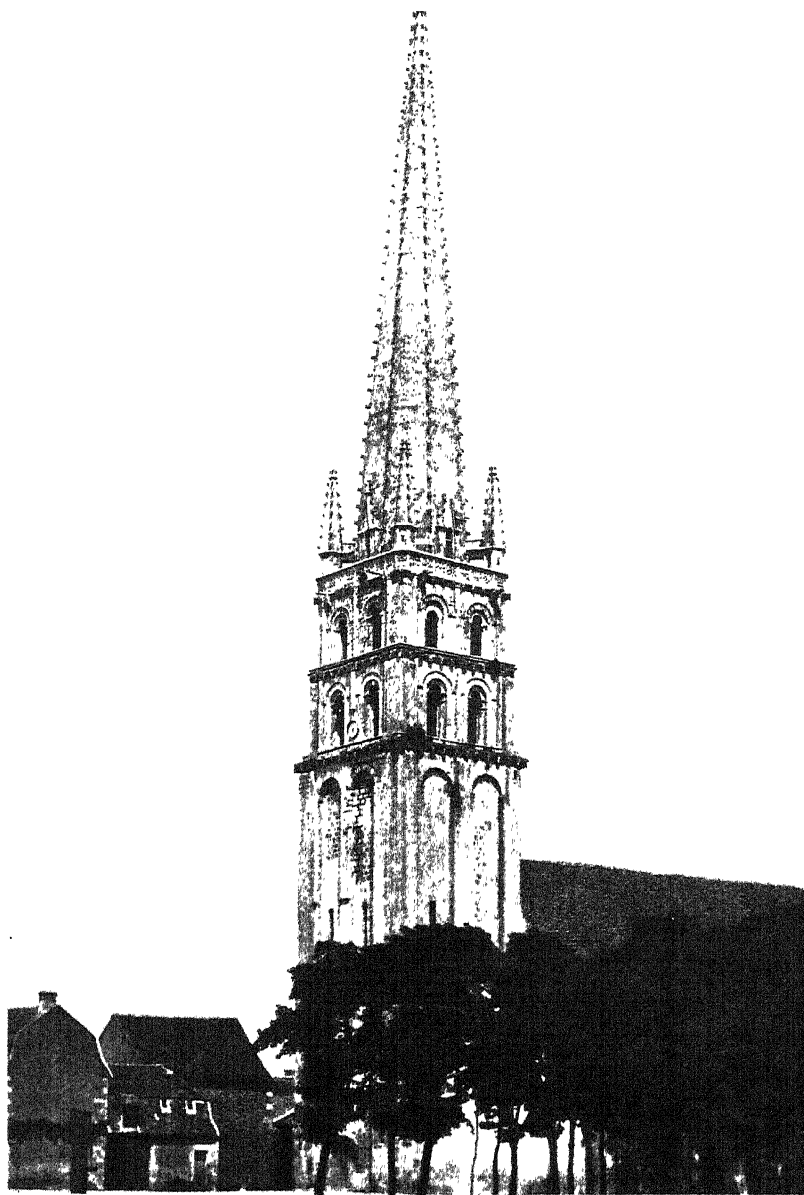


PLATE XXIX

ST. SAVIN

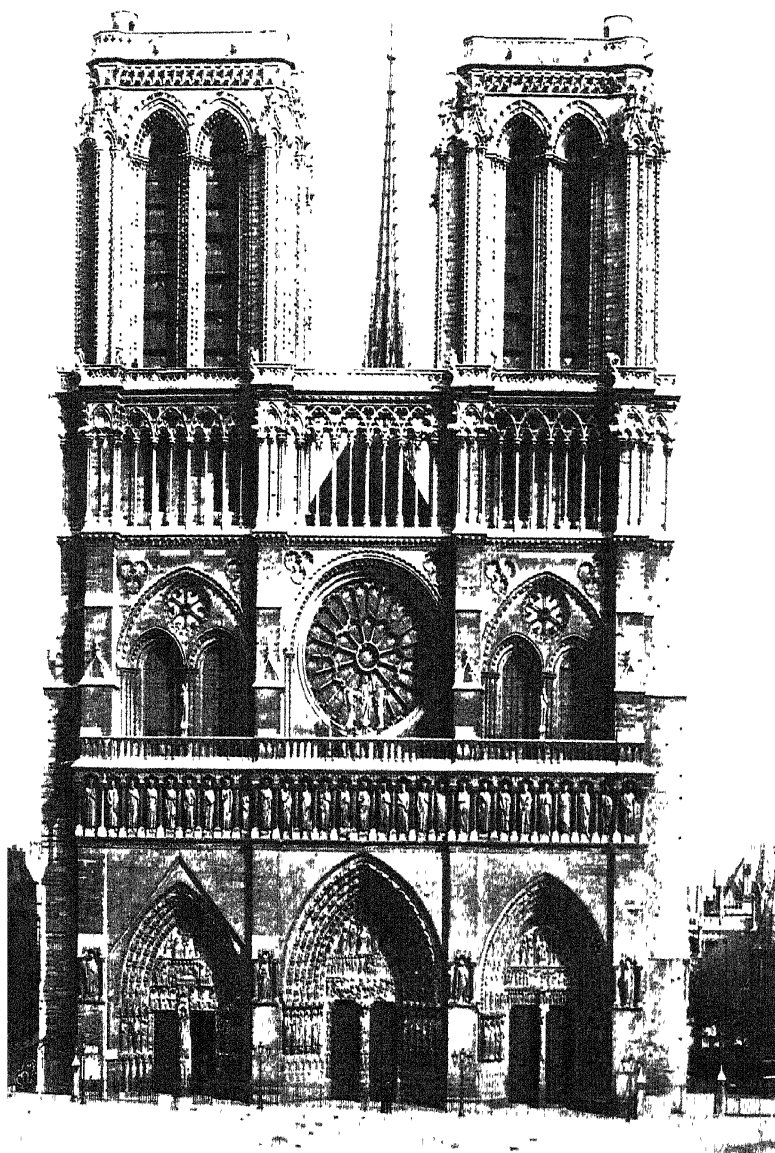


PLATE XXX
PARIS: CATHEDRAL, FAÇADE

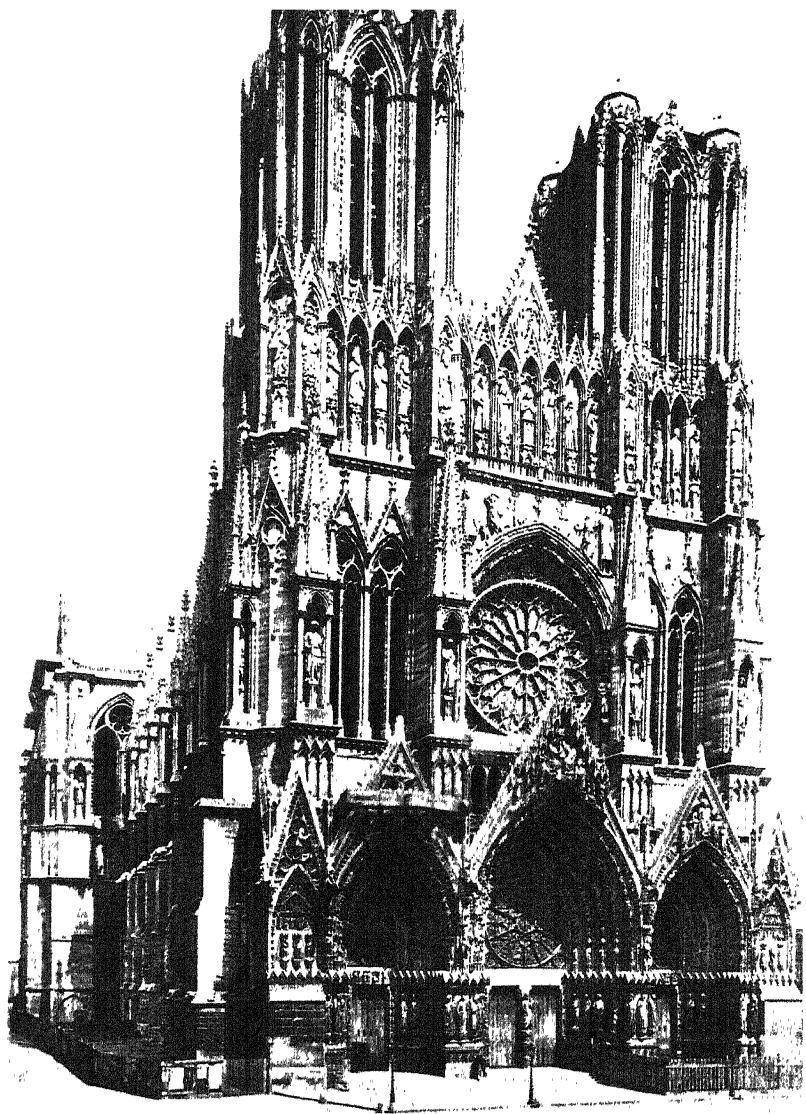


PLATE XXXI

RHEIMS: CATHEDRAL, FAÇADE

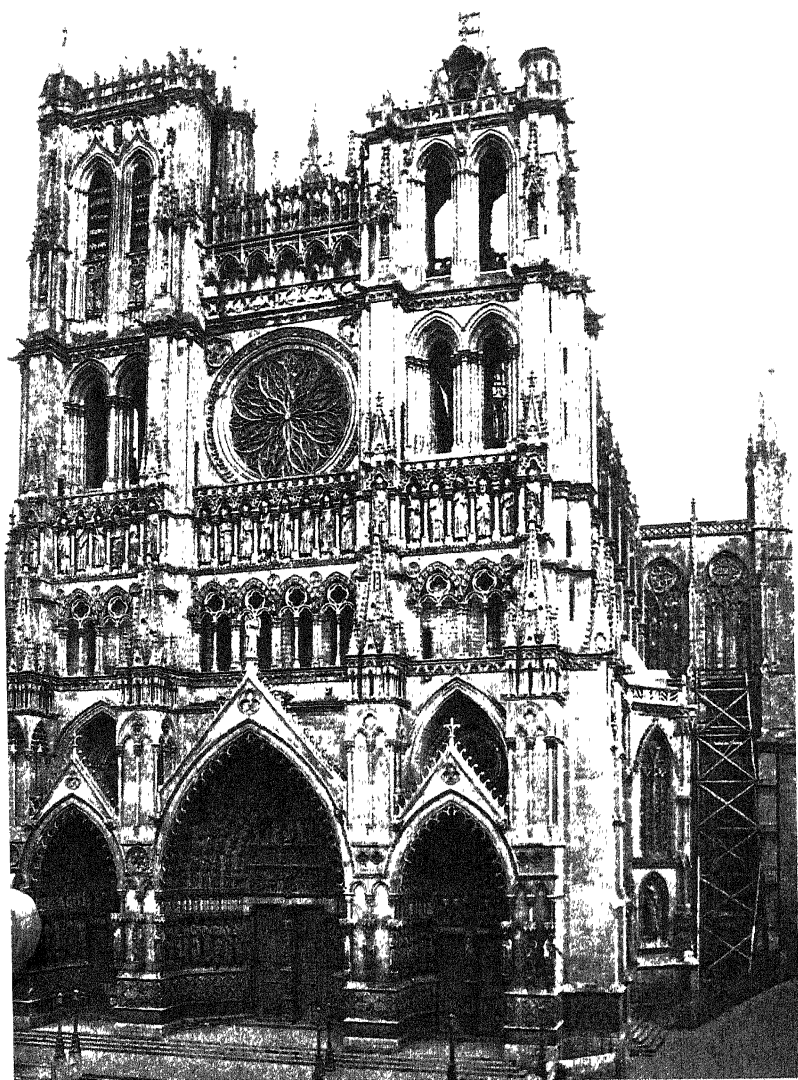


PLATE XXXII
AMIENS: CATHEDRAL, FAÇADE

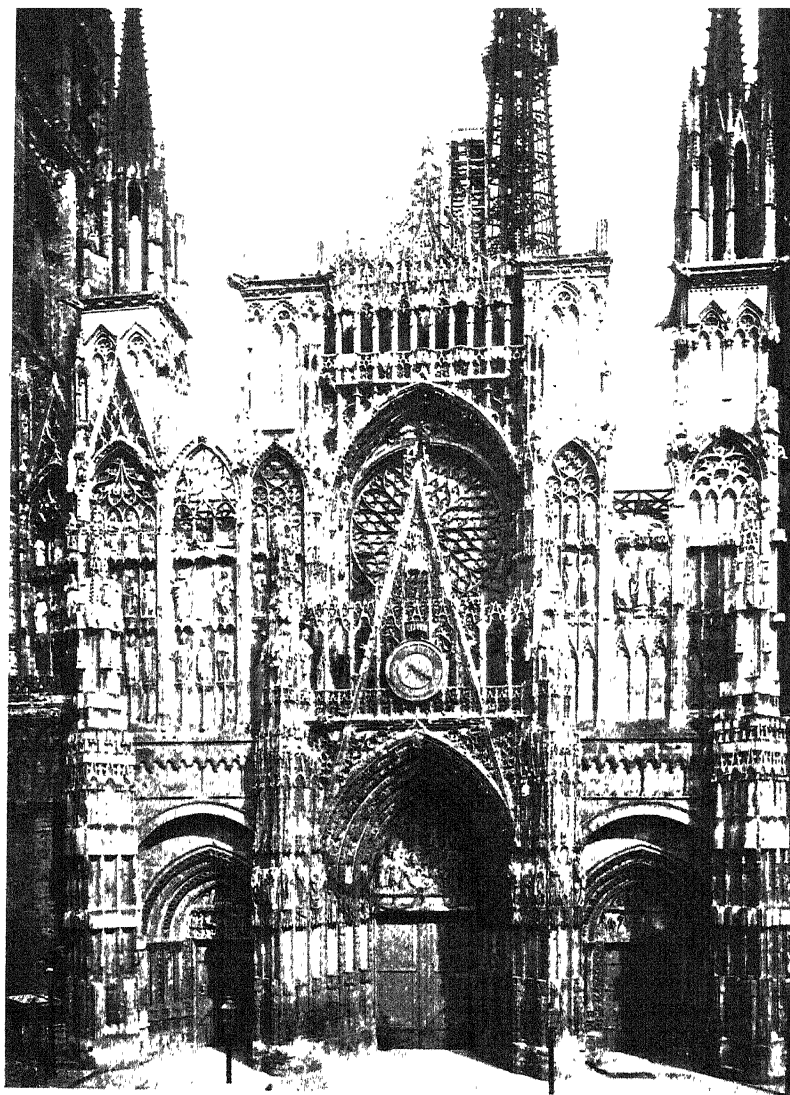


PLATE XXXIII
ROUEN: CATHEDRAL, FAÇADE

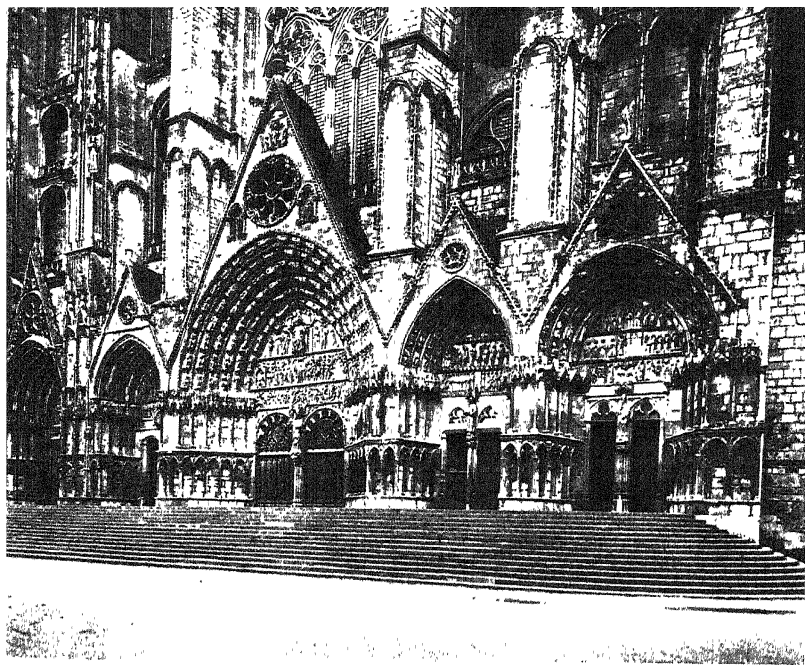


PLATE XXXIV

BOURGES: CATHEDRAL, WEST PORTALS

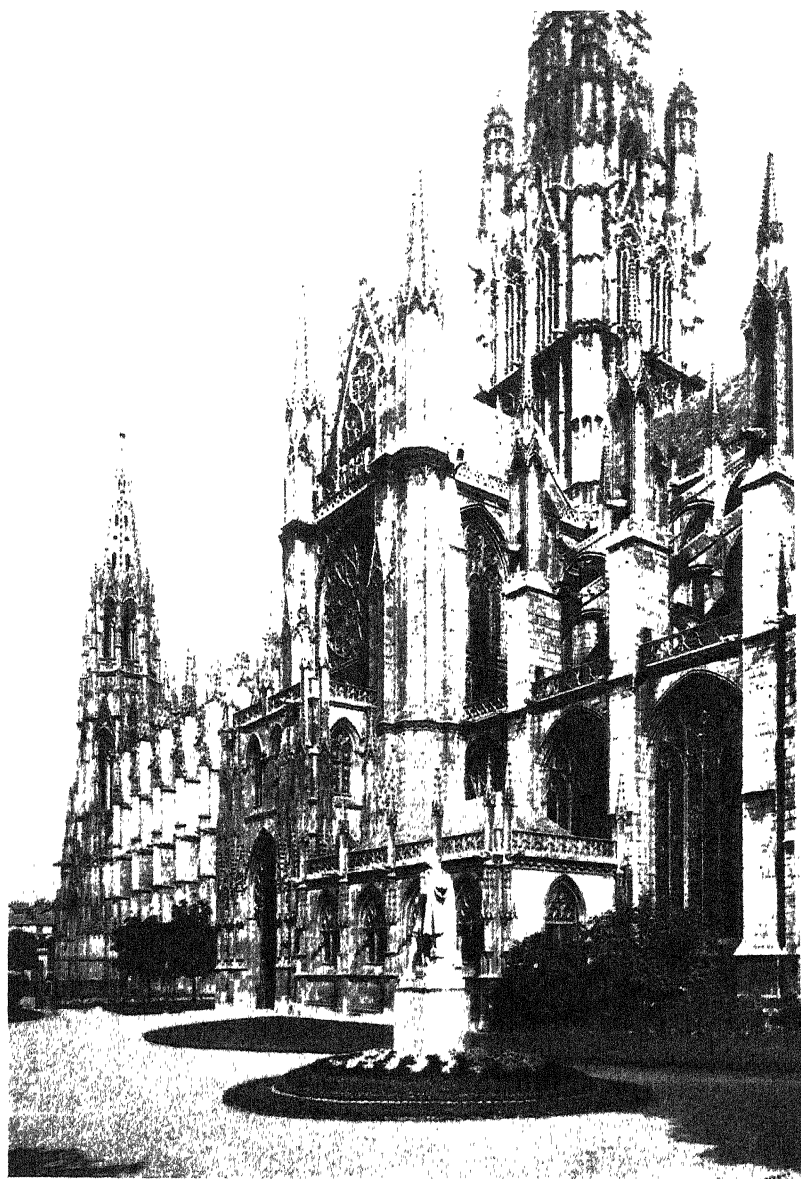


PLATE XXXV
ROUEN: ST. OUVEN

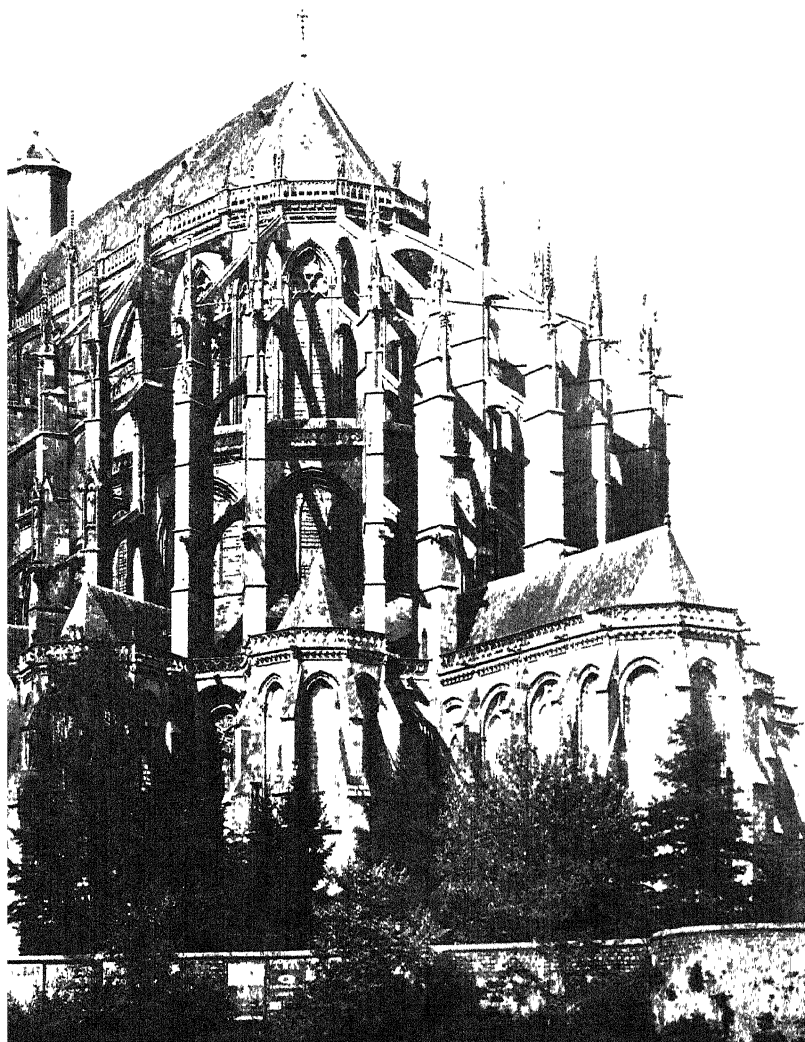


PLATE XXXVI

LE MANS: APSE

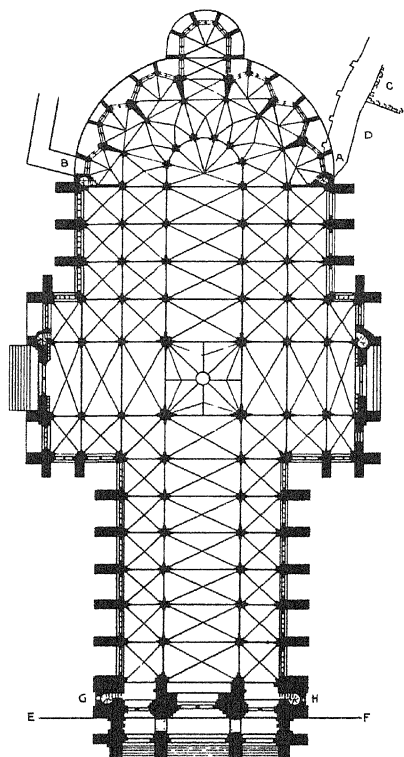


PLATE XXXVII

Ground Plan
of Amiens

Ground Plan
of Chartres

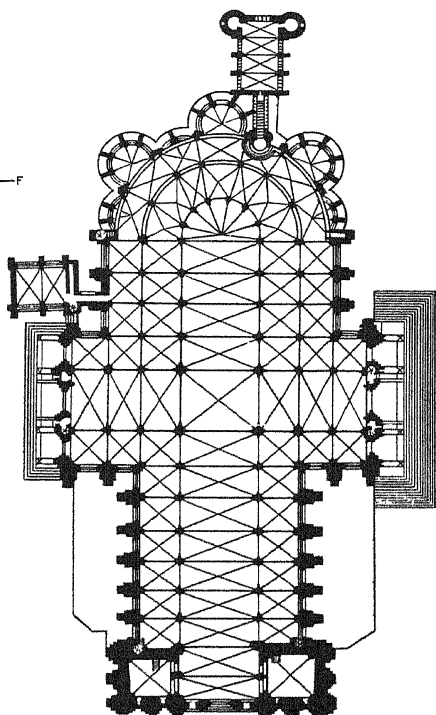
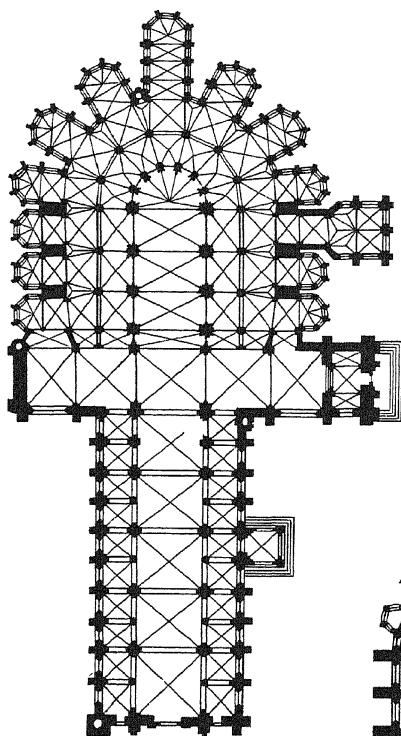
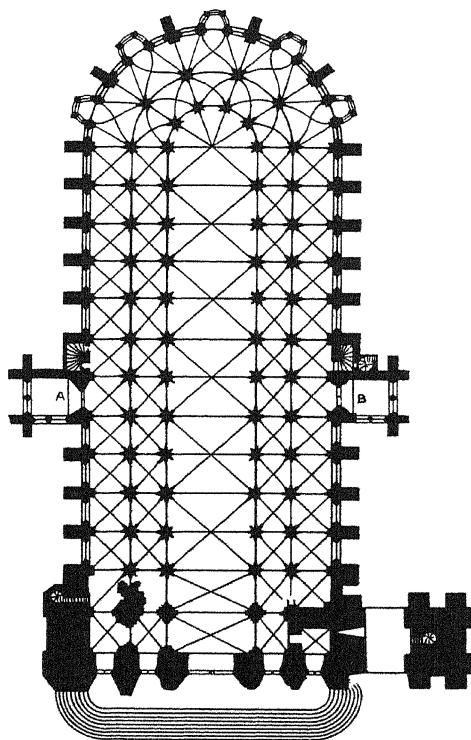


PLATE XXXVIII



Ground Plan
of Le Mans



Ground Plan
of Bourges



PLATE XXXIX
MORIENVAL: AMBULATORY VAULTS

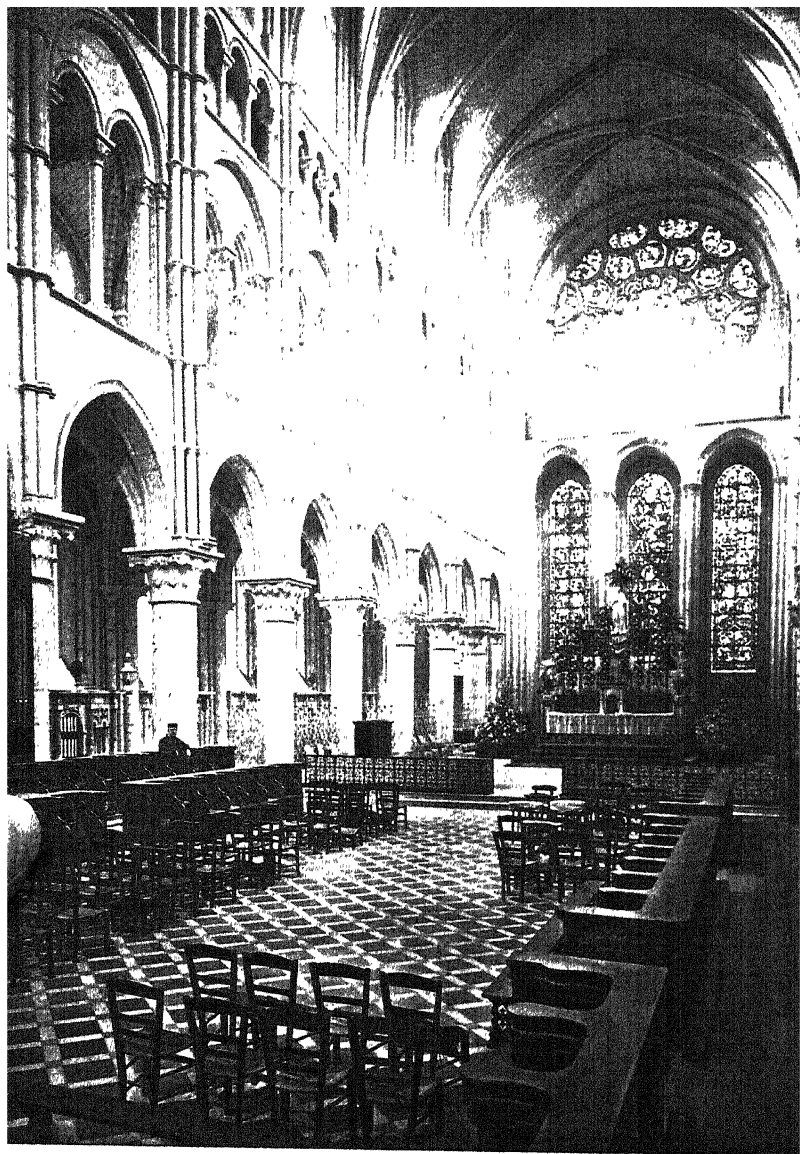


PLATE XL
LAON: NAVE

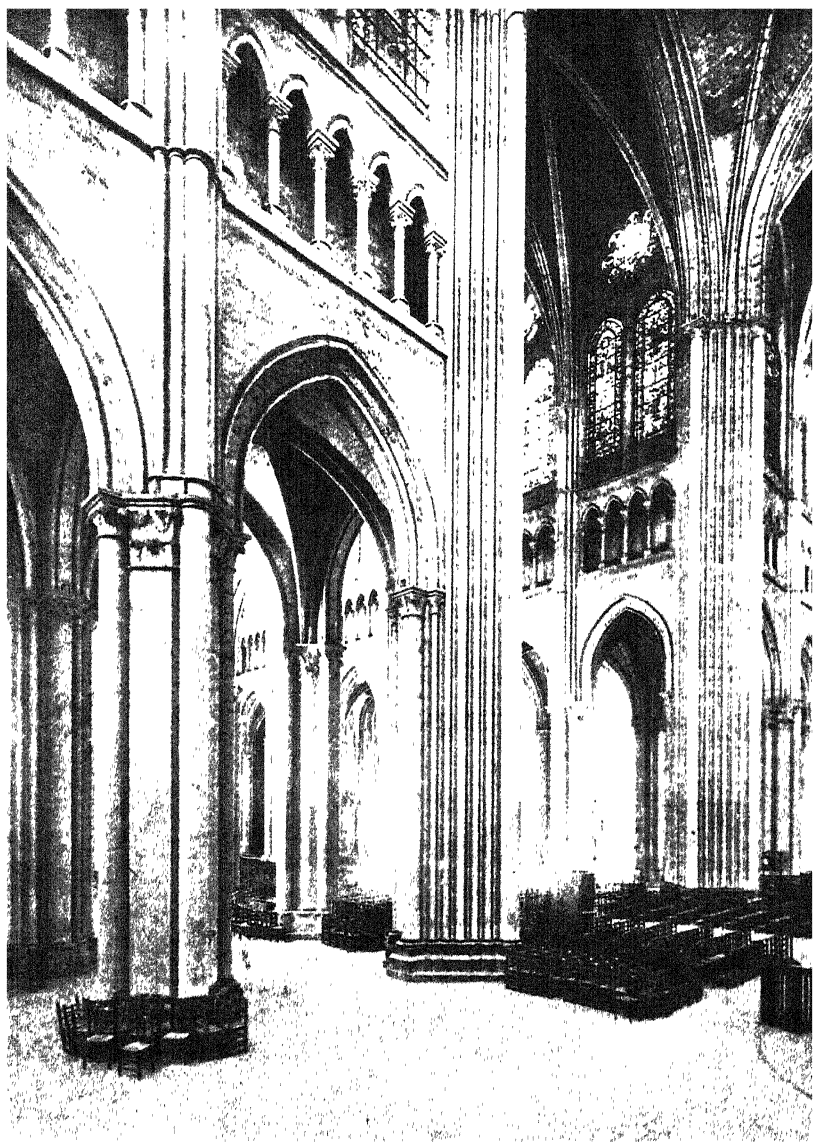


PLATE XLI

CHARTRES: NAVE AND SOUTH TRANSEPT

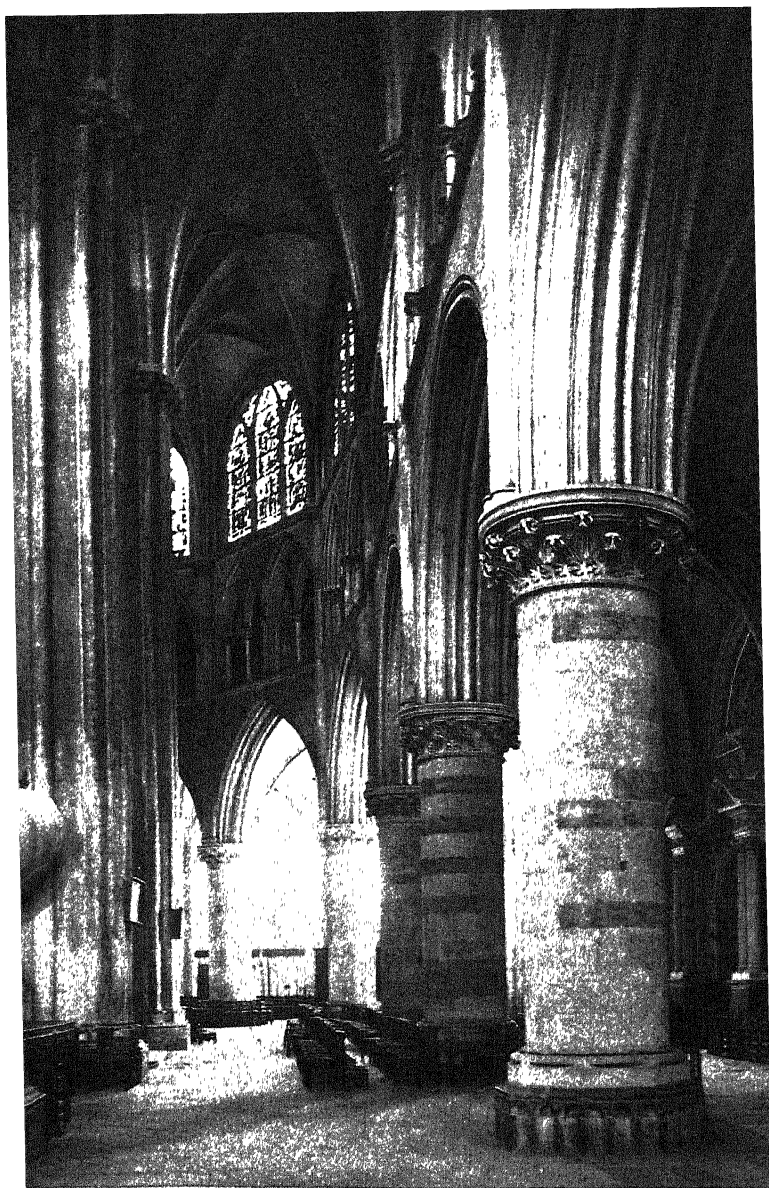


PLATE XLII
LE MANS: AMBULATORY

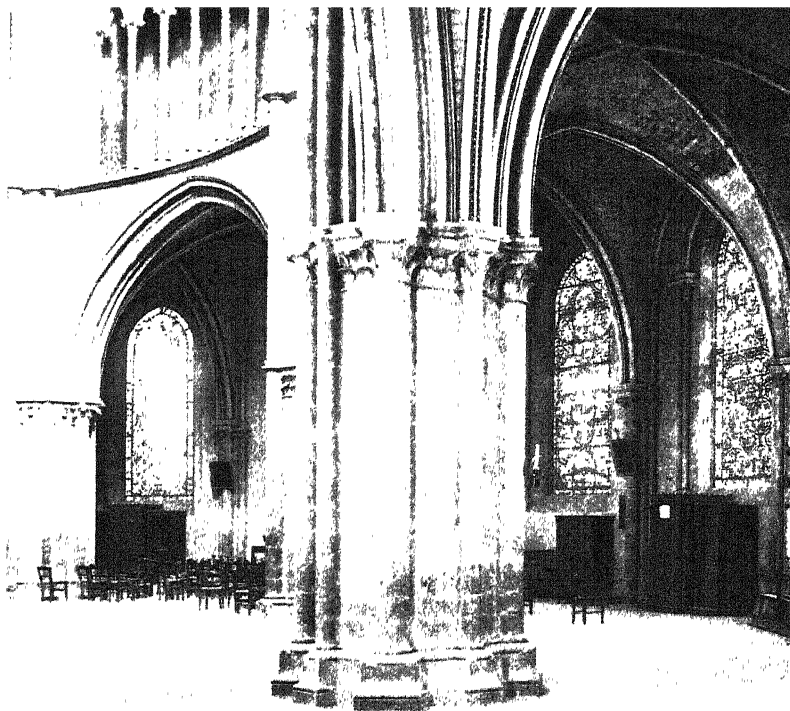


PLATE XLIII
BOURGES: AMBULATORY

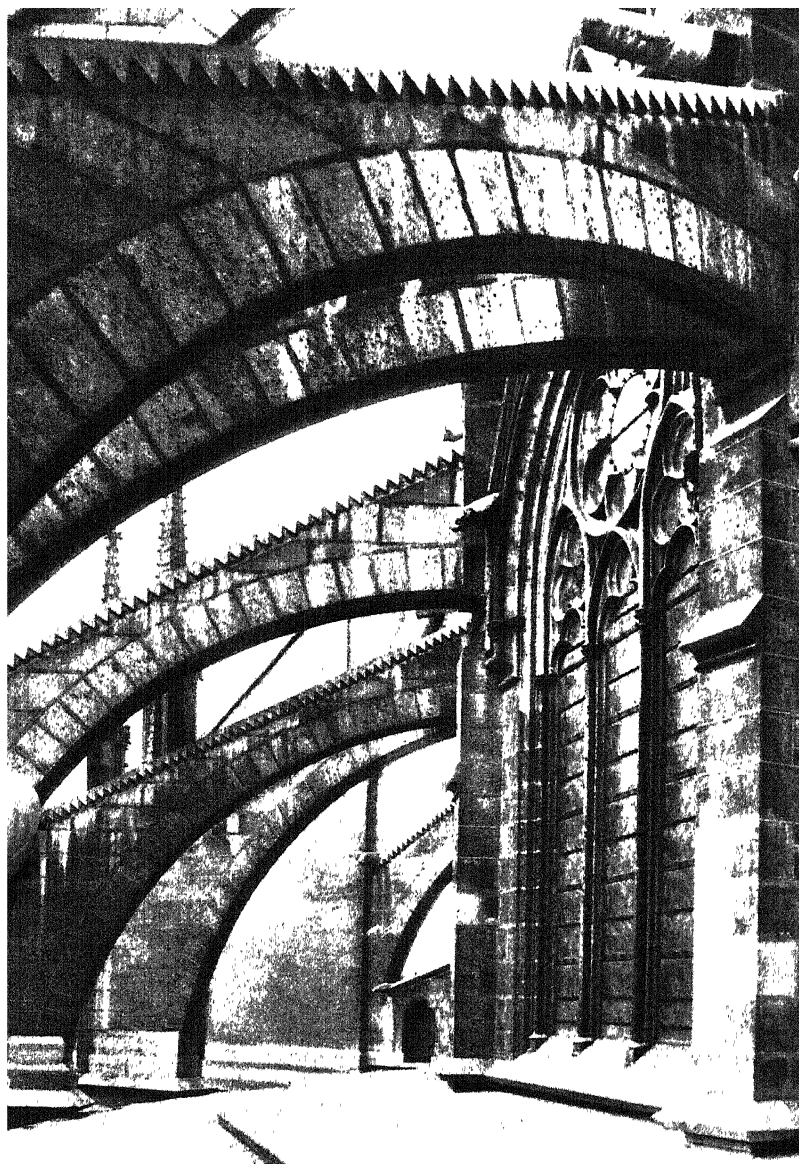


PLATE XLIV

PARIS: CATHEDRAL, FLYING BUTTRESSES

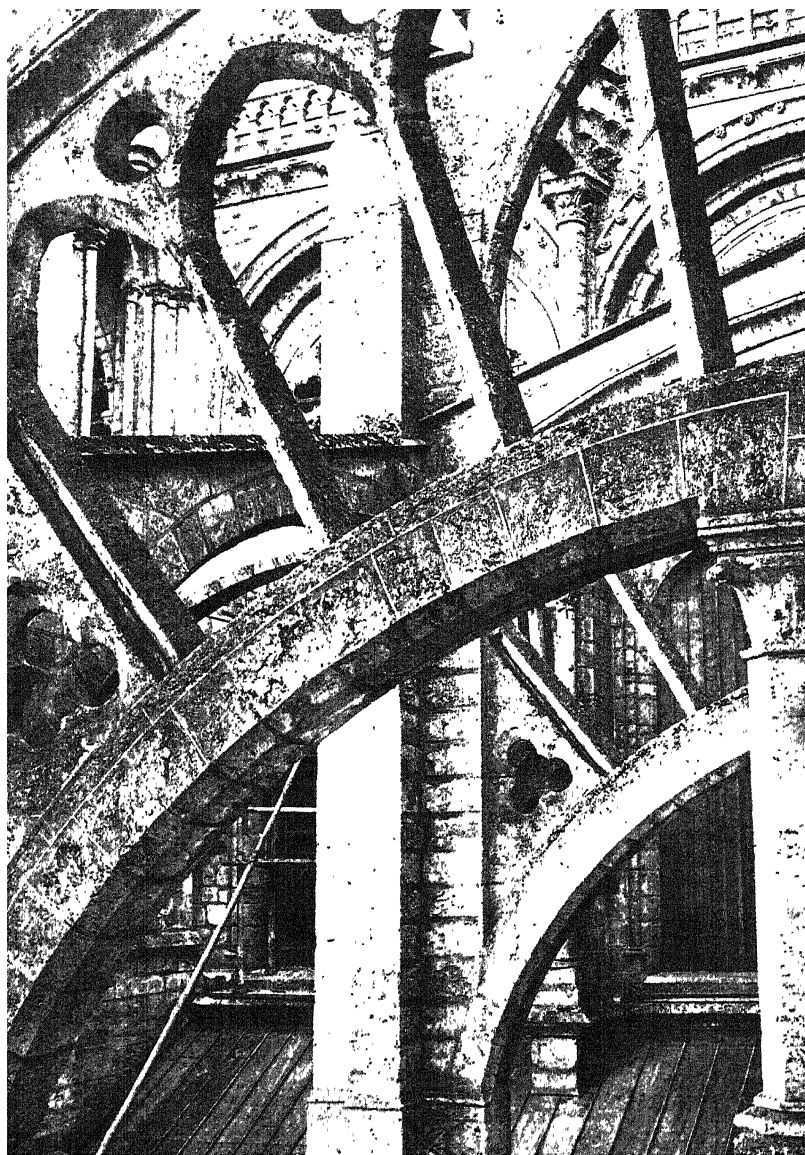


PLATE XLV

CHARTRES: FLYING BUTTRESSES

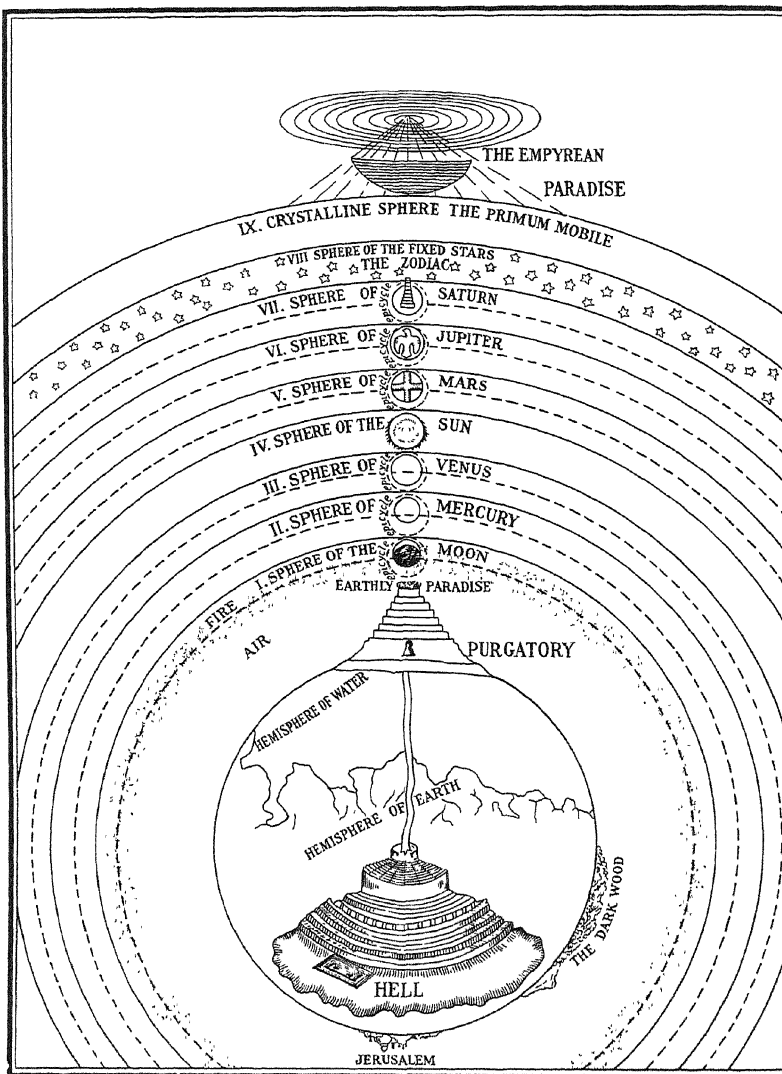


PLATE XLVI

DANTE'S CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE

(From Hearnshaw's *Medieval Contributions to Modern Civilization*)

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